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NOTES ON THE INTELLIGENCE OF WOMAN

BY W. L. GEORGE

I

MEN have been found to deny woman an intellect; they have credited her with instinct, with intuition, with a capacity to correlate cause and effect much as a dog connects its collar with a walk. But intellect in its broadest sense, the capacity consecutively to plan and steadfastly to execute, they have often denied her. They have gone further, and I seem to remember that in the Middle Ages an œcumenical council denied her a soul. I forget the result, but it never occurred to the council to discuss whether man had a soul, possibly because its members were all men.

The days are not now so dark. Woman has a place in the state, a place under, but still a place. Man has recognized her value without coming to understand her much better, and so we are faced with a paradox: while man accords woman an improved social position, he continues to describe her as illogical, petty, jealous, vain, untruthful, disloyal to her own sex; quite as frequently he charges her with being over-loyal to her own sex: there is no pleasing him. Also he discerns in this unsatisfactory creature extreme unselfishness, purity, capacity for self-sacrifice. It seems that the intelligence of man cannot solve the problem of woman, which is a bad sign in a superior intelligence. The trouble lies in this: man assumes too readily that woman essentially differs from man. Hardly a man has lived who did not so exaggerate. Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, agreed to despise women; Napoleon seemed to view them as engines of pleasure; for Shakespeare they may well have embodied a romantic ideal, qualified by sportive wantonness. In Walter Scott, women appear as romance in a cheap edition; Byron in their regard is a beast of prey, Doctor Johnson a pompous brute and a puritanical sensualist. Cervantes mixed in his romantic outlook a sort of suspicious hatred, while Alexandre Dumas thought them born only to lay laurel wreaths and orange blossoms (together with coronets) on the heads of musketeers. All, all — from Thackeray, who never laid his hand upon a woman save in the way of patronage, to Goethe, to Dante, to Montaigne, to Wellington — all harbored this curious idea: in one way or another woman differs from man. And to-day, whether we read Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. George Moore, M. Paul Bourget, or Mr. Hall Caine, we find that there still persists a belief in Byron's lines: —

> What a strange thing is man! And what a stranger
> Is woman!

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Almost every man, except the professional Lovelace (and he knows nothing), believes in the mystery of woman. I do not. For men are also mysterious to women; women are quite as puzzled by our stupidity as by our subtlety. I do not believe that there is either a male or a female mystery; there is only the mystery of mankind. There are today differences between the male and the female intellect; we have to ask ourselves whether they are absolute or only apparent, or whether they are absolute but removable by education and time, assuming this to be desirable. I believe that these differences are superficial, temporary, traceable to hereditary and local influences. I believe that they will not endure forever, that they will tend to vanish as environment is modified, as old suggestions cease to be made.

This leads us to consider present idiosyncrasies in woman as a sex, her apparently low and apparently high impulses, her exaltations, and, in the light of her achievements, her future. I do not want to generalize hastily. The subject is too complex and too obscure for me to venture so to do, and I would ask my readers to remember throughout this article that I am not laying down the law, but trying only to arrive at the greatest possible frequency of truth. This is a short research of tendencies. There are human tendencies, such as belief in a divine spirit, painting pictures, making war, composing songs. Are there any special female tendencies? Given that we glimpse what distinguishes man from the beast, is there anything that distinguishes woman from man? In the small space at my disposal I cannot pretend to deal extensively with the topic. One reason is the difficulty of securing true evidence. Questions addressed to women do not always yield the truth; nor do questions addressed to men; for a desire to please, vanity, modesty, interfere. But the same question addressed to a woman may, according to circumstances, be *sincerely* answered in four ways, —

1. Truthfully, with a defensive touch, if she is alone with another woman.

2. With intent to cause male rivalry if she is with two men.

3. With false modesty and seductive evasiveness if she is with one man and one woman.

4. With a clear intention to repel or attract if she is with a man alone.

And there are variations of these four cases! A man investigating woman's points of view often finds the response more emotional than intellectual. Owing to the system under which we live, where man is a valuable prey, woman has contracted the habit of trying to attract. Even aggressive insolence on her part may conceal the desire to attract by exasperating. These notes must, therefore, be taken only as hints, and the reader may be interested to know that they are based on the observation of 65 women, subdivided as follows: Intimate acquaintance, 5; adequate acquaintance, 19; slight acquaintance, 41; married, 39; status uncertain, 8; celibate, 18. Ages, 17 to 68 (average age, about 35).

II

It is most difficult to deduce the quality of woman's intellect from her conduct, because her impulses are frequently obscured by her policy. The physical circumstances of her life predispose her to an interest in sex more dominant than is the case with man. As intellect flies out through the window when emotion comes in at the door, this is a source of complications. The intervention of love is a difficulty, for love, though blind, is unfortunately not dumb, and habitually uses speech for the concealment of truth. It does this

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with the best of intentions, and the best of intentions generally yield the worst of results. It should be said that sheer intellect is very seldom displayed by man. Intellect is the ideal skeleton of a man's mental power. It may be defined as an aspiration toward material advantage, absolute truth, or achievement, combined with a capacity for taking steps toward successful achievement or attaining truth. From this point of view such men as Napoleon, Machiavelli, Epictetus, Leo XIII, Bismarck, Voltaire, Anatole France, are typical intellectuals. They are not perfect: all, so far as we can tell, are tainted with moral feeling or emotion, — a frailty which probably explains why there has never been a British or American intellectual of the first rank. Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, Cromwell, all alike suffered grievously from good intentions. The British and American mind has long been honeycombed with moral impulse, at any rate since the Reformation; it is very much what the German mind was up to the middle of the nineteenth century. Intellect, as I conceive it, is seeing life sanely and seeing it whole, without much pity, without love; seeing life as separate from man, whose pains and delights are only phenomena; seeing love as a reaction to certain stimuli.

In this sense it can probably be said that no woman has ever been an intellectual. A few may have pretensions, as, for instance, 'Vernon Lee,' Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mrs. Wharton, perhaps Mrs. Hetty Green. I do not know, for these women can be judged only by their works. The greatest women in history — Catherine of Russia, Joan of Arc, Sappho, Queen Elizabeth — appear to have been swayed largely by their passions, physical or religious. I do not suppose that this will always be the case. For reasons which I shall indicate further on in this article, I believe that woman's intellect will tend toward approximation with that of man. But meanwhile it would be futile not to recognize that there exist to-day between man and woman some sharp intellectual divergences.

One of the sharpest lies in woman's logical faculty. This may be due to her education (which is seldom mathematical or scientific); it may proceed from a habit of mind; it may be the result of a secular withdrawal from responsibilities other than domestic. Whatever the cause, it must be acknowledged that, with certain trained exceptions, woman has not of logic the same conception as man. I have devoted particular care to this issue, and have collected a number of cases where the feminine conception of logic clashes with that of man. Here are a few transcribed from my notebook: —

Case 33

My remark: 'Most people practice a religion because they are too cowardly to face the idea of annihilation.'

Case 33: 'I don't see that they are any more cowardly than you. It does n't matter whether you have a faith or not, it will be all the same in the end.'

The reader will observe that Case 33 evades the original proposition; in her reply she ignores the set question, namely *why* people practice a religion.

Case 17

Votes for Women, of January 22, 1915, prints a parallel, presumably drawn by a woman, between two police-court cases. In the first a man, charged with having struck his wife, is discharged because his wife intercedes for him. In the second a woman, charged with theft, is sent to prison in spite of her husband's plea. The writer appears to think that these cases are parallel; the difference of treatment of

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the two offenders offends her logic. From a masculine point of view two points differentiate the cases: —

In the first case the person who may be sent to prison is the bread-winner; in the second case it is the housekeeper, which is inconvenient but less serious.

In the first case the person who intercedes, the wife, is the one who has suffered; in the second case the person who intercedes, the husband, has not suffered injury. The person who has suffered injury is the one who lost the goods.

Case 51

This case is peculiar as it consists in frequent confusion of words. The woman here instanced referred to a very ugly man as looking Semitic. She was corrected and asked whether she did not mean simian, that is, like a monkey. She said, 'Yes,' but that Semitic meant looking like a monkey. When confronted with the dictionary she was compelled to acknowledge that the two words were not the same, but persisted in calling the man Semitic, and seriously explained this by asserting that Jews look like monkeys.

Case 51, in another conversation, referred to a man who had left the Church of England for the Church of Rome as a 'pervert.' She was asked whether she did not mean 'convert.'

She said, 'No, because to become a Roman Catholic is the act of a pervert.'

As I thought that this might come from religious animus, I asked whether a Roman Catholic who entered a Protestant church was also a pervert.

Case 51 replied, 'Yes.'

Case 51 therefore assumes that any change from an original state is abnormal. The application to the charge of bad logic consists in this further test: —

I asked Case 51 whether a man originally brought up in Conservative views would be a pervert if he became a Liberal.

Case 51 replied, 'No.'

On another occasion Case 51 referred to exaggerated praise showered upon a popular hero, and said that the newspapers were 'belittling' him.

I pointed out that they were doing the very contrary; that indeed they were exaggerating his prowess.

Confronted with the dictionary, and the meaning of 'belittle,' which is 'to cheapen with intent,' she insisted that 'belittling' was the correct word because 'the result of this exaggerated praise was to make the man smaller in her own mind.'[1]

Case 63

In the course of a discussion on the war in which Case 63 has given vent to moral and religious views, she remarks, 'Thou shalt not kill.'

I: 'Then do you accept war?'

Case 63: 'War ought to be done away with.'

I (attempting to get a straight answer): 'Do you accept war?'

Case 63: 'One must defend one's self.'

Upon this follows a long argument in which I attempt to prove to Case 63 that one defends, not one's self but the nation. When in difficulties, she repeats, 'One must defend one's self.'

She refuses to face the fact that if nobody offered any resistance nobody would be killed; she completely confuses the defense of self against a burglar with that of a nation against an invader. Finally she assumes that the defense of one's country is legitimate, and yet insists on maintaining with the Bible that one may not kill!

[1] The notes as to Case 51 have not an absolute bearing upon logic in general, but the reasons put forth in her defense by Case 51 are indicative of a certain kind of logic which is not masculine. I must add that Case 51 is a woman of very good education, with many general interests. — THE AUTHOR.

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Case 33

Case 33: 'Why did n't America interfere with regard to German atrocities in Belgium?'

I: 'Why should she?'

Case 33: 'America did protest when her trade was menaced.'

I: 'Yes. America wanted to protect her interests, but does it follow that she should protest against atrocities which do not menace her interests?'

Case 33: '*But her interests are menaced.* Look at the trade complications; they've all come out of that.'

Case 33 has confused trade interests with moral duty; she has confused two issues: atrocities against neutrals and destruction of American property. When I tell her this, she states that there is a connection: that if America had protested against atrocities the war would have proceeded on better lines because the Germans would have been frightened.

I: 'How would this have affected the trade question?'

Case 33 does not explain but draws me into a morass of moral indignation because America protested against trade interference and not against atrocities. She finally says America had no right to do the one without the other, which logically is chaos. She also demands to be told what was the use of America's signing the Geneva Convention and the Hague Convention. She ignores the fact that these conventions do not bind anybody to fight in their defense but merely to observe their provisions. I would add that Case 33 is a well-educated woman, independent in views, and with a bias toward social questions.

Naturally, where there is a question of love, feminine logic reaches the zenith of topsy-turvydom. Here is a dialogue which took place in my presence.

Case 8

Case 8, who was about to be married, attacked a man who had had a pronounced flirtation with her because he suddenly announced that he was engaged.

Case 8: 'How can you be so mean?'

The man: 'But I don't understand. You're going to be married. What objection can you have to my getting engaged?'

Case 8: 'It's quite different.'

Nothing could move Case 8 from that point of view.[1]

I do not contend that bad logic is the monopoly of woman, for man is also disposed to believe what he chooses in matters such as politics, wars, and so forth, and then to try to prove it. Englishmen as well as Englishwomen find victory in the capture of a German trench, insignificance in the loss of a British trench; man, as well as woman, is quite capable of saying that it always rains when the Republicans are in power, should he happen to be a Democrat; man also is capable of tracing to a dinner with twelve guests the breaking of a leg, while forgetting the scores of occasions on which he dined in a restaurant with twelve other people and suffered no harm. Man is capable of every unreasonable deduction, but he is more inclined to justify himself by close reasoning. In matters of argument man is like the Italian brigand who robs the friar, then confesses and asks him for absolution; woman is the burglar unrepentant. This may be due to woman as a rule having few guiding principles or intellectual criteria. She often holds so many moral principles that intellectual argument with her irritates the crisper male mind. But she finds it difficult to retain a grasp upon a central

[1] Probably owing to woman's having for centuries been taught to regard the vain aspirations of the male as her perquisites. — THE AUTHOR.

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idea, to clear away the side issues which obscure it. She can seldom carry an idea to its logical conclusion, passing from term to term; somewhere there is a solution of continuity. For this reason arguments with women, which have begun with the latest musical play, easily pass on, from its alleged artistic merit, to its costumes, their scantiness, their undesirable scantiness, the need for inspection, inspectors of theatres, and, little by little, other inspectors, until one gets to mining inspectors and possibly to mining in general. The reader will observe that these ideas are fairly well linked. All that happens is that the woman, tiring of the central argument, has pursued each side issue as it offered itself. This comes from a lack of concentration which indisposes a woman to penetrate deeply into a subject; she is not used to concentration, she does not like it. It might lead her to disagreeable discoveries.

It is for this reason — because she needs to defend purely emotional positions against man, who uses intellectual weapons — that woman is so much more easily than man attracted by new religions and new philosophies, — by Christian Science, by Higher Thought, by Theosophy, by Eucken, by Bergson. Those religions are no longer spiritual; they have an intellectual basis; they are not ideal religions like Christianity and Mohammedanism and the like, which frankly ask you to make an act of faith; what they do is to attempt to seduce the alleged soul through the intellect. That is exactly what the aspiring woman demands: emotional satisfaction and intellectual concession. Particularly in America, one discovers her intellectual fog in the continual use of such words as mental, elemental, cosmic, universality, social harmony, essential cosmos, and other similar ornaments of the modern logomachy.

Case 16

Case 16 told me that my mind did not 'functionalize' properly. And gave me as an authority for the statement Aristotle, before whom, of course, I bow.

A singular and suggestive fact is that woman generally displays pitiless logic when she is dealing with things that she knows well. An expert housekeeper is the type, and there are no lapses in her argument with a tradesman. It is a platitude to mention the business capacity of the Frenchwoman, and many women are expert in the investment of money, in the administration of detail, in hospital management, in the rotation of servants' holidays (which, in large households, is most complex). It would appear that woman is unconcentrated and inconsequent only where she has not been properly educated, and this has a profound bearing on her future development. There is a growing class, of which Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Havelock Ellis, the Countess of Warwick, Miss Jane Addams, are typical, who have bent their minds upon intellectual problems; women like Miss Emma Goldman; like Miss Mary McArthur, whose grasp of industrial questions is as good as any man's. They differ profoundly from the average feminine literary artist, who is almost invariably unable to write of anything except love. I can think of only one modern exception, Miss Amber Reeves; among her seniors, Mrs. Humphry Ward is the most notable exception, but not quite notable enough.

This tendency is, I believe, entirely due to woman's having always been divorced from business and politics, to her having been until recently encouraged to delight in small material possessions, while discouraged from focusing on anything non-material except religion, and from considering general

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ideas. Particularly as regards general ideas woman has lived in a bad atmosphere. The French king who said to his queen, 'Madam, we have taken you to give us children and not to give us advice,' was blowing a chill breath upon the tender shoot of woman's intelligence. Neither he nor other men wished women to conceive general ideas: women became incapable of conceiving or understanding them. Thence sprang generalization, the tendency in woman to make sweeping statements, such as 'All men are deceivers,' or 'Men can do what they like in the world,' or 'Men cannot feel as women do.' It is not that they dislike general questions, but that they have been thrust back from general questions, so that they cannot hold them. Here is a case: —

Case 2

With the object of entertaining an elderly lady, who is an invalid, I explain, *in response to her own request*, the case that Germany makes for having declared war. She asks one or two questions, and then suddenly interrupts me to ask what I have been doing with myself lately in the evenings.

This is a case of interest in the particular as opposed to the general. It is an instance of what I want to show, — that woman drifts toward the particular because she has been driven away from the general. To concentrate too long upon the general is to her merely fatiguing. Doubtless because of this, many middle-aged women become exceedingly dull to men. So long as they are young all is well, for few men care what folly issues from rosy lips. But once the lips are no longer rosy, then man fails to find the companion he needs, because companionship, as differentiated from love, can rest only on mental sympathy. Middle-aged man is often dull too; while the middle-aged woman may concern herself over-much with the indigestion of her pet dog, the middle-aged man is often unduly moved by his own indigestion. But, broadly speaking, a greater percentage of middle-aged and elderly men than of such women are interested in political and philosophical questions.

These men are often dull for another reason: they are more conventional. The reader may differ from me, but I believe that woman is much less conventional than man. She does all the conventional things and attacks other women savagely for breaches of convention. But you will generally find that where a man may with impunity break a convention he will not do so, while, if secrecy is guaranteed, a woman will please herself first and repent only if necessary. It follows that a man is conventional because he respects convention; woman conventional because she is afraid of what may happen if she does not obey convention. I submit that this shows a greater degree of conventionality in man. The typical Englishman of the world, wrecked on a desert island, would get into his evening clothes as long as his shirts lasted; I do not think his wife, alone in such circumstances, would wear a low-cut dress to take her meal of cocoanuts, even if her frock did up in front.

It is this unconventionality that precipitates woman into the so-called new movements in art or philosophy. She reacts against what is, seeking a new freedom; even if she is only seeking a new excitement, a new color, a new god, unconsciously she seeks a more liberal atmosphere, while man is nearly always contented with the atmosphere that is. When he rebels, his tendency is to destroy the old sanctuary, hers to build a new sanctuary. That is a form of idealism, — not a very high idealism, for woman seldom strains toward the impossible. In literature I cannot call

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to mind that woman has ever conceived a Utopia such as those imagined by Bellamy, Samuel Butler, William Morris, and H. G. Wells. The only woman who voiced ideas of this kind was Mary Wollestonecraft, and her views were hardly utopian. Nothings, such as Utopias, have been always too airy for woman. The heroes in the novels she has written, until recently and with one or two exceptions, — such as some of the heroes of George Eliot, — are either stagey or sweet. Mr. Rochester is stagey, Grandcourt is stagey, while the hero of 'Under Two Flags' is merely Turkish Delight.

III

A quality which singularly contrasts with woman's vague idealism is the accuracy she displays in business. This is due to her being fundamentally inaccurate. It is not the accurate people who are always accurate; it is the inaccurate people on their guard.[1] Woman's interest in the particular predisposes her to the exact, for accuracy may be defined as a continuous interest in the particular. I suspect that it indicates a probability that by education, and especially encouragement, woman may develop a far higher degree of concentration than she has hitherto done. In her way stands a fatal facility, that of grasping ideas before they are half-expressed. It is a quality of imagination, natural rather than induced. Any schoolteacher will confirm the statement that in a mixed class, aged 11 to 12, the essays of the girls are better than those of the boys. This is not so in a mixed university. I suspect that this latter is quite as much due to the academic judgment, which does not recognize imagination, as to the fact that in the later years of their lives the energies of girls are diverted from intellectual concentration (and also expression), toward the artistic and the social. This untrained concentration produces a certain superficiality and an impetuousness which harmonize with the intrusion of side issues, — to which I have referred, — and with the burgeoning of side issues on the general idea.

Nowhere is this better shown than in the postscript habit. Men do not, as a rule, use postscripts, and it is significant that artists and persons inclined toward the arts are much more given to postscripts than other kinds of men. One might almost say that women correspond by postscript; some of them put the subject of the letter in the postscript, as the scorpion keeps his poison in his tail. I have before me letters from Case 58, with two postscripts, and one extraordinary letter from Case 11, with four postscripts and a sentence written outside the envelope. This is the apogee of superficiality. The writers have run on, seduced by irrelevance, and have not been able to stop to consider in all its bearings the subject of the letter. Each postscript represents a development or qualification, which must indicate the waste by bad education of what may be a very good mind.

I would say in passing that we should not attach undue importance to woman's physical disabilities. It is true that woman is more conscious of her body than is man. So long as he is fed, sufficiently busy, in good general health, he is normal. But woman is far more often in an unbalanced physical condition. There is a great deal to be said for the Hindu philosophical point of view, that the body needs to be just so satisfied as to become imperceptible to the consciousness, as opposed to the point of view of the Christian ascetics, who unfortunately carried their ideas so far

[1] I have observed for two years the steady growth in the accuracy of the work of Case 33, due to her having concentrated upon her instinctive inaccuracy. — THE AUTHOR.

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that they ended by thinking more of their hair shirt than of Him for whose sake they wore it. In this sense woman is intellectually handicapped because her body obtrudes itself upon her. It is a subject of brooding and agitation. I suspect that this is largely remediable, for I am not convinced that it is woman's peculiar physical conditions that occasionally warp her intellect; it is equally possible that a warped intellect produces unsatisfactory physical conditions. Therefore, if, as I firmly believe that we can, we develop this intellect, profound changes may with time appear in these physical conditions.

IV

The further qualification of woman's intellect is in her moral attitude. I would ask the reader to divest himself of the idea that 'moral' refers only to matters of sex. Morality is the rule of conduct of each human being in his relations with other human beings, and this covers all relations. Because in some senses the morality of woman is not the morality of man, we are not entitled to say with Pope that

> Woman 's at best a contradiction still.

She is a contradiction. Man is a contradiction, apparently of a different kind, and that is all. Thence spring misunderstandings and sometimes dislike, as between people of different nations. I do not want to labor the point, but I would suggest that in a very minor degree the apparent difference between man and woman may be paralleled by the apparent difference between the Italian and the Swede, who, within two generations, produce very similar American children. But man, who generalizes quite as wildly as woman when he does not understand, is determined to emphasize the difference in every relation of life. For instance, it is commonly said that woman cannot keep her promise. This seems to me entirely untrue; given that as a rule woman's intellect is not sufficiently educated to enable her to find a good reason for breaking her promise, it is much more difficult for her to do so. For we are all moral creatures, and if a man must steal the crown jewels he is happier if he can discover a high motive for so doing. Man has a definite advantage where a loophole has to be found, and I have known few women capable of standing up in argument against a trained lawyer who has acquired the usual dexterity in misrepresentation.

In love and marriage, particularly, woman will keep plighted troth more closely than man; there is no male equivalent of jilt, but the male does jilt on peculiar lines; while a woman who knows that her youth, her beauty are going must bring things to a head by jilting, the male is never in a hurry, for his attractions wane so very slowly. Why should he jilt the woman? make a stir? So he just goes on. In due course she tires and releases him, when he goes to another woman. That is jilting by inches, and as regards faithfulness a pledged woman is more difficult to win away than a pledged man. (To be just, it should be said that unfaithfulness is in the eyes of most men a small matter, in the eyes of most women a serious matter.) A pledged woman will remain faithful long after love has flown; the promise is a mystic bond; none but a tall flame can hide the ashes of the dead love. And so, when Shakespeare asserts, —

> Frailty, thy name is woman,

he is delivering one of the hasty judgments that abound in his solemn romanticism.

This applies in realms divorced from love, — in questions of money, such as debts or bets. Women do run up

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milliners' bills, but men boast of never paying their tailors. And if sometimes women do not discharge the lost bet, it is largely because a tradition of protection and patronage has laid down that women need not pay their bets. Besides, women usually pay their losses, while several men have not yet discharged their debts of honor to me. It is a matter of honesty, and I think the criminal returns for the United States would produce the same evidence as those for England and Wales. In 1913 there were tried at Assizes for offences against property 1616 men and 122 women. The records of Quarter Sessions and of the courts of Summary Jurisdiction yield the same result, an enormous majority of male offenders, — though there be more women than men in England and Wales! And yet in the face of such official figures, of the evidence of every employer, man cherishes a belief in woman's dishonesty! One reason, no doubt, is that woman's emotional nature leads her when she is criminal to criminality of an aggravated kind. She then justifies Pope's misogynist lines:

> O woman, woman! When to ill thy mind
> Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend.

Most men, however, have abandoned the case against woman's dishonesty and confine themselves to describing her as a liar, forgetting that they generally dislike the truth when it comes from a woman's lips, and always when it reflects upon their own conduct. For centuries man has asked that woman should flatter, but also that she should tell the truth: such a confusion of demands leads the impartial mind to the conclusion that vanity cannot be a monopoly of the female. But it is quite true that woman does not always cherish truth so well as man. The desire for truth is intellectual, not emotional. Truth is a cold bedfellow, as might be expected of one who rose from a well. And among women cases of disinterested lying are not uncommon. Here is Case 16: An elderly woman talked at length about not having received insurance papers, and made a great disturbance. It later appeared that she had not insured. On another occasion she informed the household that her son-in-law had been cabled to from South Africa to come and visit his dying mother. It was proved that no cable had been sent.

I have a number of cases of this kind, but this is the most curious. I suspect that this sort of lying is traceable to a need for romance and drama in a colorless life. It springs from the wish to create a romantic atmosphere round one's self and to increase one's personal importance. Because men hold out hands less greedy toward drama and romance they are less afflicted, but they do not entirely escape, and we have all observed the new importance of the man whose brother has been photographed in a newspaper or, better still, killed in a railway accident. If he has been burned in a theatre the grief of his male relatives is subtly tinged with excited delight. Romance, the wage of lies, is woman's compensation for a dull life.

[*Further 'Notes' by Mr. George will appear in the January issue, and the general topic of woman's intelligence will be debated by other writers in succeeding numbers of the magazine.*]

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FIDDLERS ERRANT

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

MUSICAL adventures largely depend on your instrument. Go traveling with a bassoon or clarionet packed in your trunk, and romance will pass you by. But far otherwise will events shape themselves if you set forth with a fiddle.

The moment I turned my back upon the humdrum flute and embraced the 'cello, that instrument of romance, things began happening thick and fast in a hitherto uneventful life. I found that to sally forth with your 'cello couchant under your arm, like a lance of the days of chivalry, was to invite adventure. You tempted Providence to make things interesting for you, up to the moment when you returned home and stood your fat, melodious friend in the corner on his one leg — like the stork, that other purveyor of joyful surprises.

One reason why the 'cellist is particularly liable to meet with musical adventures is because the nature of his talent is so plainly visible. The parcel under his arm labels him FIDDLER in larger scare-caps than Mr. Hearst ever invented for headlines. It is seen of all men. There is no concealment possible. For it would, indeed, be less practicable to hide your 'cello under a bushel than to hide a bushel under your 'cello.

The non-reducible obesity of this instrument is apt to bring you adventures of all sorts: wrathful sometimes, when urchins recognize it as a heaven-sent target for snowballs; or when adults audibly quote Dean Swift's asinine remark, 'He was a fiddler and therefore a rogue.' Absurd, sometimes, as when the ticket-chopper in the subway bars your path under the misapprehension that you are carrying a double-bass; and when the small boys at the exit offer you a *Saturday Evening Post* in return for 'a tune on that there banjo.' But more often the episodes are pleasant, as when your bulky trademark enables some kindred spirit to recognize you as his predestined companion on impromptu adventures in music.

I was at first almost painfully aware of my 'cello's conspicuousness because I had abandoned for it an instrument so retiring by nature that you might carry it till death in your side pocket, yet never have it contribute an unusual episode to your career. But from the moment when I discovered the exaggerated old fiddle in the attic, slumbering in its black coffin, and wondered what it was all about, and brought it resurrection and life, — events began. I have never known exactly what was the magic inherent in the dull, guttural, discouraged protests of the strings which I experimentally plucked that day. But their songs-without-words-or-music seemed to me pregnant with promises of beauty and romance far beyond the ken of the forthright and obvious flute. So then and there I decided to embark upon the delicate and dangerous enterprise of learning another instrument.

It was indeed delicate and danger-

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ous because it had to be prosecuted as secretly as sketching hostile fortifications. Father must not suspect. I feared that if he heard the demonic groans of a G string in pain, or the ghoulish whimperings of a manhandled A, he would mount to the attic, throw back his head, look down upon me through those lower crescents of his spectacles which always made him look a trifle unsympathetic, and pronounce that baleful formula: 'My son, come into my study!' For I knew he labored under the delusion that I already 'blew in' too much time on the flute, away from the companionship of All Gaul, *enteuthen exelaunei*, and Q.E.D. As for any additional instrument, I feared that he would reduce it to a pulp at sight, and me too.

My first secret step was to secure a long strip of paper to be pasted on the finger-board under the strings. It was all pockmarked with black dots and letters, so that if the music told you to play the note G, all you had to do was to contort your neck properly and remove your left hand from the path of vision, then gaze cross-eyed and upside down at the finger-board until you discovered the particular dot labeled G. The next move was to clap your finger-tip upon that dot and straighten out your neck and eyes and apply the bow. Then out would come a triumphant G, — that is, provided your fingers had not already rubbed G's characteristically undershot lip so much as to erase away the letter's individuality. In that case, to be sure, all your striving for G might result only in C after all.

It was fascinating work, though. And every afternoon as the hour of four, and father's 'constitutional,' approached, I would 'get set' like a sprinter on my mark in the upper hall. The moment the front door closed definitely behind my parent I would dash for the attic and commence my cervical and ocular contortions. It was dangerous, too. For it was so hard to stop betimes that one evening father made my blood run cold by inquiring, 'What were you moaning about upstairs before dinner?' I fear that I attributed these sounds to travail in Latin scholarship, and an alleged sympathy for the struggles of the dying Gaul.

The paper finger-board was so efficacious that in a week I felt ready to taste the first fruits of toil. So I insinuated a pair of musical friends into the house one afternoon, to try an easy trio. They were a brother and sister who played violin and piano. Things went so brilliantly that we resolved on a public performance within a few days, at the South High School. Alas, if I had only taken the supposed rapidity of my progress with a grain of attic salt! But my only solicitude was over the problem how to smuggle the too conspicuous instrument to school, on the morning of the concert, without the knowledge of a vigilant father. We decided at last that any such attempt would be suicidal rashness. So I borrowed another boy's father's 'cello, and, in default of the printed strip, I penciled under the strings notes of the whereabouts of G, C, and so forth, making G shoot out the lip with extra decision.

Our public preformance was a *succès fou*, — that is, it was a *succès* up to a certain point, and *fou* beyond it, when one disaster followed another. My fingers played so hard as to rub out G's lower lip. They quite obliterated A, turned E into F, and B into a fair imitation of D. These involuntary revisions led me to introduce the very boldest modern harmonies into one of the most naïvely traditional strains of Cornelius Gurlitt. Now, in the practice of the art of music one never with impunity pours new harmonic wine into old bottles. The thing is simply not done.

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Perhaps, though, we might have muddled through somehow, had not my violinist friend, during a rest, poked me cruelly in the ribs with his bow and remarked in a coarse stage whisper, 'Look who's there!'

I looked, and gave a gasp. It might have passed for an excellent rehearsal of my last gasp. In the very front row sat — father! He appeared sardonic and businesslike. The fatal formula seemed already to be trembling upon his lips. The remnants of B, C, D, and so forth suddenly blurred before my crossed eyes. With the most dismal report our old bottle of chamber music blew up, and I fled from the scene.

'My son, come into my study.'

In an ague I had waited half the evening for those hated words; and with laggard step and miserable forebodings I followed across the hall. But the day was destined to end in still another surprise. When father finally faced me in that awful sanctum, he was actually smiling in the jolliest manner, and I divined that the rod was going to be spared.

'What's all this?' he inquired. 'Thought you'd surprise your old dad, eh? Come, tell me about it.'

So I told him about it; and he was so sympathetic that I found courage for the great request.

'Pa,' I stammered, 'sometimes I think p'raps I don't hold the bow just right. It scratches so. Please might I take just four lessons from a regular teacher so I could learn all about how to play the 'cello?'

Father choked a little. But he looked jollier than ever as he replied, 'Yes, my son, on condition that you promise to lay the flute entirely aside until you have learned *all* about how to play the 'cello.'

I promised.

I have faithfully kept that promise.

II

Fiddlers errant are apt to rush in where angels in good and regular practice fear even to tune up. One of the errant's pet vagaries is to volunteer his services in orchestras too good for him. Not long after discovering that I would need more than four lessons to learn quite all there was to know about the 'cello, — in fact, just nine months after discovering the coffin in the attic, — I 'rushed in.' Hearing that *The Messiah* was to be given at Christmas, I approached the conductor and magniloquently informed him that I was a 'cellist and that, seeing he was he, I would contribute my services without money and without price to the coming performance.

With a rather dubious air my terms were accepted. That same evening at rehearsal I found that the entire bass section of the orchestra consisted of three 'cellos. These were presided over by an inaudible, and therefore negligible, little girl, a hoary sage who always arrived very late and left very early, and myself. I shall never forget my sensations when the sage, at a crucial point, suddenly packed up and left me, an undeveloped musical Atlas, to bear the entire weight of the orchestra on one pair of puny shoulders. Under these conditions it was a fearful ordeal to read at sight 'The Trumpet Shall Sound.' The trumpet sounded, indeed. That was more than the 'cello did in certain passages! As for the dead being raised, however, that happened according to programme.

After this high-tension episode, I pulled myself together, only to fall into a cruel and unusual pit which the treacherous Händel dug for 'cellists by writing one single passage in that unfamiliar alto clef which looks so much like the usual tenor clef that before the least suspicion of impending disaster

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dawns, you are down in the pit, hopelessly floundering.

I emerged from this rehearsal barely alive; but I had really enjoyed myself so much more than I had suffered, or made others suffer, that my initial impulse to rush at sight into strange orchestras now became stereotyped into a habit. Since then what delightful evenings I have spent in the old Café Martin and in the old Café Boulevarde where my 'cellist friends in the orchestras were ever ready to resign their instruments into my hands for a course or two, and the leader always let me pick out the music!

But one afternoon in upper Broadway I met with the sort of adventure that figures in the fondest dreams of fiddlers errant. I had strolled into the nearest hotel to use the telephone. As I passed through the restaurant, my attention was caught by a vaguely familiar strain from the musicians' gallery. Surely this was unusual spiritual provender to offer a crowd of typical New York diners! More and more absorbed in trying to recognize the music, I sank into an armchair in the lobby, the telephone quite forgotten. The instruments were working themselves up to some magnificent climax, and working me up at the same time. It began to sound more and more like the greatest of all music, — the musician's very holiest of holies. Surely I must be dreaming! My fingers crooked themselves for a pinch. But just then the unseen instruments swung back into the great opening theme of the Brahms piano quartette in A major. Merciful heavens! A Brahms quartette in Broadway? Pan in Wall Street? Silence. With three jumps I was up in the little gallery, wringing the hands of those performers and calling down blessings upon their quixotism as musical missionaries. 'Missionaries?' echoed the leader in amusement. 'Ah, no. We could never hope to convert those down there.' He waved a scornful hand at the consumers of lobster below. 'Now and then we play Brahms just in order that we may save our own souls.' The 'cellist rose, saluted, and extended his bow in my direction, like some proud commander surrendering his sword. 'Will it please you,' he inquired, 'to play the next movement?' It pleased me.

III

Fiddlers errant find that traveling with a 'cello is almost as good — and almost as bad — as traveling with a child. It helps you, for example, in cultivating friendly relations with fellow passengers. Suppose there is a broken wheel, or the engineer is waiting for Number 26 to pass, or you are stalled for three days in a blizzard, — what more jolly than to undress your 'cello and play each of those present the tune he would most like to hear, and lead the congregational singing of "Dixie," "Tipperary," "Drink to me only," and "Home, Sweet Home?" A fiddle may even make tenable one of those railway junctions which Stevenson cursed as the nadir of intrinsic uninterestingness, and which Mr. Clayton Hamilton has recently glorified with such *brio* in the *Unpopular Review.*

But this is only the bright side. In some ways traveling with a 'cello is as uncomfortable as traveling, not only with a baby, but with a donkey. Unless indeed you have an instrument with a convenient hinged door in the back so that you may pack it full of pyjamas, collars, brushes, MSS, and so forth, thus dispensing with a bag; or unless you can calk up its F holes and use the instrument as a canoe on occasion, a 'cello is about as inconvenient a traveling companion as the corpse in Stevenson's tale, which would insist on getting into the wrong box.

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Some idea of the awkwardness of taking the 'cello along in a sleeping car may be gathered from its nicknames. It is called the 'bull-fiddle.' It is called the 'dog-house.' But, unlike either bulls or kennels, it cannot safely be forwarded by freight or express. The formula for Pullman travel with a 'cello is as follows. First ascertain whether the conductor will let you aboard with the instrument. If not, try the next train. When successful, fee the porter heavily at sight, thus softening his heart so that he will assign the only spare upper berth to your baby. And warn him in impressive tones that the instrument is priceless, and on no account to touch it. You need not fear thieves. Sooner than steal a 'cello, the light-fingered would button his coat over a baby white-elephant and let it tusk his vitals.

I have cause to remember my first and only holiday trip with the Princeton Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo Clubs. My function being to play solos and to assist the Mandolin Club, I demanded for the 'cello an upper berth in the special car. But I was overwhelmed with howls of derision and assurances that I was a very fresh soph indeed. The first night, my instrument reposed in some mysterious recess under a leaky cooler, where all too much water flowed under its bridge before the dawn. The second night it was compressed into a straight and narrow closet with brushes and brooms, whence it emerged with a hollow chest, a stoop, a consumptive quality of voice, and the malady known as *compressio pontis*. Thereafter it occupied the same upper with me. Twice I overlaid it, with well-nigh fatal consequences.

Short-distance travel with a 'cello is not much more agreeable. In trolleys you have to hold it more delicately than any babe, and be ready to give a straight-arm to any one who lurches in your direction, and to raise it from the floor every time you jolt over cross-tracks or run over pedestrians, for fear of jarring the delicate adjustment of the sound-post. As for a holiday crush down town, the best way to negotiate it with a 'cello is to fix the sharp steel end-pin in place, and then, holding the instrument at charge like a bayonet, impale those who seem most likely to break its ribs.

After my full share of such experiences, I learned that it is better for fiddlers errant to leave their instruments at home and live on the country, as it were, trusting to the fact that they can beg, borrow, or rent some kind of fiddle and some sort of chamber music almost anywhere, if they know how to go about it.

IV

Only don't try it in Sicily!

For several months I had buried the fiddler in the errant pure and simple, when, one sunset, across a gorge in Monte Venere, my first strain of Sicilian music floated, to reawaken in me all the primeval instincts of the musical adventurer. The melody came from the reed pipe of a goat-herd as he drove his flock down into Taormina. Such a pipe was perhaps to Theocritus what the fiddles of Stradivarius are to us. It was pleasant to imagine that this goat-herd's music might possibly be the same that used to inspire the tenderest of Sicilian poets twenty-three hundred years ago.

Piercingly sweet, indescribably pathetic, the melody recalled the Largo in Dvořák's New World Symphony. Yet, there on the mountain-side, with Ætna rosy on the right, and the purple Mediterranean shimmering far below, the voice of the reed sounded more divine than any English horn or Boehm flute I had ever heard singing in the depths of a modern orchestra. And I began to

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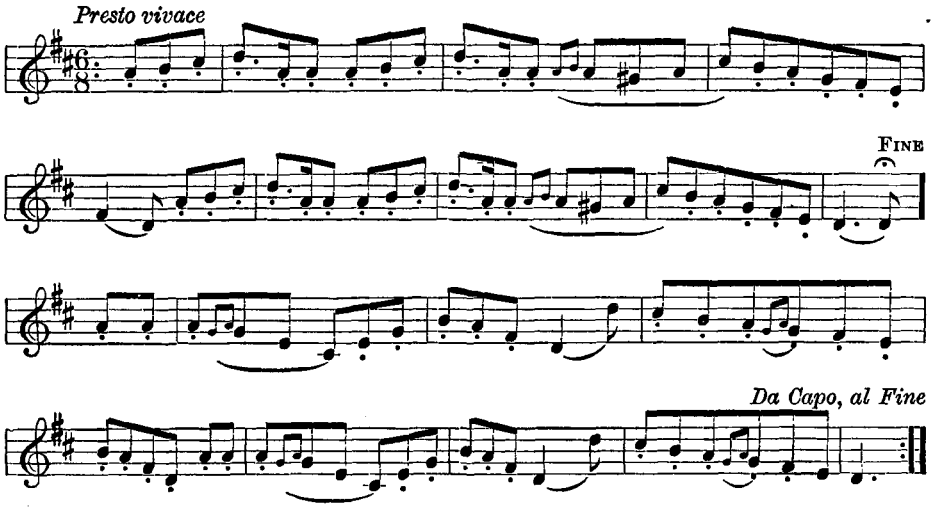
doubt whether music was so completely a product of the last three centuries as it purported to be.

But that evening, when the goatherd, ensnared by American gold, turned himself into a modern chamber musician in our hotel room, I regained poise. Removed from its properly romantic setting, like seaweed from the sea, the pastoral stop of Theocritus became unmistakably a penny whistle, with an intonation of the whistle's conventional purity. Our captured Comatas seemed to realize that the environment was against him and that things were going 'contrairy'; for he refused to venture on any of the soft Lydian airs of Monte Venere, and confined himself strictly to tarantellas, native dances, which he played with a magnificent feeling for rhythm (if not for in-tuneness) while, with a pencil, I caught — or muffed — them on the fly. One was to this effect: —



While this was going on, a chance hotel acquaintance dropped into the room and revealed himself as a professor by explaining that the tarantella was named for its birthplace, the old Greek city of Taranto over yonder in the heel of the Italian boot; that dancing it was once considered the only cure for the maddening bite of the spider known as the *Lycosa Tarantula;* and that some of the melodies our goatherd was playing might possibly be ancient Greek tunes, handed down traditionally in Taranto, and later dispersed over Calabria and Sicily.

This all sounded rather academic. But his next words sent the little professor soaring in our estimation. He disclosed himself as a fiddler errant by wistfully remarking that all this made him long for two things: his violin, and a chance to play trios. Right heartily did we introduce ourselves as pianist and 'cellist errant at his service. And he and I decided to visit Catania next day to scout for fiddles and music. We thought we would look for the music first.

Next day, accordingly, we invaded the largest music store in Catania. Did they have trios for violin, violoncello, and piano? 'Certainly!' We were shown a derangement of *La Somnambula* for violin and piano, and another

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for 'cello and piano. If we omitted one of the piano parts, we were assured, a very beautiful trio would result, as surely as one from four makes three.

Finding us hard to please, the storekeeper referred us to the conductor of the Opera, who offered to rent us all the standard works of chamber music. The 'trios' he offered us turned out to be elementary pieces labeled 'For Piano and Violin or 'Cello.' But nothing we could say was able to persuade our conductor that 'or' did not mean 'and.' To this day I feel sure that he is ready to defend his interpretation of this word against all comers.

We turned three more music stores upside down and had already abandoned the hunt in despair when we discovered a fourth in a narrow side street. There were only five minutes in which to catch the train; but in thirty seconds we had unearthed a genuine piece of chamber music. Hallelujah! it was the finale of the first Beethoven trio!

Suddenly the oil of joy curdled to mourning. The thing was an arrangement for piano solo! We left hurriedly when the proprietor began assuring us that the original effect would be secured if the piano was doubled in the treble by the violin and in the bass by the 'cello.

This piano solo was the nearest approach to chamber music that we could find in Trinacria, though the island was gone over with a fine-tooth comb before we departed. But afterwards, recollecting the misadventure in tranquillity, we concluded that it was as absurd to look for chamber music in Sicily as to look for 'Die Wacht am Rhein' among the idylls of Theocritus.

V

SCENE: a city composed of one department store and three houses, on the forbidding shores of Newfoundland.

TIME: one of those times when a fellow needs a friend, — when he's in a stern, strange land on pleasure bent — and has to have a check cashed. I don't know why it is that one always runs out of ready money in Newfoundland. Perhaps because salmon flies are such fleeting creatures of a day that you must send many postal orders to St. Johns for more. Perhaps because the customs officials at Port au Basques make you deposit so much duty on your fishing tackle. At any rate, there I was penniless, with the burly storekeeper scowling in a savage manner at my check and not knowing at all whether to take a chance on it. Finally he thought he wouldn't, but conceded that I might spend a night under his roof, as there was really nowhere else to go.

At this pass something made me think of music. Perhaps it was the parlor piano which, when new, back in the stone age, had probably been in tune. I inquired whether there were any other instruments. The wreckage of a violin was produced. With two pieces of string and a table fork I set up the prostrate sound-post. I glued together the bridge and put it in position. The technique of the angler proved helpful in splicing together some strange-looking strings. An old mandolin yielded a wire E, while the A was eked out with a piece of salmon leader.

When all was at last ready, a fresh difficulty occurred to me. The violin was an instrument which I had never learned to play! But necessity is the mother of pretension. I thought of that check. And placing the small fiddle carefully between my knees, I pretended that it was a 'cello. So the daughter of the house seated herself at the relic of the stone age, and we had a concert. Newfoundland appeared not to be over-finicky in the matter of pitch and tone-quality. And how it did enjoy music! As the audience was of

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Scotch-English-Irish descent, we rendered equal parts of 'Comin' Through the Rye,' 'God Save the King,' and 'Kathleen Mavourneen.' Then the proprietor requested the Sextette from *Lucia*. While it was forthcoming he toyed furtively with his bandana. When it ceased he encored it with all his might. Then he slipped out storewards and presently returned with the fattest, blackest, most formidable-looking cigar I ever saw, which he gravely proffered me.

'We like,' he remarked in his quaint idiom, 'to hear music at scattered times.' He was trying to affect indifference. But his gruff voice shook, and I knew then that music hath charms to cash the savage check.

VI

This essay has rambled on an unconscionable while. The shades of editorial night are already descending; and still I have not yet described one of those unexpected and perfect orgies of chamber music, — one of those little earthly paradises full of

Soul-satisfying strains — alas! too few, —

which true fiddlers errant hope to find in each new place they visit, but which usually keep well in advance of them, like the foot of the rainbow.

One such adventure came to me not long ago in a California city, while I was gathering material for a book of travel. On my first evening there I was taken to dine with a well-known writer in his beautiful home, which he had built with his own two hands in the Spanish mission style during fourteen years of joyous labor. This gentleman had no idea that I was to be thrust upon him. But his hospitality went so far as to insist, before the evening was over, that I must stay a week. He would not take no for an answer. And for my part I had no desire to say no, because he was a delightful person, his home with its leaf-filled patio was most alluring, and I had discovered promising possibilities for fiddlers errant in the splendid music-room and the collection of phonograph records of Indian music which mine host had himself made in Arizona and New Mexico. Then too there were rumors of skillful musical vagabonds in the vicinity.

Such an environment fairly cried aloud for impromptu fiddling. So, armed with a note to the best violinist in that part of California, I set forth next morning on the trail of the ideal orgy. At the address given I was told that my man had moved and his address was not known. That was a setback, indeed! But determined fiddlers errant usually land on their feet. On the way back I chanced to hear some masterly strains of Bach-on-the-violin issuing from a brown bungalow. And ringing at a venture I was confronted by the very man I sought.

Blocking the doorway, he read the note, looking as bored as professionals usually do when asked to play with amateurs. Just as he began to tell me how busy he was and how impossible, and so forth, he happened to glance again at the envelope, and a very slight gleam came into his eye.

'But you're not by any chance the fellow who wrote that thing about fiddlers in the *Atlantic*, are you?' he inquired. At my nod he very flatteringly unblocked the doorway and dragged me inside, pumping my hand up and down in a painful manner, shouting for his wife, and making various kind representations, all at the same time. And his talk gradually simmered down into an argument that of course the only thing to do was to fiddle together that very night.

I asked who had the best 'cello in town. He told me the man's name, but

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looked dubious. 'The trouble is, he loves that big Amati as if it were twins. I doubt if he could bring himself to lend it to any one. Anyway, let's try.'

He scribbled a card to his 'cellist friend and promised, if I were successful, to bring along a good pianist and play trios in the evening. So I set forth on the trail of the Amati. Its owner had just finished his noonday stint in a hotel orchestra and looked somewhat tired and cross. He glanced at the card and then assumed a most conservative expression and tried to fob off on me a cheap 'cello belonging to one of his pupils, which sounded very much as a three-cent cigar tastes. At this point I gave him the secret thumb-position grip and whispered into his ear one of those magic passwords of the craft which in a trice convinced him that I was in a position to dandle a 'cello with as tender solicitude as any man alive. On my promising, moreover, to taxicab it both ways with the sacred burden, he passed the Amati over, and the orgy of fiddlers errant was assured.

And that night how those beautiful Spanish walls did resound to Beethoven and Dvořák and Brahms, most originally interspersed with the voice of the Mexican servant's guitar, with strange, lovely songs of the aboriginal West and South, — and with the bottled sunshine of Californian hill-slopes; while El Alcalde Maiore, the lone gnarled tree-giant that filled the patio, looked in through the open windows and contributed, by way of accompaniment, leafy arpeggios *sotto voce*. And sometimes, during rests, I remembered to be thankful that I had once snapped my fingers at the howling wolf, and at fat pot-boilers, while I scribbled for the *Atlantic* that little essay on fiddlers which had gained me this priceless evening.

DRINK REFORM IN EUROPE[1]

BY JOHN KOREN

One of the significant by-products of the great European war has been the emotional outburst against alcohol — *le delirium anti-alcoolique*, as the eminent economist, M. Yves Guyot, calls it. The appelation is not undeserved. Several lands have latterly exhibited a species of hysteria about drink which augurs ill for the stability of some of the suppressive steps taken, after the alarums of war have died out. Much has already been written on the subject, but very little in an informing vein. Fertile imaginations have played with it; publicists have glorified the new-found zeal for abstinence in co-belligerent countries; and often the writings reveal the clumsy hand of the propagandist, who does not hesitate to make capital even out of desperate conditions.

The war measures against drink abuse are only in a limited sense outcroppings of the world temperance movement. They have sprung from

[1] 'Drink Reform in the United States' appeared in the November *Atlantic*. In subsequent issues Mr. Koren will treat other phases of the problem in this country.—The Editors.

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extraordinary circumstances of a more or less temporary character. Instead of indicating the high-water mark of advance, they tend to obscure the solid temperance progress as well as the means by which it has been achieved, and so far as they overreach the aim, point to an uncomfortable reaction. Just now the military precautions against alcohol are uppermost in the public mind and therefore deserve special attention; incidentally, they afford an opportunity to examine the status of temperance reform in several countries.

I. RUSSIA

The abolition of the government vodka monopoly stands out as the most spectacular event in social legislation incident to the war. The time was peculiarly adapted for it. Periodic as well as habitual intemperance has long been a sore trouble in Russia, especially in the peasant villages. Whether it had been fostered by the vodka monopoly, which replaced a practically unrestricted home distillation, may well be doubted. We know that production of vodka increased, thanks to the industry of the landed gentry controlling the distilleries, and that the government coffers swelled in proportion. In the years immediately preceding the present war, the government had persistently clung to its drink monopoly and issued many a publication purporting to show its benevolent character as a means of counteracting drunkenness, both through the control of sales and by substituting tea-houses, theatres, and other places of recreation for the vodka shop. Why then this sudden reversion of policy? The Czar's ukase abolishing the monopoly bears certain marks of impulsiveness rather than of calm deliberation. The underlying motives appear to have been mixed. It was vitally important to prevent a repetition of the drunken orgies which had marred and hindered the mobilization of troops in the Russo-Japanese war. But there was more back of it than military caution. A great wave of emotion swept over the country, partaking of the nature of a religious frenzy. No sacrifice was too great for the cause of Holy Russia. Psychological conditions were opportune for a drastic step, and the thing was done. The population at large, including officials and even the formidable temperance party, was taken by surprise. There was no time for discussion, much less for a readjustment of affairs; and clear prevision of events is not a characteristic of a despotic form of government which exacts blind obedience and discourages questionings.

Sufficient time has elapsed since the abolition of the government vodka monopoly to form a reasonable judgment about the effects, although it is difficult to forecast accurately the future trend of Russian liquor legislation. The evidence relied upon by the writer is partly contained in personal communications from Russian officials, and in reports from different legations of neutral countries at Petrograd, and is largely obtained from a systematic search of representative Russian publications, some of them, like the *Novoye Vremya*, staunch supporters of the prohibition policy, and none of them daring probably to dish up falsehoods about the situation.

It is the common opinion that the government will never revive the vodka monopoly. Whether the sale of this article and of spirits generally will remain under absolute prohibition after the war is another question. The purposes of the imperial council are not clearly defined. Local conditions in many instances are chaotic. The production and sale of vodka are forbidden by an imperial ukase, but the local

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communities, through town or provincial councils (*zemstvos*) enjoy the privilege of local option in regard to other alcoholic drinks. In the first flush of enthusiasm prohibition carried the largest part of the country. To be sure, in some instances, governors refused to give effect to the will of councils. Thus, in Kaluga, the governor twice vetoed the prohibition regulations adopted by the council. And exceptions were made in favor of hotels, restaurants, and clubs. But the *mujik* and the laborer, whose sole indulgence is in vodka, were made to feel all the rigors of prohibition.

During the first weeks there seems to have been some ardor for the unaccustomed virtue of abstinence. But the spacious claims spread throughout the world about a Russia sober and regenerated have not been verified. Amiable publicists like Stephen Graham and others, out of love for their allies, incline to draw on imagination rather than on facts in picturing the new Russia. In truth, hardly had the country begun to realize the wide bearing of the drink rescript than all the ills accompanying unenforced prohibition sprang up, from the Baltic to the remote Asiatic east. Perhaps the region least affected was the Caucasus, where wine is the staple drink. The story has such a familiar ring! What the government denied the people, they soon began to supply by illicit means. According to the reports of the Minister of Finance, during the six months following the prohibitive measures revenue officers discovered 1825 secret distilleries manufacturing a special brand of whiskey known as *kumusha;* 160 distilleries fitted out with the most modern machinery for making vodka; 92 distilleries especially designed for filtering lacquer and varnish; and 60 distilleries engaged in filtering denatured alcohol.[1]

[1] *Ryetch,* Petrograd.

Another drink manufactured on a large scale is known as *khanza* and consists of wood alcohol, pepper, and other spices. Even more popular is the so-called *kvasok,* made from cider, wild hops, dry yeast, a little alcohol, and snuff. It is reported sold in huge quantities, and its effect is explained by citing the peasant saying, 'Spill something on a pig's tail and it will get bold.'

So widespread has illicit distilling become, not only in the populous centres like Petrograd and Moscow, but in many distant provinces, even in Irkutsk, that the government has increased the amount of the fine from 2500 to 6000 rubles and the term of imprisonment from two months to one year and four months. Still the traffic shows no abatement, and in Russia immunity from arrest is quite a purchasable commodity. So insistent has been the demand for alcohol that substitutes in the form of denatured alcohol, eau de cologne, *politura,* and the like have been consumed in large quantities despite their dangerous effects. From Kiev, Riga, Tambou, Penza, Simbirsk, Vilna, Nijny Novgorod, Charkov, Kursk, Moscow, Petrograd, and innumerable other places come reports of deaths and poisonings from these liquids. Medical societies have found it necessary to caution the public against the use of denatured alcohol, and have even asked permission to post notices of warning in the streets and other public places. A commission of the Petrograd Ophthalmological Society reports that there had been treated at two named hospitals, up to April 15, no less than 2882 persons whose sight had been impaired by drinking denatured and wood alcohol, varnish, and so forth. Of this number 27 died. During the same time, 138 persons had been brought to the eye departments of two Petrograd hospitals, who had become blind or suffered a marked loss of

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sight from the same cause. Dr. Novoselski, writing in the *Ruski Vratch* (Petrograd), cites the official returns of deaths from delirium tremens and remarks, 'Before prohibition the mortality figures varied and changed without definite regularity; after prohibition they show a regular and constant increase. As prohibition regulations became stricter and at last complete, the mortality from alcoholism increased.' He argues from the mortality statistics that substitutes for vodka 'are used not only by confirmed drunkards, but generally by those classes who before prohibition used to drink moderately.' The recent victims of alcoholism in Petrograd were 'persons of all ages and all occupations.'

Such is the saddening answer to the well-intended prohibition of vodka, for which no substitute was offered. It agrees ill with the popular conception of general sobriety throughout the Russian dominions which has universally been applauded. The story of it carried abroad by the press unhappily belongs to the claptrap of war times. At first there were some superficial signs of general abstinence. Our newspapers have featured the intelligence that drunkenness had disappeared from the streets of Petrograd. And now? The *Ryetch* reports that during six days in April and May of this year 783 persons were sentenced for being drunk on the streets. The severe penalty — the fine of 100 rubles or a month in jail, or both — does not seem to have a deterring influence.

A writer in the *Ryetch* comments thus on the general situation: 'The sun of sobriety has set before it reached the zenith. . . . The village folk had hardly time to wear out the boots in which they marched after the coffin of the "monopoly" before tens of thousands of illicit distilleries of liquors, factories of all kinds of strong drink, came into existence. . . . It would be naïve and ruinous to regard the work of reform as completed. On the contrary the task is all ahead. . . . Vodka played a great part in our peasant life, and its disappearance creates a greater or less vacancy which in some way or other must be filled. . . . There also come reports that the village folk are becoming addicted to gambling and that a passion for it is seizing the whole mass of peasantry. In short, everything points to the fact that the sobering of the people cannot be accomplished by the simple discontinuance of the traffic in liquor. It is necessary to occupy their leisure in some interesting and instructive manner; otherwise the reform, so grandiose and full of beautiful possibilities, will yield negative results.'

In the same strain speaks the *Novoye Vremya*, which is a strong adherent of prohibition: 'It must be admitted that the great historical act by which the traffic in liquor was forbidden found the country far from prepared to replace the drunken haze by sober pastime. . . . But only now [ten months later] has the question occurred, how to fill the spare time thus gained. . . . Just a bare prohibition of vodka after the war would be only an injunction which could be circumvented. It is necessary to divert the population from vodka, to cultivate a taste for a different employment of their leisure.'

How the government will cope with the many unforeseen difficulties that have arisen remains to be seen. Well-informed opinion inclines to the belief that while the ban on vodka will remain, the sale of beer may be permitted and that of wine be made free; for Russia, it should be remembered, is sixth among the wine-producing countries of the world. A complication is likely to occur through her position as a large debtor nation to France. It would be a

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serious blow to the powerful distilling and wine-growing interests of France to find the Russian market closed. On the other hand, were France permitted to flood Russia with cheap brandies and liquors, prohibition would get another setback. Meanwhile local communities seem increasingly inclined to exercise the option granted by law and provide for the sale of fermented beverages. This has been done in Minsk, Bobroysk, Igumen, Riga, and many other places. Except on the part of distillers and similar interests there seems to be no disposition to advocate a return to the manufacture and sale of vodka. At a public conference held in Petrograd during the spring of this year, the perpetual prohibition of the sale of whiskey was advocated. Beers and wines, however, especially the latter, were held to have a desirable effect on village life, and the ministry was requested to act accordingly. The Minister of Commerce has already recommended that the sale of beer and wine containing not more than sixteen per cent of alcohol be permitted.[1]

Russia is learning lessons that should have become trite in this country. Perhaps the chief among them is this: if sumptuary legislation creates voids in social and community life without seeking to fill them by acceptable substitutes, its ends are sure to be defeated. In the space of less than one year Russia has suffered most varieties of ills resulting from premature prohibition. But fortunately they are recognized and fully acknowledged by temperance reformers. Herein lies the promise that the evils will be overcome by limiting prohibition to vodka and its equivalents. That done, the abolition of the government monopoly will stand as a momentous achievement. But the experience of Russia illustrates that even in an autocracy a social reform cannot be affected merely by ukase when public opinion refuses to support it.

[1] *Birzhevya Vyedomosty*, Petrograd.

II. FRANCE

In France, too, the war has helped to draw the public mind to the drink problem. Economic interests and military considerations have given it prominence. The question of drink reform has gained impetus also from the favorable publicity given the Russian experiment as well as from the characteristic British growl about the effects of drink upon the productiveness of the laboring classes. Of course, the temperance politician has utilized the unusual opportunity for agitation; and the inevitable alarmists have preached abstinence as the price of final victory. It does not appear, however, that the military conditions have been complicated by the drink situation. Commanders are given ample authority to take the necessary precautions without making over the habits of the soldiery.

The one great forward step in France has been the abolition of absinthe, but, contrary to popular belief, this was not a war measure. The country at large had become convinced of the ravages of this toxic drink, and steps to do away with it antedated the war. At the various sittings of the French Assembly since the beginning of hostilities the question of restricting the liquor traffic has been freely debated, but so far there is no prospect that radically constructive laws will be passed. The most recently introduced bill would give prefects of departments authority, while the war lasts, to regulate, limit, and even forbid the sale of alcoholic beverages except wine, beer, cider, perry, and hydromel. Of course, this is a war measure pure and simple; it does not go to the root of the drink issue, and in consequence has been bitterly assailed by *les tempérants*, who in this

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instance cannot be called apostles of an empty enthusiasm.

Within three generations the drink habits of France have undergone profound changes. It was one of the soberest countries of Europe and has become the most alcoholic except Russia. According to Dr. Bertillon, the consumption of alcohol has increased about sixfold in sixty years. Various forms of distilled liquors have supplanted wine as a national beverage. Some have tried to connect this phenomenon with the growth of the absinthe habit; it is, however, a product of the unrestricted liberty to sell spirits. In France there is one drink-shop, in which alcohol of all kinds can be sold, to 82 inhabitants; while in England there is one to 430, in Sweden one to 5000, and in Norway one to about 10,000 inhabitants. Only the Belgium of antebellum days could vie with France in the number of drink-shops. The real factor back of this extraordinary condition is the distilling interest. There are more than 1,300,000 distillers in the country, says Dr. Bertillon, who estimates the number of wine-growers to be even greater. Practically there is no restriction upon the distillation of spirits from cereals and fruit. Under the law any householder may produce five gallons of spirits for home use free of taxes; but in reality thousands take advantage of lax supervision to manufacture spirits for sale. It has been asserted that there are upward of a million places throughout France more or less engaged in this fraudulent practice. Whatever the number may be, we know that over large rural areas the peasantry not only make and drink spirits, but offer it for sale at incredibly low prices.

The outcry against drink in the France of to-day has therefore grim reality behind it. Visible drunkenness may be less than in several other countries, but spirits, in the shape of *apéritifs*, liqueurs, and so forth, are now so much a part of the daily diet of the peasantry, and of laborers in particular, that they have become a national menace. This discovery is not new, nor are temperance reformers and scattered scientists the only ones who have drawn attention to it. In May of this year, the syndicalist workmen groups of all trades represented at the Nantes Labor Exchange (Loire-Inférieure) unanimously declared that the 'multiplicity of drink-shops and the diversity of harmful products displayed are a real and ceaseless provocation' to alcoholism, which, they say, bears especially hard upon workmen's families. Therefore they endorse the edict against absinthe and 'approve the suppression of all similar substances and the special privileges accorded distillers.' The same resolutions were adopted by the dockers at Havre.

Solicitude over the drink situation is likewise marked among the intellectual classes. The French Academy of Medicine has long labored with it. France was one of the prime movers in the formation of the International Committee for the Scientific Study of the Alcohol Question, under the presidency of ex-President Loubet, while M. Alexandre Ribot, now Minister of Finance, is chairman of the French section, which counts many distinguished members. France also possesses a varied, if not especially significant, anti-alcohol literature. Why then does temperance reform progress so slowly? It has been said that 'No French minister of the present day is bold enough to stand up against the wine-growing industry or the 1,378,000 distillers.' That may be an exaggeration, but skirts close to the truth. It is no secret that the powerful distilling interests have directed French diplomatic objections to the enactment of prohibition

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in other countries, — in Finland, for instance, — and that they have insisted upon the right (much against the advice of the colonial administration) to sell cheap brandies among the Mohammedan populations of North Africa, the Negroes of French West Africa, and the people of French Indo-China, Madagascar, and other places. These interests are undoubtedly the mainspring of the 'curse of alcoholism' both at home and abroad.

Then in France, as in many other countries, the cause of sobriety suffers from the intemperate zeal of certain reformers. The rise of a political temperance party is not welcomed, with its aspirants for political honors who are willing to bend their necks to that species of temperance servitude without conviction which is so ingloriously exemplified in our own country. Even in the stress of war, any interference with personal habits is peculiarly obnoxious to Frenchmen. Wrathfully M. Guyot exclaims apropos of the proposed drink regulations: —

'Les tempérants, atteints d'un "delirium," pire que le "delirium tremens," piétinent, déchirent, et saccagent les principes élémentaires de la liberté individuelle et du respect de la propriété! Leur intoxication intellectuelle et morale est autrement dangereuse que toutes les intoxications alcooliques.'

Of prohibition as a policy there is little discussion. To be sure, the National Council of French Women recently declared for the complete prohibition of the sale of spirits, but only as a war measure, apparently.

Reasonable leaders of the temperance movement, like M. Joseph Reinach, recognize that the French people will not surrender freedom of action to legislation and cannot be coerced into greater sobriety. Therefore their programme is limited to a restriction and control of distilleries. (As a step in this direction some communal distilleries have been established; a limitation of drink-places by means of taxation; prohibition of sales to minors and on credit, and so forth.) Their campaign is against distilled liquors as having turned France from her former sobriety. There is no thought of stopping the sale of beer and wine. Rather the effort is to encourage their use as the accustomed and natural beverages of the people in its temperate days.

War times seem to have diminished drinking generally, but not through law. The soldiers still receive their ration of rum, says an undoubted authority, though it is not acknowledged officially. M. Vidal of the Academy of Medicine recently asked for a resolution demanding the regular distribution to all soldiers of a hygienic beverage — wine or beer. And Professor Landouzey has called attention to the deficiency of the French army ration in carbohydrates, which he would equalize by adding an allowance of wine.

That the French temperance movement has been stimulated by the war is patent. What its final direction will be cannot be predicted, for as yet it has not recorded notable triumphs.

III. GREAT BRITAIN

The recent heroic onslaughts upon the drink traffic by Mr. Lloyd George and others ended tamely. England did not respond to the call for prohibition, or show any tangible enthusiasm for personal abstinence from patriotic motives. The castigation of the workmen, whose drink habits were blamed for delay in producing war materials, and for general inefficiency, reacted unfavorably. Other shortcomings were brought to light, although gross intemperance among laborers could not be denied, and quite likely it had been

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stimulated by the peculiar circumstances caused by the war.

When a coalition government was formed, all prospects of radical drink laws waned. The Liberals, who profess a leaning toward temperance reform, had proved unequal to the task; and since the Unionists and Conservatives, as parties, do not incline to drink reform, the visions of national prohibition faded rapidly. The agitation and turmoil of weeks yielded as a net result the establishment of a commission endowed with large discretionary power in controlling liquor selling within munition and transportation areas. Mr. Lloyd George's proposal to nationalize the drink traffic was not laid before Parliament. The more extreme temperance interests did not approve it; the cost and financial risk were prohibitive; and to instigate a country-wide fight on the drink issue during the war might mean a political disaster. Nor was it found practicable to close the distilleries and stop the sale of spirits, for this demanded a compensation to the trade to which the teetotalers generally object.

The drink evil is undeniably acute in England; that Mr. Lloyd George's major proposals were defeated does not prove the contrary. The teetotalers have made comparatively little progress; and because they are merely repressive, the liquor laws of England have failed to check intemperance. In licensing, the practice of the justices lacks certainty and uniformity. The many and complex laws as well as local regulations are merely restrictive — to prevent excesses on the part of the vendor. Constructive principles, without which drink reform is but a transparent show, are wholly wanting. Perhaps the worst feature of the situation is the so-called 'tied-house system.' It means that the trade has acquired about ninety per cent of the licensed drink-places in the country and furnishes the retailer his capital, so that 'though he is a tenant in name, he is often but a slave in fact.' The sole object of a tied house is to push the sale of drink, for that alone gives it value to the owner; and legislation helps on this condition by making the size of the house, not the quantity of liquor sold, the basis of taxation. In other words, the law holds out a premium to the licensee who can sell the greatest quantity of alcohol in the smallest possible selling space! Diversions and attractions other than drink are not encouraged, and in some places are absolutely forbidden. It is said that the technicalities of the licensing system can hardly be understood by a layman; it seems in part to assume a tied-house system and helps to perpetuate it with all its faults.

The licensing statistics of England point to an increase rather than a decrease in drunkenness during the past three or four years. There has been a reduction of licensed places, but they have to a considerable extent been replaced by clubs which are exempt from license, limitation of hours of sale, and inspection. The situation is undoubtedly serious, and there is little prospect of effective remedial legislation, although sane suggestions are not wanting. The trade is conservative and will not yield.

Meanwhile England affords examples of practical reform through private enterprise in the so-called Public-house Trust companies. The trust system is in brief the Gothenburg system adapted to English conditions. Its cardinal principle is the elimination of private profits from the retail sale of alcoholic beverages, the business being conducted by paid managers under the control of directors who receive no pecuniary benefit other than a fixed maximum rate of interest upon the capital shares held by them, the surplus being devoted to objects of public utility. The man-

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agers get a commission on all sales except of alcoholic drinks, and thus have every incentive not to push that side of the business. Various amusements and other attractions are provided.

The experiments with the Public-house Trust system began at Aberdeen in 1895. Under the leadership of Lord Grey it has been extensively developed during the past fifteen years, although at the outset it was fought by the trade, misrepresented by the temperance party, distrusted by the officials and the public, and, as a voluntary affair, remained unassisted by legislation. Experience and capacity for the business had to be acquired by degrees. Yet the system grew and flourished: if a few companies failed, others were amalgamated and became the stronger. At present more than 320 houses are operated on the trust plan. One of the largest, known as the Home Counties Public-house Trust, manages 60 houses, 'in town and country, slum and village, colliery and other industrial areas, and in lonely districts.' As a business venture it has been successful. Beyond this it is sufficient to relate that 'the company employs approximately 900 managers and assistants, and during its ten years' existence has served more than eleven millions of customers. During the whole of this period not a single employee has been convicted of a breach of the Licensing Acts or in respect of any other offense.' In these years 'the non-alcoholic receipts have risen from less than ten per cent to more than forty-eight per cent of the whole.'

The Public-house Trust system exemplifies what so many seem still to doubt — that drink-selling can be made respectable and be surrounded with a wholesome atmosphere. Of course, the ultimate object of Lord Grey, Mr. Arthur Sherwell, M.P., and other exponents of the company system idea is to nationalize the retail sale of drink. Meanwhile they have provided a highly important object lesson in practical methods of counteracting intemperance through the institution of 'disinterested' for 'tied-house' management in the public houses. An increasing number of temperance reformers is said to believe in it, but of course it is rejected by all who are obsessed with the idea of absolute prohibition as the only step in legislation they can countenance.

On a much smaller scale the disinterested company system has been tried both in Scotland and in Ireland. Scotland has also a licensing act of quite recent date which seeks to correct some ancient abuses and is said to have diminished drunkenness quite perceptibly, particularly by restricting the hours of sale; but it does not add to the stock of basic principles in liquor legislation.

IV. OTHER BELLIGERENT COUNTRIES

In Germany, the Great War does not seem to have aroused special concern about intemperance. Military safeguards have been adopted, and for economic reasons the output of beer and spirits has been curtailed. The soldiers in the field have been allowed beer and wine, with modest quantities of spirits during the severe winter days, — at least so one gathers from private letters and newspapers. But Germany, of course, has a drink problem; the statistics of consumption attest that, and in the eyes of many people it looms large. There as elsewhere the use of spirits causes the particular mischief. How the extent of known alcoholism compares with that of other countries cannot be determined. There is no evidence, however, that either the economic or military powers of Germany have been greatly impaired by drink.

There are many active abstinence

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organizations, whose leadership is, in some instances, in the hands of men of note and scientific attainments. Their efforts are chiefly directed to teaching personal hygiene and advocating abstinence. The idea of prohibition in the American sense of the term is wholly foreign to the German people, to whom beer and, in some states, wine form an important part of the daily diet. And as prohibition is not an issue, the numerous political groups are still minus a temperance party.

The German liquor laws offer little of interest. The fact that especially fermented liquors are generally sold in family resorts in the best sense of the term no doubt has been a great help to sobriety; but this custom springs from national characteristics rather than from law, although legislation encourages it — an instructive contrast to our ways of 'diminishing temptation.' On the other hand, Germany perhaps is the largest contributor to the scientific study of alcohol, and from the varied literature of the subject both prohibitionists and temperance reformers derive their arguments.

Italy is beginning to have a drink problem, influences from the United States and the Argentine sharing the dubious honor of having helped to create it. So long as the Italians remained a wine-drinking people, they were counted among the most temperate in Europe, notwithstanding the fact that the *per capita* consumption, when considered in terms of pure alcohol, reached a very high figure. As in Spain and Portugal, the habitual use of natural wines did not produce alcoholism and its brood of evils; but in recent years returning emigrants have transplanted the whiskey habit to what appears to be a congenial soil, for the Italian government has felt obliged to enact new laws curbing the traffic in spirits.

Austria-Hungary, largely a beer and wine-drinking country, contributes little of value to the discussion of temperance reform.

V. THE SCANDINAVIAN EXPERIMENTS

Sweden and Norway practically alone among the countries of the world illustrate the power of rational liquor legislation to reduce the consumption of alcohol. The interesting history of this legislation must be passed by, nor is there space to tell its operation in detail. Both must be sought in the voluminous literature of the subject, which has long been accessible in English through official reports and private studies.

During the greater part of the first half of the last century Sweden permitted practically free trade in the manufacture and sale of spirits. The consumption of spirits rose to extraordinary proportions and with terrible effects. 'The very marrow of the nation was sapped; moral and physical degradation . . . all those grim legions of evils that ever range themselves under the banner of intemperance took possession of the land.' In the rural parishes the conditions were transformed by the simple act of 1885 forbidding home distillation, while other distilleries were subjected to a high excise tax and the rural communities given a local veto over sales. The towns, which suffered perhaps even more from drunkenness, offered a different problem; but it was not thought practicable or expedient to try to place them under prohibition. A bold remedy for a desperate situation was found in the organization of a private *bolag*, or company, in the city of Gothenburg, which gradually took over licenses for spirit-selling on the condition that the shareholders should not derive the slightest advantage from sales beyond the ordinary rate of interest on the capital invested, and that

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the profits should be devoted to charity or public uses. This was the genesis of the famous Gothenburg system, which in the course of time became extended to the whole of Sweden and eventually reached its fullest development and fairest trial in Norway. Here the retail traffic in spirits is placed in the hands of private companies (*samlags*) composed of reputable citizens, under carefully worked-out regulations and supervision. Of the net profits, 15 per cent is given the municipality in lieu of the former license tax, 20 per cent is divided among the company and department in charge, to be distributed for charitable and useful objects not supported by taxation, while the remainder is paid into the state treasury. In Norway, it is optional with the towns to maintain or abolish samlags; the country districts, as in Sweden, are under prohibition, which, however, does not interfere with importation for private use.

In Sweden the consumption of spirits prior to the general introduction of the company system was 13.5 litres per capita; it is now about 6 litres. In Norway the samlags have reduced the consumption of spirits from nearly 7 litres per capita to about 3. Both countries show an increase in the use of fermented beverages, but when consumption is measured in terms of pure alcohol, Norway ranks as the most temperate of all European countries, while Sweden is a fair second. That these unmatched results could have been attained without the company system is not credible.

Perhaps extravagant friends of the Scandinavian system have overpraised it; they have at least reason on their side, which is wanting in the bitter attacks upon it by the uncompromising prohibitionists. For in its home lands the system has demonstrated that it (1) divorces drink-selling from politics and thus removes this obstacle to reform; (2) places an 'inherently dangerous traffic' under effective restriction and control, but in keeping with the expressed sentiment of the locality; (3) makes possible the reduction of the number of licensed houses to the lowest safe limits that public opinion will tolerate, and thus simplifies all restrictive measures; (4) secures the profits on sales to the locality and enables the establishment of counter attractions; (5) appeals to an enlightened public opinion, enlists the coöperation of good citizens, and paves the way for progressive temperance legislation.

Two grievances in particular have been directed against the company system as exemplified in Norway: one, that the sale of wine and beer is not monopolized by the companies; the other, that the system stifles temperance reform. Under the law a company may now acquire the retail sale of beer for a definite period during which no other vendor may be licensed. To place the retail sale of fermented beverages quite on the same footing with that of spirits is by many regarded as making not for but against sobriety. Recent legislation aims to liberalize the sale of beers through a method of progressive taxation whereby the least alcoholic of these beverages are subjected to the lowest tax. It is also proposed to exempt all beer containing less than 2.25 per cent of alcohol from taxes. This was first done in Denmark with the result of enormously increasing the use of the practically non-alcoholic beers. Sweden makes a similar exemption.

The company system of Norway has gained support from the abstainers precisely because it makes temperance reform easy. After a labor of four and a half years the Norwegian Alcohol Commission, an official body under the chairmanship of Professor Dr. Axel Holst, and, almost needless to say, consisting of men of high scientific attain-

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ments and standing, has just issued its report, which will be laid before the next Storting. A minority consisting of avowed prohibitionists, one of whom is the well-known temperance leader, Provincial Governor S. Aarrestad, does not favor the abolition of the company system but would restrict it in several ways, while hoping eventually to win the whole country for prohibition by the extension of local option.

After most exhaustive investigations, the majority of this commission find that prohibition is likely to increase home distillation and greatly to stimulate the illicit traffic. They base this judgment in part upon the experience with local prohibition, which shows the number of persons sentenced or under prosecution for illegal selling to be three and a half times larger in cities without samlags (under prohibition) than in the others. The evidence of public intoxication is taken to indicate 'so intensive a craving for stimulants among the male population of our cities that it cannot be expected in the near future to cease obtaining gratification solely through the adoption of a prohibitive law.' The police authorities of the principal cities are reported as practically unanimous in the belief that total prohibition cannot be enforced. The same opinion is voiced by the state revenue department. The police officials of Christiania say, 'Already now it is most difficult to secure evidence in cases of violations of the alcohol law,' and—it has such a familiar sound!—that in different strata of the population it is considered quite proper to give untruthful explanations and try to deceive the police and the courts in liquor cases. Personal investigation in the United States has persuaded members of the Norwegian commission that our examples of prohibition ought not to be imitated.

The commission speaks at length and favorably of the so-called Bratt or Andrée system in Sweden, which aims to prevent persons from buying spirits who are known to abuse them. The authorities provide the bolags with a list of all such persons. Other citizens over twenty-one years of age must notify the bolag that they desire to purchase spirits, and are then given a card to be shown and recorded at the bolag before a purchase can be made. This system of individual licenses, at first a local experiment, proved so successful that in May of this year it was made obligatory for all the Swedish bolags.

Aside from things actually accomplished in the way of effective legislation, the American observer of European methods can but note (with a degree of humiliation) that they do not leave the intricate problems associated with liquor laws to the mercy of the propagandist and the inexperienced or interested legislator. Europeans attempt at least to clear the way through scientific inquiries by men of eminence and authority. Our progress in drink reform is bound to be slow so long as popular wisdom about it is drawn from the politician on the stump, or from unscientific temperance federations.

But in Europe, too, the liquor issue is beginning to be used by the politician as a ladder wherewith to reach place. And once he takes up the yoke of temperance servitude, there is apparently no escape. There is a curious fatalism about swearing allegiance to the tenets of prohibition: it seems almost invariably to produce a deviation from normal thought and ideals. Are they fit to lead who regard the liquor problem as the one vital question, who aver that the sum and substance of human ills are bound up in it, and therefore demand, even in the midst of a world-conflagration, that it must be given the right of way over all the problems that perplex society?

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POOR AMERICA

BY HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

I

THE history of criticism is a melancholy one. I have read that in the year 1606, the year in which *King Lear* and *Macbeth* were presented to the happy multitude, Ben Jonson, 'who was criticism incarnate,' who loathed 'the general public,' declared that English drama was going to the dogs. For excellent reasons time does not avenge every writer slighted of the critics as it avenged William Shakespeare; but conflicts between orthodoxy and the despised public have by no means always ended in orthodoxy's favor. Such issues have taught nothing, however. At Edinburgh sixteen years ago, Mr. Augustine Birrell, who possibly has not a great deal to learn from younger essayists in the criticism of literature, delivered an address entitled, 'Is it possible to tell a good book from a bad one?' But what to Mr. Birrell is a feat of fine discrimination, 'extremely difficult,' he says, is, and has always been, a simple affair to the conventional appraiser of these delicate values. Old Jonson is dead, but his spirit goes marching on. Temperamental reactions still assume the airs of the judgments of Olympus. Awful disagreements among the temples, so frequent and so delightful to the ungodly, the ghastly mistakes of predecessors, hanging over all the field of literature like dead men in the trees, these things sound no tinkle of warning in closed doctorial ears. And who would have it otherwise? This fulfills the law. Dogma was always the true voice of orthodoxy, and a grave cocksureness is the proper crutch of the lamest of all arts.

It is no moment to be trifling with the international comity, but let us remember that it was not we who threw the first stone. And after all, our fatal fascination for the critics of Great Britain is too old a story to draw blood now. If, in the department of letters, the tendency to cousinly correction has seemed unusually active of late, that is a mere psychologic rhythm, no doubt, a wave. The thing might be just worth a note in passing. Thus I remember Mr. Arnold Bennett, suavest of his compatriots, but clearly with small hope of American literature in this generation. I recall Mr. W. L. George, charging upon us, if memory serves, bare of critical laurels won elsewhere; his proud and particular contribution being that he knew our literature solely through three contemporary native writers, all of whom he found 'very national and very inferior.' More recently I was struck, decidedly so, by the utterances of Mr. Edward Garnett; [1] of whom more anon. I note in passing that Mr. Garnett 'hopes to discuss' us again, at no distant date. Naturally. That he is not alone in England with this hope we may be reasonably confident. Meanwhile, just at the moment of writing, there comes to hand Mr. James Stephens, an Irish author, whose grasp of English grammar is not, I am convinced, displayed to the best

[1] In the *Atlantic* for December, 1914. — THE EDITORS.

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advantage in the following sentence from his pen: 'It [America] has not yet had the leisure to evolve a social order, to conserve its traditions, and form a life habitual to itself, and against the background of which every facet of the national existence may be judged.'

But Mr. Stephens, however worried by his whiches, is not the man to mince words. It is a pleasure to spread this example of urbane and well-considered criticism: —

'American writers [says Mr. Stephens] have not learned how to write; their thoughts are superficial, they have no critical intelligence, and they have the sad courage of these disabilities.'

Now as this sort of thing is not novel, neither is it very important, perhaps. The truth seems to be that casual criticism rarely amounts to more than the disclosure of somebody's point of view: a disclosure often beautifully unconscious, a point of view of quite variable and uncertain value. Mr. Brownell's apt phrase, 'the irresponsibility of pure temperament,' helps to explain many critical curiosities. And certainly the 'condescension in foreigners' would not be worth mentioning at all at this day, were it not for one striking circumstance attending it. I mean the attitude toward these proceedings of authority in this country.

It is certainly arresting that the transatlantic attack, however crude or violent, seldom evokes the smallest resentment on this side of the water. The uncommonly quaint specimen quoted was itself first encountered as the text of an editorial article in one of our most respected periodicals; but the American editor betrayed nowhere any sense that our critic was himself conceivably subject to criticism. No, we take assault and battery with all the tameness becoming to inferiors. So far from rushing to the rescue of our buffered writers, our guides and philosophers make haste to declare that it is all true, only more so; and, not to be caught napping, in dull times dully repeat the tale of our shame, without any foreign incitation whatever. Thus the situation, instead of lightening, is constantly intensified. Language grows harsher as the tale grows more threadbare, as the sense of numbers gives waxing assurance. We may doubt whether Mr. James Stephens would have had the sad courage of his angularities, had he not known that the doctors were behind him.

So, too, in our own country. In a New York newspaper symposium last spring, a young American writer, himself rather popular perhaps than destined for the ages, referred offhand to 'the present base condition of literature in the United States.' The youthful judge offered no justification for his vivid language; one does n't need to justify a commonplace. And all authority, all British orthodoxy and its loyal native following, seems agreed that contemporary American literature is 'base,' and contemporary American writers of a character which instinctively produces baseness, as a hen produces an egg.[1]

Such unanimity is uncommon; it seems overpowering and final. But is it so indeed? May we not remember the foible of orthodoxy, the critic's cautious passion to be 'regular'? Should we not even frankly discount the rare unanimity with that known critical tendency toward the congregated and conventional, than which — it is again Mr. Brownell who speaks — 'nothing is more insidious'?

[1] The spirit of the times seems to have weighed heavily even upon Mr. Meredith Nicholson, who, in the October *Atlantic*, set out with the apparent intention of defending American literature, but actually devoted most of his space to telling what was the matter with it. — THE AUTHOR.

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II

Mr. Edward Garnett was introduced to dark America through the medium of a biographical note in the *Atlantic Monthly*, last December. We must not jest about the testimonial from Mr. John Galsworthy; these matters are serious. For the rest, Mr. Garnett introduced himself, surely in no faltering tones. I read his remarks on the subject of American fiction with a hearty and constant sense of opposition. Finishing my perusal in a state of extreme irritation (for even low Americans have their rudimentary feelings, I suppose), I thought: 'Really, somebody ought to reply to our plain-speaking cousin; some vigorous American writer of high standing and independence.' Whereon, almost as if at a cue in a play, I was told that just such a person *was* to reply to Mr. Garnett! And at once in my innocence I was vastly cheered; vastly expectant, I will confess it, of a memorable reprisal upon the insular self-satisfactions of Britain.

Naturally, these artless feelings were born but to die. When I came at last upon the promised reply I read with opening eyes and a falling crest.

Mr. Owen Wister's intentions had, of course, been totally misrepresented to me. Unseemly quarreling was, only too obviously, the last thing in his mind. It might indeed have seemed that few persons on earth stood less in need of mere corroboration than Mr. Garnett; nevertheless Mr. Wister's merely corroborative purposes became unmistakable from his third paragraph. Here I encountered, with a start, an old acquaintance of mine, in that sentence beginning, as it usually does, 'The reason why Americans are so fond of bamboozle, generally preferring sham to reality . . .' That seemed to settle it; after bamboozle, I hardly needed to meet, later on, the Subsidized Press, that favorite bugaboo of Mr. William Jennings Bryan, and other sayings, all tried and true. Bamboozle assured me, once for all, that we had but the old sermon again, though charmingly retrimmed; the thrice-slain slain again with the odd but delightful high spirits of youth; no champion at all, but only a lusty new recruit in the respectable chorus which chants forever of the baseness of America.

This was no ordinary recruit, however; far from it. The assailant of the popular American novel this time was himself an American novelist of extreme popularity: which several facts invested his positions with a significance and weight not attachable to the alien critic, of however 'recognized authority.' Moreover there was the remarkable vigor of the new attack, a ruthless exterminative vigor, quite eclipsing what had gone before. Space lacks for general comparisons. But at least it must be noted that it was Mr. Wister, not Mr. Garnett, who broadly implied that American novelists are literary prostitutes. And it was Mr. Wister's sense of proportion, not Mr. Garnett's, which unlimbered six columns upon Mr. Harold Bell Wright, and victoriously drew sentences from the Grand Rapids *Herald* and the Providence *Telegram* (whose 'critics' are possibly also their 'society editors,' only too thankfully accepting the canned enthusiasm of the publishers), as fair evidence of the critical standards of America.

It is Mr. Wister's singular triumph that he has left Mr. Garnett looking as meek as Moses. But his accomplishment is larger than that. By reason of the several circumstances just noted, he seems to gather into himself, he ousts and replaces, all predecessors in the well-worn field. Nor can we say that such a sweeping of the lists was inadvertent exactly. Glance a moment at that passage, comparatively sweet,

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in which Mr. Wister hustles large bodies of competing critics off the stage.

'Lest certain genteel critics [he writes] who think they practice more discrimination than this, feel slighted, it may be well to explain here why they have so little influence. It was amusing to notice how some of them — the Chicago *Dial*, for instance — hastened to asseverate that they had always known what Mr. Garnett said, — that they had always said so themselves. So they had. They do, tepidly, discriminate; they do, *after the fact*, perceive and praise merit. They all — the New York *Times*, the New York *Sun*, the Boston *Evening Transcript*, the New York *Evening Post* (very typical, this last one), with others of less note — stand ever ready to be the first to hail a *perfectly well-established* artist.'

However, to me the really intriguing thing about this passage was not the pointedness of the punitive raid at all. Rather it was the writer's fine unconsciousness of the fact that his description of 'genteel criticism' appeared to fit the body of his own remarks — well, better than a suit from Poole's, say. I, at least, had found nothing at all in 'Quack Novels and Democracy' but that the author of it, strangely like the Chicago *Dial*, was hastening to asseverate that he has always known what Mr. Garnett said; that, like the *Evening Post* and the others, he did, after the fact, perceive and praise merit; and that, indistinguishably one with all conventional critics of every age and clime, he stood ever ready to be the first to hail a perfectly well-established artist.

Is this unfair, mere coarse repartee? Well, it seems to be largely a question of literal fact. What merit, in truth, has our critic praised before the fact, what sincere but neglected artist does he, more courageous than the genteel, summon to banquet beneath his spotlight? I have searched his sentences in vain for one reckless championship. To be sure, he is rather more liberal here than the Briton, who has prudently confined his approval of America almost exclusively to the dead. (O happy dead! — safe predigested food of timid criticism! — surely you must look down sometimes from where you are, and laugh and roar at the belated garlands!)

But where, among his cited living, are the gallant discoveries? Margaret Deland, William Allen White, Judge Robert Grant, Mary S. Watts, Meredith Nicholson — is it some delusion of the tricksy brain, or am I really right in thinking that the *Dial*, the *Transcript*, and the rest of the reproved have long since anticipated Mr. Wister's guarded celebration of these 'perfectly well-established artists'?[1]

III

But that is a detail. The American novelist's preëmption of the centre of the stage gives to his argument, as I believe, an importance entitling it to unusual consideration. And his target, of course, is not the critics of America. No, the frontal attack is upon the American people, *in extenso;* in chief, upon their national vulgarity as exhibited in their capacity of a Reading Public. In these words (I mark with capitals the abused but convenient term) Mr. Wister states his thesis for us with splendid lucidity: —

'It is the books that concern Mr. Garnett; it is their readers that concern me. Publishers cowardly; critics worthless; novelists false; why? Be-

[1] And similarly as to the single newcomer, produced with an odd air of personal discovery, Mr. Ernest Poole. I might note in passing that the thirteenth edition of *The Harbor* was advertised on the 7th of August. — THE AUTHOR.

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cause it is successful to be so. But why should it be successful? The answer leads us straight back to the American people' — bamboozle, sham, baseness, and so forth. 'Phrases and falsehood were made bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh' — thus our American spokesman historically accounts for us in a graceful passage.

Now to say, or imply, that American novelists, generally, falsify their impressions of life, with the low design of tickling dollars from a Public ingrown to falsehood — this is indeed a charge sufficiently comprehensive and damaging. Novelists and People alike might justly wish to inquire the grounds of so cutting an indictment. And when they come to search, as of right, for the solid bones of the impressionistic argument, — for what the vulgar would call proof, in fine, — they find themselves confronted with evidences such as these: —

1. The alleged deterioration of two American writers under the temptation of the cheap magazine.

2. Several critical sentences taken from the Grand Rapids *Herald*, the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch*, the Oregon *Journal*, and the Providence *Telegram*.

3. The popularity of Mr. Harold Bell Wright.

4. The popularity of the *Cosmopolitan*.

The first of these evidences of national vulgarity the smitten Public will find, I fear, beyond the reach of argument. It is not for all of us to search the hearts of strangers, and capture their most secret and subtle impulses to point a saying. Perhaps we might doubt at least whether any American geniuses have been tampered with, whether the *Cosmopolitan* has cost us a single masterpiece. Perhaps we might feel that though the wanton deterioration of two American talents, or four, could be proved unanswerably, that would still be some distance from saying that such prostitution is the habit of American novelists. 'They assail money,' says the resolute Mr. Wister, 'in hopes to fill their pockets with it.' Maybe so; I have no clairvoyance here.

I lack, too, Mr. Wister's familiarity with the works of Mr. Harold Bell Wright, and must acknowledge that I skipped his long burlesque on them. I believe I have the drift, however, and I must say I consider it a hollow triumph. Mr. Meredith Nicholson has anticipated me in urging Mr. Wister's attention to the literary taste of England, as evidenced by the sales figures of Mrs. Barclay, Mr. Hall Caine, and Miss Marie Corelli. The retort appears entirely sufficient. And similarly with the matter of comparative criticism. Whenever Mr. Wister feels inclined to generalize concerning England, I dare say he can match his humorous extracts from obscure American newspapers with kindred bits from the Land's End *Sentinel*, say, or the Yarmouth *Fisherman*.

That 'taste' runs everywhere in higher and lower levels, and that what we consider the lower levels run wide and deep through all peoples known to history — this is an observation so jejune that one must apologize for asking attention to it. But the gaze of our critics is not seldom so passionately concentrated that the international aspects of truth, however truistic, seem to elude them altogether. Such oversights are unfortunate in argument; and Mr. Wister's whole thesis, as I believe, is based upon just such an oversight. I refer to his supposition that a particular division of the Public, chosen as obviously easy to chastise, is none other than the Public. Of course the fact is that there are a great number of publics, everywhere overlapping indeed, but never by any

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chance merging in unity to prove a special plea.[1]

Of this basic oversight — or should one say this gift of happy selection?— Mr. Wister's remarks about the *Cosmopolitan* seem to furnish an excellent illustration. That the *Cosmopolitan* is a considerably meretricious mixture, most cleverly concocted to sell like hot cakes, and that it does meet the taste of a very large number of American readers (*and* English readers, if you please — observe the prevalence of *Nash's* on the British bookstalls), I, at least, should not think of denying. But why is it assumed that this particular public is the true and representative Public, that it is the American people, in short? Why, look at the size of it! we imagine the critic as expostulating. So we do look. And of course we immediately observe that if the *Cosmopolitan*, with its 'million circulation,' really represents America, then the *Saturday Evening Post*, with its two million circulation, must represent America twice as much.

My own feeling, indeed, is that the figures quite fail to give the true relation here. I should say that the *Saturday Evening Post* was five times, or ten times, as representative of America as the *Cosmopolitan*. In the *Saturday Evening Post* we have a periodical sole and unique in the history of periodicals: a magazine which enters a larger proportion of the homes of a people than was ever dreamed of before, which is read four times a month at every crossroads and haystack in America. So far as there is or can be such a homogeneity as the American Reading Public, I should say that the *Saturday Evening Post* does represent it, truly, nationally, and remarkably.

Therefore, I think that Mr. Wister, in setting about his studies of our national taste in periodicals, made a mistake in forgetting all about the *Saturday Evening Post*. I cannot help thinking that if he had only remembered the *Saturday Evening Post* even for a minute or two, he would not have been nearly so much ashamed of us. Not everything printed in that amazing magazine is literature, certainly. But no one has ever said, to my knowledge, that its appeal was mean, shameful, corrupt, or falsified. It does display, I must confess, a certain amount of miserable American 'optimism,' of accursed patriotism even. But then, it never prints the sugared 'sex stuff'; it never toys with scandal, or muckrakes even, throws abroad no vulgar boasts of itself; and it has let the *Cosmopolitan* buy away the writers specially named by Mr. Wister as producing 'quack novels' for the money there is in it. On the other hand, for its enormous public, the *Saturday Evening Post* commands, at its pleasure, the services of many of the most distinguished authors of England and America.

Prominent among these writers of distinction must be mentioned Mr. Owen Wister. Only the other day, it seem, the *Saturday Evening Post* published from the pen of Mr. Wister an

[1] It should be said that Mr. Garnett, who seems so strangely gentle on a comparative rereading, is entirely fair on these points. He asserts, justly I think, the superiority of the English literary environment; but perhaps remembering that 'Victorianism' is a British invention, he is careful to state at the outset that 'the ordinary English novel is a mediocre affair, truly representative of our middle-class limitations, our dull but honest domesticity, our lack of wit and insensitiveness to form, *our dislike of bitter truths, our preference for mild idealism and sentimental solutions*' [italics mine]. Again he says, 'In England, of course, as in America, there are bottomless depths in the insatiable appetite of the public for an art of sensational shocks and sentimental twaddle.' And again, as to the Public: 'I must admit that the vast majority of our English audience is uncritical in its taste, and that many of our "best-sellers" are also the most poverty-stricken and mediocre in point of vision, form, atmosphere, and style.' — THE AUTHOR.

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article on the European war, which a certain publisher, reckoned one of the keenest critics we have, advised me to read as the best war piece he had yet seen. I note that the author's own publisher, in bringing out this article as a book, pays it the same high tribute.

But what did the *Saturday Evening Post* of all periodicals, so frankly catering, not to the Mr. Garnetts of this weary world, but to the gross millions whom they despise, want with so distinguished a piece of writing? Is it conceivable that the most successful of all American magazines can be right in its belief that the so-called Reading Public of America includes innumerable entirely undistinguished persons who are quite capable of appreciating the best that can be given to them?

IV

All of which seems to bring us logically to the great root-question: Is the gulf between orthodox good taste and the taste of the base American quite so wide and awful as our conventional critics would have us believe?

That question is the quintessence of the disagreement. And it is after all largely a question of literal comparison, of the evidences of taste as each class furnishes them for itself. Luckily too, the material for such comparison is abundantly at hand.

Having robbed us of our Harold Bell Wright and our *Cosmopolitan*, which he appears to consider our principal reading-matter, Mr. Wister joins with Mr. Garnett in indicating a list of worthy and improving authors, all guaranteed guiltless of the crime of 'democratizing literature.' This list naturally commands our instant attention and instantly it arrests us with a large surprise.

Of what might be called the newer generation of American writers — that is to say, those whose reputation has been made in the last ten or twenty years, and under contemporary conditions — the orthodox roster is found to consist of these names: Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, O. Henry, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Edith Wharton, S. Weir Mitchell, Herman K. Vielé; and — Mr. Wister's personally guaranteed living — Mrs. Deland, Mr. White, Judge Grant, Mrs. Watts, and Mr. Nicholson. Here then are no less than twelve contemporary American writers whom, as I understand it, we are authorized to read henceforward without the smallest sense of shame, falseness, or bamboozle.

But at once we are bewildered by a strange discovery, deeply disturbing to our eagerness to learn: we are reading all these writers already. We have always been reading them. Each is, or has been, followed by a large and enthusiastic public. Ah, *but* — our critics may 'hasten to asseverate' — none of them is so popular as Harold Bell Wright! Good! And yet — does that prove anything in particular, after all? The truth is that we have a great many very poor writers who are not so popular as Mr. Wright, and who, also, are not by any means so popular as the select authors above. The fact remains, astonishing but immovable: each of the elect has figured conspicuously among the American 'best sellers.' The term is used in no loose sense, either. I mean to say by it, and I think my memory is sound, that every one of them (with the possible exception of Vielé, whose record I should have to look up) has starred in the *Bookman's* lists of the 'six best-selling' novels in the country — a list which faithfully represents the tastes of our publics, which no novel enters without being read from one end of America to the other. And most of these distinguished writers have appeared in the vulgar list with

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what is orthodoxly reckoned their best work, and many of them have appeared in it again and again.

The devil is in the business surely. If the authentic good in America is also the widely popular, what is the basis of the unceasing lecture? And exactly why must we be called falsified and false?

The general popularity of the authentic good: this surely is an idea so unsettling to the conventional attack as to take a deal of explaining. If it is a fact, and it is, it must run large through the history of literature, and it does. How is it that our pastors and masters may be counted on never to see it?

Well, sometimes dense ignorance of famous facts seems the critic's sole reliance. When, for example, Mr. Edward Garnett writes, 'I do not know whether the late O. Henry's marvelous powers . . . have yet received their due in America,' he makes a staggering, let us say at once a most damaging, admission. Might we not expect that the just critic would wish to inform himself on fundamental points? I will say for Mr. Garnett's benefit that if ever there was a rousing American-made success, a common-people-made success anywhere, it was O. Henry's here. He is the unluckiest case for orthodoxy that a week's search could have produced. Nor was it until this much-loved and deeply regretted American writer was securely dead, that the college professors, in England and America, 'discovered' him; and in his triumph the sad but safe group of conventional critics was found riding at the extreme tail of the procession, — a position, let me openly add, by no means unfamiliar to them.[1]

[1] It is possible that in the passage quoted, Mr. Garnett means to reproach American criticism rather than American readers. If his point thus is that in America the Public leads and conventional criticism follows, I shall leave Mr. Wister to reply to him. — THE AUTHOR.

Or again, the critic eyes the confounding fact, and courageously denies it. Such an one was that 'distinguished American novelist,' unnamed, whom Mr. George P. Brett, in an *Atlantic* article three years ago, quoted as saying that in the present, or base, condition of American literature, he would feel disgraced if any novel of his 'sold' 100,000 copies. We necessarily assume that the gentleman in question possesses a private system for accounting for the roaring American sales of O. Henry and Mrs. Wharton, not to say a word about the classic English best-sellers from Fielding to Rudyard Kipling. But what his system is, alas, and how you work it, remains a deep dark secret to this day.

Mr. Wister, it is pleasant to note, shows greater open-mindedness. He senses the knocking contradiction; he settles it with an offhand whack. 'What made *The House of Mirth* a "best-seller," ' he gayly assures us, 'was not at all that Mrs. Wharton's portraits of the rich were brilliantly made, but that they did not happen to be flattering; the daubs of Mr. Sinclair and the bill-posters of Mr. Chambers are quite as satisfactory to that audience.'

That audience! By the way, what audience?

Perhaps the 'audience' of *The House of Mirth* was the very same audience that adored *The Common Law;* perhaps it was a very different audience indeed. Perhaps the odd tribute magnifies Mrs. Wharton's gift; perhaps it seriously disparages it. No matter. Our interest is in the critical formula, sorely needed, for explaining away the popularity of the good.

This formula, as the critic indicates it, is simple, definite, and damning enough. But will it work? Is it true, to generalize from the particular, that the popularity of good novels is due, or even probably due, 'not at all' to their

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sound merits, but merely to 'happening,' merely to some chance pandering to the prejudices of the populace? For if this rule works for *The House of Mirth*, it should work as well for other novels at once widely popular and orthodoxly approved; it should work, to take an obvious case near home, for *Lady Baltimore*, say. Well, I have tested it upon *Lady Baltimore*, and it gave forth unmistakably a brassy ring. I have satisfied myself, first of all, that Mr. Wister's hypothesis falls to pieces upon Mr. Wister. And if it should be said that the retort is personal and therefore trivial, I should have to reply frankly that, as the distinguished contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* seems to me the last person to speak with pertinence of America's vulgar taste, just so the distinguished American novelist, enormously 'successful' yet not exactly false, seems to me precisely the person to destroy the lugubrious assistant of Mr. Garnett and strange bedfellow of the New York *Evening Post*.

V

I suspect that a volunteer spokesman for the despised and indifferent Public lays himself open to crushing retorts. Doubtless, from the above remarks, I shall be supposed to hold that there is no such thing as cultivated taste; to have maintained that all good novels are popular, even that all popular novels are good; that a list of best-sellers is a list of the cream of literature; and many such a merry saying. But I am really not quite so bad as that; and we recall that it was the voice of orthodoxy which named best-sellers to us as the cream. As for that, perhaps one reason why every best-seller is not a fine work of art is that there are not always enough fine works to go around: even England does n't produce a masterpiece every week. And my contention here is merely this, that the constant criticism of American culture, or want of it, has at last reached a point where it automatically reduces itself to absurdity.

We have seen that our assailant undertook to convince us that, because of a certain cheapness and falseness in the American temperament, American writers must be cheap and false, or else not 'succeed.' He convinced me, on the contrary, that no American writer need be in the least afraid to write as deeply and truly as he knows how. He indicated a society in which people read nothing but Mr. Harold Bell Wright. He happens to live in a society in which people in large numbers prefer to read Mrs. Wharton. He hypothesized — with Mr. Garnett's assistance — an atmosphere in which the artist is 'isolated,' 'hemmed in,' and 'cut off.' He disclosed an atmosphere in which the artist is followed by a respectable mob. He seemed determined to make us believe that the authentic good is lost, if not detested, in America. But his actual contribution proves nothing so clearly as that the authentic good is widely and persistently popular in America.

The phenomenon, as we have noted, remains inadequately explained by orthodoxy. It is time to try to fill it with the one simple hypothesis which our critics never seem to consider: the good is commonly popular in America because our publics comprise a surprisingly large number of readers who like and prize the good.

Once this simple truth is got well into one's head, it is remarkable how the difficulties roll away.

Be it noted, however, this is not saying that every novelist pronounced good by the orthodox is certain to be popular in America. That the guaranteed good novelists above *are* all popular with us — well, perhaps there was some luck in that. Certainly I am not

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forgetting that there are masters partially neglected here, as elsewhere, that there are delicate artists whose appeal for us has been narrow. I am not forgetting Sarah Orne Jewett, cited by Mr. Garnett, an example presumably of the second group. I am not forgetting Meredith and Mr. James, the stock examples of the first and more robustious group. I declare on my own responsibility that Mr. Joseph Conrad, though now enjoying a merited 'boom,' is by way of becoming a third exemplar of this group. And doubtless those better read than I can produce various other instances of sound and sincere artists who have permanently failed of the widest hearing.

But that is as far as I can go. When masters are neglected, it is a calamity; but I think we should not necessarily acquit the masters of all responsibility in the matter.

It is quite generally assumed that the great and the true are intrinsically too difficult for common understandings. I believe the assumption to be nonsense. If a man thinks he has a story to tell, and deliberately sets to work to tell it in such a manner that only extraordinary and brilliant persons can hope to follow him, that man is a dreary fool. But great novelists, whatever else they are, are never dreary fools; and their unapproachableness, when they are unapproachable, is never willful, I suppose, and never the proof of their greatness. To employ a manner and a narrative method which ordinary readers find quite impenetrable and even the most cultivated persons at times find irritating to the last degree — this is no mark of the god, but the limp in a great man's gait. To baffle, bewilder, frustrate, and 'lock up' the reader — this is a novelist's crime, no matter who commits it. And the fixed truth seems to be that the biggest episodes, characters, conflicts, morals, and meanings are not at all beyond the mental grasp of ordinary persons; and the greatest novelists have commonly, and without effort, lodged their intentions in the minds of great masses of plain people.

And here we must consider too the purely comparative points in the attack: the point of the superiority of the contemporary English novelist to the contemporary American, with the deduction concerning the inferiority of the so-called American Reading Public. The superiority of the English novelist is herewith cheerfully conceded; though indeed one might wish it were not considered essential for us to admit it every morning, on our knees.

It must be noted that the reported prevalence of genius in Britain has latterly been so great as to startle one at times; even causing irreverent persons to wonder if the method of diagnosis might conceivably be at fault. Britishers dedicated to posterity, usually very young Britishers, have blossomed in every publisher's list. And by an odd coincidence, we do indeed find that, hand in hand with the strange epidemic of immortality, there has flourished an equally strange theory of the novel. It may be briefly indicated, if we may accept Mr. Henry James as our guide, as the theory which is in practice chiefly characterized by 'this preposterous pretension to acquit itself of the structural and compositional office.'

Here, we must admit, the gulf between Anglo-American orthodoxy and the common American has sometimes yawned wide and deep. Novels built according to the prevailing mode have rarely failed to win strong successes with our critics, genteel or otherwise; but not all the little masters of England have been best-sellers with us, by a good deal. However, I have already confessed that, when these little differ-

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ences of opinion occur, I am in no hurry to say that the Public is necessarily in the wrong.

And as to the authenticated best writers of England, we have nothing to explain. We are simply all there.

Mr. Garnett makes a list of the 'genuine original' novelists of England, to the number of 'over sixty.' But he has previously indicated to us six more, as being still better than the sixty. These six at the ultimate summit — or five if we omit Mr. Hardy, who hardly seems to belong with the juniors — are Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and Mr. John Galsworthy. It is noted at once that all these names are rather better known in America than that of Artzibashef, say. I dare say the young lady at the hotel news-stand has heard of all of them. To bring the point directly to a head: our news-stand, or periodical, literature has been seized upon by our critics as a true gauge of our public taste. Very well; then the attitude of the American magazine toward the principal artists of the day becomes a subject of no little pertinence to our inquiry. And I recall that within the past year Mr. Conrad's latest work has been published in *Munsey's Magazine*, Mr. Wells's in *Collier's*, Mr. Kipling's in the *Metropolitan*, Mr. Bennett's in the *Metropolitan* and *Munsey's*, and Mr. Galsworthy's (heaven help him!) in the *Cosmopolitan*. And this, of course, is speaking only of fiction, saying nothing, for example, of Mr. Kipling's articles in the *Cosmopolitan*, and Mr. Bennett's in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Perhaps it was facts like these that Mr. Wister had in mind when he said that the artist was 'isolated' in America, 'hemmed in.' An artist hemmed in in the *Cosmopolitan* must be a fascinating sight!

But I will not dwell on the obvious periodical point, meaning as I do to go a good deal further. We all remember that Meredith first found in false America the artistic recognition which had been denied him in his own country; and I think we can now assert positively, in the face of all assault, that the ability to discriminate has not wholly perished from among us. I haven't the figures, of course; no one has; I am as empty of proofs here as an impressionist. But I will risk nothing less than the statement that each one of the five English novelists particularly recommended by Mr. Garnett has drawn from America, not merely his largest public, but also the largest measure of that cordial and occasionally consummate appreciation which some writers, even some American writers, do literally value above the cash.

If this conjecture is true, or anywhere near the truth, what becomes of Mr. Garnett's axiom, joyfully echoed by Mr. Wister, that 'the American mind is hostile to the artist in literature'? From the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to the newest young master of realism, our varied publics are largely supporting the literature of England. If this is true, or if it has any relation to the truth, is it strange that the continual gibes and admonishments of our novel-writing cousins seem to come to us often with a sorry grace?

VI

The weaknesses of the American temperament are sufficiently many and obvious. Few authorities deny them. If they had not been so thoroughly explored and ventilated by many writers — with Mr. Henry L. Mencken, perhaps, in the lead — I myself might have some day wished to write something perfectly true, not to say perfectly truistic, about them. Not actively a patriotic person, I too have ofttimes been

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annoyed by the ways of my countrymen. But the number and the nature of our assailants has had the logical effect of destroying all carping tendencies. And I rise from the latest 'smashing onslaught' only strengthened in the belief that, if we Americans are indeed uniquely uncultivated, it at all events is certain that we stand uniquely excused.

For our admitted artistic backwardness, the substantial and not dishonoring explanation looms very large. It is, in brief, that we are a young country: young with a complicated and involved youthfulness unexampled in the history of the world. Needless to say, Mr. Wister, with his interest in history, perceives this embarrassing excuse for us: he undertakes to throw it overboard on the first page. 'We are full grown,' he declares. 'Four wars and three presidents assassinated make a considerable past, without mentioning anything else.' How mature must Mexico be, by such reckoning! How fast has Serbia ripened since 1912! But the truth seems to be that pistols and politics neither make for nor indicate national maturity; the contrary if anything. Ours remains a young country because we remain engaged with the essential preoccupation of youth, — organizing a living. And our youth is unprecedentedly complicated, and in a sense steadily perpetuated, by our special and colossal commission as the caretaker and the future of the surplus population of Europe.

The development of our virgin incalculable resources, material largely but social and political too; the coincident absorption of vast European swarms asearch for something more substantial than arts and graces: this is not intrinsically a lovely, or cultural, life-story. It is easy to conceive of backgrounds more conducive to an exquisite refinement than our tremendous young busyness. But it may be that being artistic is not the biggest thing in the world; and in that we have tackled first the mighty job of organizing our living, I dare say that history will not judge that our profound instincts have betrayed us.

When we touch national maturity — which we shall do, I should suppose, when far more Americans have far more leisure — I, for one, do not despair of us. With true and odious American 'optimism,' I venture to hope that in leisure and culture we shall fully express ourselves in a vigorous literature: a literature, I trust, quite free of 'the continental touch,' which is Mr. Garnett's last word of praise for us, but richly, racily, and unashamedly American.

And meanwhile, for this present, is it too much to hope that this incessant, and I must say this silly, scolding of us may cease?

It is easy to arrange for chastisement an American Public composed of cheaply sensuous and sentimental vulgarians whose reading is done exclusively under the auspices of Mr. Hearst. But why do it? Why should we Americans be always judged by our worst? Why must it be assumed that our most vulgar is our most truly representative?

I, for one, never think of the Reading Public in those low terms. For me, the words call up an altogether different picture. They make me think of Free Libraries, responsible-looking women going in and out with books, old men sitting around the periodical-tables, silent youths prowling among the stacks. They make me think of school-teachers; of spectacles sometimes; of serious young men who write letters to the newspapers; of wealthy, bored, cynical women, of questioning, tired working-women; of sober paterfamiliases and materfamiliases by the evening

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lamp; of editors and parsons and social servants; of lady doctors' assistants; of critics even; of educated drummers and beginning lawyers; of aged scholars and precocious school-girls; of John, 'the queer one' who puts books above base-ball; of intellectual Mary, known to be always scribbling away at something in her locked room; of peace advocates and stenographers and ex-presidents and Booker T. Washington. And in this dim vast sober concourse, which is the Reading Public to me, I seem to find much excellent taste and sound sense and good hardy keenness and independence. And even below the sane mixed average — But no; never mind. Let me stop here.

One day last year, I was riding uptown in New York on a Fourth Avenue street car — or tram, to give it the continental touch. It was six o'clock; the factories and wholesale houses were just emptying; the tram was crowded. Standing beside me was a little working-girl, evidently just released from her job. She looked jaded; but she had the New York working-girl's habit of 'dressiness'; I am afraid there was powder on her nose. Nevertheless, this girl was reading; and no matter how much the tram jolted or how much other strap-hangers jostled her, she never raised her eyes from her book. Of course I looked over her shoulder. The book was *The Divine Fire*, from a circulating library.

Mr. Wister thinks that the American Reading Public is fairly represented by the girl at the Philadelphia Library, who refused *Tono-Bungay* on the ground that it 'ain't fresh.' Well, I shall submit that our representative Public is still better exhibited by the New York working-girl, hanging to a strap at the end of the day's work, her eyes glued upon one of the ablest novels written in my time.

THE HOUSE OF THE GIRAFFE

BY H. G. DWIGHT

'Yes,' said Sir Thomas, speaking of a fashionable novel, 'it certainly does seem strange; but the novelist was right. Such things do happen.'

'But my dear sir,' I burst out, in the rudest manner, 'think what life really is — just think what happens! Why, people suddenly swell up, turn dark purple; hang themselves on meat hooks; they are drowned in horse-ponds, run over by butchers' carts, burnt alive and cooked like mutton chops!'

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH: *Trivia.*

I

ON almost any day of the year you may look south from Constantinople, across the Sea of Marmora, at a broken line of blue hills that remind you a little of the mountains bounding the Venetian lagoon. Those blue hills, or the clearest and easternmost of them, belong to a high wooded promontory that divides the Asiatic end of the Marmora into two unequal gulfs. Along the north shore of the upper and longer gulf runs the Bagdad railway — by which, no doubt, you will one day travel in your international sleeping car from London to Delhi. And, having

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passed the hilltop grave of Hannibal, you will see your last of blue water at Nicomedia, which Diocletian made for a moment the capital of the Roman empire. Near the south shore of the lower gulf lies, at the foot of the Bithynian Olympus, the old city of Broussa, first capital of the Turks and the Pantheon of the founders of their power.

But no imperial tradition and no modern highway link to the rest of the world the intermediate promontory. It is true that emperors did resort of old to certain hot springs in a fold of the blue hills, which turn green as you approach them. A persevering company even tries to-day, without too flattering success, to rehabilitate that fallen Asiatic Carlsbad. There is no reason why the company should not in the end succeed. The blue-green hills are in themselves a romantic enough piece of nature, pointing into their bright east-Mediterranean lagoon. Above the Gulf of Nicomedia they rise the more abruptly, and are more thickly wooded. The other side, protected from Black Sea winds and open to all the sun of the south, is a little Riviera of olive, cypress, and vine. But people do not forget that brigands have been known to amuse themselves by carrying off the clients of the baths. And other resorts are more modern in their appointments.

So the blue-green hills, although in sight of the world, remain out of it. Not quite wild and not yet civilized, they make a strange little world of their own where fragments of wandering races, stubbornly immiscible, lodge scattered and uneasy among the old Greek ghosts of the land.

On the south shore of this peninsula, not far from a Turkish village that is half lost among immense cypresses and plane trees, a deserted garden looks across the Gulf of Moudania at the Asiatic Olympus. You would hardly know that a garden had ever been there, were it not for a tumble-down little kiosque of two or three rooms, overlooking the beach, such as the Turks always like to build in their country places. There are also poppy-grown fragments of wall, and, in the central jungle of green, the ruins of a house — or of the foundations of a house.

But what most visibly marks the spot as an old pleasure ground is a great bronze giraffe that lifts its awkward neck among the trees. To a foreigner, indeed, a life-sized image of a giraffe might not suggest a garden. The Turks, however, regard statuary somewhat as the Anglo-Saxons do. They are afraid of it. When they become acquainted with European gardens, therefore, and set about imitating them, they not uncommonly replace the classic garden god by a statue of an animal. So it is that that ungainly bronze giraffe, made in Germany, stands in a tangle of Turkish green on an old Greek shore, a monument if you like and a symbol, staring strangely across its little blue sea toward the country of Antinoüs.

The villagers say, now, that the house of the giraffe would be standing yet, and that Nousret Pasha would not have been killed, if he had listened to a gypsy. She prophesied to him that if he finished the house it would burn to the ground and he would die. But he was not the man, Nousret Pasha, to be frightened out of a thing he had set his heart upon — even by a gypsy fortune-teller. For he was incredibly ignorant. He said the gypsy would have made a different prophecy if he had given her what she asked. Moreover he knew well enough that nobody wanted him to live there — although he loved the place, if he loved anything. He was born there, and passed his youth there,

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and made a reputation there as a *pehlivan* — a wrestler — and had been one of those who amused themselves by carrying off the clients of the baths on the other side of the mountain. That he found profitable as well as amusing. In the course of time, however, he found even more profitable and considerably safer game in Constantinople, where he became a notorious figure during the last years of the old régime.

He was a huge man with a big jaw and no neck, and beady little eyes set close together. He had always been a dandy. In his second period his humor took the form of shrill waistcoats, lumpy jewelry, and unquenchable perfumes. He used to spend a good part of his time driving about Pera in a gaudy yellow satin victoria that was better suited to a comic opera queen than to a dirty ruffian like himself. He would sit up very straight in the middle of the yellow satin seat, turning his beady eyes this way and that. Very little escaped those beady eyes. And if they happened to light on anything that pleased Nousret Pasha, why Nousret Pasha generally ended by having it. For he was the Sultan's milk-brother. His mother, that is, had been the Sultan's nurse. And so, although he was born of a humble family of peasants in an obscure village of the Marmora, Nousret ended by becoming a pasha and the pattern of a scoundrel — all through a pretty piece of Oriental sentiment.

It was incredible how many people Nousret Pasha ruined or did away with, how he robbed right and left, and went into every imaginable form of rascality that promised an instant's amusement or a *para's* worth of gain. Not that his requirements were as a usual thing so modest. He made a tremendous income simply out of blackmail, threatening to send the Sultan such and such reports unless such and such sums were forthcoming. For he was one of the Sultan's most indefatigable spies. The Sultan liked him for that; and also because he was a first-rate shot.

Nousret Pasha had learned to shoot in his native mountains. He had always been passionately fond of hunting. That was one reason why he built the house of the giraffe. He kept any number of horses and dogs down there. The villagers say he often kept bears as well, which he brought home as cubs from the mountains. When they got too big he would set the dogs on them. He liked to watch the poor brutes being torn to pieces. Bears and dogs, though, were not his only company on the peninsula. He often took visitors down to stay with him. One of them afterwards starred in the second-rate café-chantants of Hungary as the Princess Nousret Pasha. In fact it was rather dangerous to decline an invitation to the house of the giraffe. One young woman was shot because she did — she and her mother and her servant and her dog. Nousret Pasha walked into the house one night when they were at dinner and coolly potted the four of them. And no one dared to raise a finger, simply because he was Nousret Pasha, and Nousret Pasha was the Sultan's milk-brother.

II

On a certain summer day in 1908, Nousret Pasha was driving, not in his yellow satin victoria but in a smart trap, over the hills on the European shore of the Bosphorus. He was being driven, that is to say, by his coachman, Ali. This dark, slight, good-looking wearer of a braided black livery was, although the Pasha never put it to himself in so many words, the pasha's best friend. They had been boys together in the Marmora; they had hunted,

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wrestled, and kidnaped together, and Nousret Pasha had done very little since in which Ali had not had a part. Yet you would not have thought so from Ali's face. He had the simple, honest, serious look of so many of his people. And certainly he was by nature one who would have done the Sultan more honor as a milk-brother than Nousret Pasha. But because Nousret was the older and had always been the leader, and because Ali had eaten his bread for so many years, Ali remained faithful to his master with a faithfulness which only a Turk or an Albanian can know.

As they jolted down the stony road that leads from the top of the hill to Stenia Bay, they passed two ladies walking by themselves. In town it would not have been easy to get a definite impression of two promenading Turkish ladies; but being in the country, these two wore veils only over their hair, and no enveloping *charshaf*. Nousret Pasha accordingly perceived, being a connoisseur in such matters, that one of the ladies was extremely handsome. She had long and rather narrow dark eyes, over which eyebrows arched so delicately on a fair skin that he knew they were not painted; and from beneath the white veil escaped a strand or two of wavy hair that had a reddish glint in it.

The second promenader was apparently the servant of the first, and the pasha wasted no glances on her. Not that Nousret Pasha disdained to stoop so low if a servant were worth looking at. He immediately nudged Ali and Ali immediately turned around. The two walkers betrayed a certain surprise at seeing the trap a second time. Nousret Pasha kept his beady eyes on them, or on one of them, as he went by, and for some distance beyond. He then signaled Ali to turn again. But before this subtle manœuvre was completed the two objectives of it disappeared into a gateway beside the road.

Nousret Pasha had an instant of surprise. Having reached the same gateway, however, he directed Ali to stop.

An Albanian porter came out, thinking a visitor had arrived.

'Excuse me,' said Nousret Pasha politely, 'but I am not quite sure where I am. Can you tell me whose house this is?'

The porter took in the shining trap, the trim coachman, and the conspicuously dressed and perfumed gentleman who accosted him, and answered, with his hands respectfully crossed on his girdle, —

'This, *effendim*, is the house of Ahmed Bey. But he is not in.'

'Ah!' uttered Nousret Pasha, turning his beady eyes on an underling who did not call him Pasha at first sight. He then drew out with his most important air a silk pocket-book, diffusing a cloud of musk as he did so, and handed the porter a large printed card. 'Give the bey this.' He lifted his chin, to ease it of an uncomfortable collar, and glanced down sidewise at the porter. 'Those ladies who just went in — they are — ?'

'It is the family of the bey,' replied the Albanian, a shade more gravely. For the visitor had transcended the limits of good form.

'H'm. Just tell the bey I came.' And dropping a gold piece into the porter's hand, Nousret Pasha ordered Ali to drive on.

Ahmed Bey, as a matter of fact, was one of the last people in Constantinople upon whom Nousret Pasha would have taken the trouble to call. He was too honest to be in favor at court and too poor to be worth pillaging. But even such a man might have his possibilities, it seemed. Accordingly when Nousret Pasha got home that night he an-

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nounced to his wife that she was to go to Emirgyan the next day and call on Madam Ahmed Bey. For there had been something in those long eyes under their arched eyebrows that made him think this a case to go about with circumspection. As for Madam Nousret Pasha, she was by no means unused to such commands from her formidable spouse. She had led a somewhat varied career herself, and had thereby picked up a philosophy. She duly went to call on Madam Ahmed Bey, in a closed brougham with a black eunuch sitting on the box as if to guard the dearest treasure of the pasha's heart.

Madam Ahmed Bey received her caller politely, not knowing at first who she was. But Madam Ahmed Bey failed to return the call. Turkish ladies of the old school are not quite so meticulous on such points as European ladies, however. Nousret Pasha, furthermore, could not consider himself slighted by a nobody like Ahmed Bey. Madam Nousret Pasha accordingly gave a party at her own country house in Bebek, and the first person she invited was Madam Ahmed Bey.

Madam Ahmed Bey, as it happened, was otherwise engaged for that day. And being asked, later, to set her own day for coming to Bebek, she replied that she suffered from ill health and never went out.

This course of events was a little longer drawn out than Nousret Pasha expected. He had grown used, among his own people at all events, to have every one come when he whistled. Who was a Madam Ahmed Bey that she should refuse the advances of a Madam Nousret Pasha? Yet she was, he could not forget, the possessor of divinely white skin, and waving hair of red glints, and eyebrows inimitably arched, and long dark eyes that he meant to see again. And he was a hunter, adept in all coursings and doublings. So he at last sent word to Ahmed Bey, who had only returned his card, that he would dine at Emirgyan on such and such a night. One may do that in the East — and a man like Nousret Pasha best of all. Nor may a man like Ahmed Bey refuse such an invitation. He therefore prepared accordingly. He engaged extra cooks, he hired dancing girls and dancing boys from the Jews who deal in such commodities, he caused inquiry to be made of his prospective guest as to what other guests should be invited. Nousret Pasha made answer that he desired to dine in intimacy, and that no company could be preferred to that of his friend Ahmed Bey.

With his friend Ahmed Bey he consequently dined, and the affair went better than he expected. Ahmed Bey seemed to wish to make up for his wife's coolness toward Madam Nousret Pasha. He showed Nousret Pasha his garden, which, having been inherited from grandfathers and great-grandfathers, was not ill to look at, albeit somewhat wild and overgrown. He then took Nousret Pasha into a wide old wooden house and served him, with appropriate Oriental apologies, such a dinner as Nousret Pasha knew how to appreciate. One feature of the dinner, it is true, was not altogether Turkish. Nousret Pasha, to the knowledge of many men, although a good Mussulman, had acquired a taste for alcohol. Ahmed Bey, therefore, having discreetly hinted that there was wine in the house for medicinal purposes, and having received intimations to the effect that it was always well to forestall the disease by the remedy, produced bottles to which his guest did due honor.

The host afterwards asked himself if he had made a mistake. At all events when the table had been removed, and fingers and lips had been rinsed

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in a trickle of perfumed water which a servant poured from a slim silver jug into a silver basin with a perforated cover, Nousret Pasha had so little forgotten what he came for that he turned to his host and said, —

'Ahmed Bey, we are becoming more and more modern as we grow old. Why should not your wife bring in the coffee?'

Ahmed Bey knew that the Sultan's milk-brother could go far, but he had not really believed he would go as far as this, in the house of a man whose bread he had eaten.

'My pasha,' he replied gravely, 'I am very sorry, but my wife is ill.'

'Ahmed Bey,' retorted Nousret Pasha, 'it is not necessary to lie to me. Your wife is not ill. My wife has seen her — and so have I!'

Ahmed Bey swallowed the insult.

'My pasha,' he persisted, 'it is some days since my wife had the honor to receive Madam Nousret Pasha. I swear to you that she is unable to come into this room.'

The two looked at each other. Nousret Pasha felt it unnecessary to give too black a look, for the man was too much in his power. Still, the look of the beady eyes was not pleasant, nor were the words that followed it: —

'Ahmed Bey, go and find your wife. And tell her to bring her lute as well. It is good to have a little music after dinner — and dancing.'

To a European that might sound simple enough, for a European is proud to have his wife make music for other men, or even to dance for them. With the Turks, however, a woman may sing and dance for one man only. If she does it for others she belongs to the half world. Nousret Pasha had therefore made of Ahmed Bey the demand that a man may least accept with honor. Yet Ahmed Bey knew with whom he had to deal, and how much depended on what passed between them. He knew, too, that Nousret Pasha had had wine. And, after all, Nousret Pasha was his guest.

'I have thought of music, my pasha. There are girls and boys waiting. I will call them.' He clapped his hands.

A servant entered. But before Ahmed Bey could give the order Nousret Pasha got up and thundered: —

'Will you do what I said, or shall I go myself?'

For a second Ahmed Bey would have thrown himself on the man. But he was unarmed, and he knew that Nousret Pasha always carred a revolver and could use it better than any one. He probably would like nothing better than to use it now; and then what would be gained? Ahmed Bey signed to the servant to leave.

'I go, my pasha,' he replied at length. 'Kindly have patience for a few moments.' And, with a low salaam, he went out of the room.

For a time Nousret Pasha was sufficiently amused. It always amused him to make other people do what he wanted, especially when they did n't want to. The dancers amused him too. They sang long melancholy songs, accompanying themselves with tambourines, while one boy played a pipe and another beat two little drums made out of earthen jars with skins stretched over their mouths. They danced long dances, — the slow sensuous dances of the East, — snapping their fingers over their heads and waving their arms to and fro. The air, meanwhile, began to grow heavy with the perfume that burned in a brazier.

When Nousret Pasha was pleased with the performers he gave them a gold piece in a glass of mastic. But he began to be impatient to see Madam Ahmed Bey dance, with that reddish hair falling around her white shoulders and her long eyes half shut. He clapped

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his hands for a servant, who told him that Ahmed Bey was almost ready. Let the pasha have a moment's more patience — and in the meantime take wine.

It took Nousret Pasha some time to realize that he had been tricked. He was naturally slow of wit, and he was too used to tricking other people to believe they would dare to trick him. Only when he called his troop of dancers after him and explored the house did he take in what Ahmed Bey had done. The door of the harem was locked. Nousret Pasha battered it in, finding the rooms lighted and full of signs of recent occupation. But no one was there — not even a servant. He rushed down through the empty house to find Ali. The doors leading into the garden were all locked. And they were harder to batter through than the one upstairs. But Ali, roused by the noise, came out of the porter's lodge to help him. He had seen no one leave, he said. He had been sitting with the door-keeper and the Jew who brought the dancers, until a servant came to call the Albanian — who had not come back.

When the way was open the pasha ran out into the garden, revolver in hand. A summer moon helped him in his search among the shrubbery — and the dancers who followed him. They looked like a troop of bacchantes, with their loose hair and gauzy costumes, as they played their motley hide-and-seek in the moonlight. Nousret Pasha was too furious to remember that he had at his command an elaborate secret machinery for catching people — and keeping them as long as he chose. He would not leave the place until he had gone through the house once more. He rushed upstairs like a madman, opening doors, bursting into cupboards, tearing aside curtains. He began tearing them down, and shooting at windows and chandeliers. When his cartridges were gone he used the butt end of his revolver.

'Break! Break!' he shouted. 'Leave nothing!'

His band of revelers needed no second invitation. They filled the house with the crash of glass and the splinter of wood, and they ended by setting the place on fire. Those old Turkish houses only wait for a chance to burn; and too many lighted lamps were thrown on the floor of this one.

When the firemen came hooting, half-naked, from the neighboring villages, they found little of the house save a column of lurid smoke towering into the moonlight. Nousret Pasha brandished his revolver at them from the garden. His fantastic company sang and danced around him in the glare, their faces streaked and streaming, their clothes torn, their arms full of loot from the blazing house. The Jew who had brought them cringed in the arch of the gate, half terrified at the uproar, half reassured by the all-powerful presence of Nousret Pasha. In the road outside, his face strangely lighted, stood Ali at the heads of his plunging horses, patting their quivering necks and talking to them as gently as he could amid the crackle and the screeching.

III

Under ordinary circumstances the story would have had quite a different end. Ahmed Bey did not have much the start of Nousret Pasha, and Nousret Pasha had eyes and ears and hands everywhere. But it happened that the night which proved so eventful for Ahmed Bey and Nousret Pasha proved no less eventful for their imperial master, Sultan Hamid. There was much galloping of horses through the usually quiet streets of Beshiktash under that summer moon. Ministers remained in anxious consultation long after mid-

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night at Yildiz Palace. Telegrams flashed back and forth between that guarded hilltop and distant Salonica — telegrams fateful for the destiny of the house of Osman. When the reigning representative of it went at last to bed it was half consciously, borne in the arms of his attendants, exhausted as he was by rage and fatigue. And in the morning three lines of print appeared at the top of all the papers, announcing that the constitution of 1876 had been reëstablished.

Nousret Pasha did not chance to see those three lines. Nevertheless he quickly had occasion to discover that something had unaccountably happened which he, the Sultan's chief spy, knew nothing about, and which 'spoiled the world,' as he put it to Ali. The police, who had been so deferential when he first gave his orders with regard to Ahmed Bey, presently dropped the case. They even had the courage to intimate that he might have something to answer for in the matter of Ahmed Bey. Other people, too, treated with as little respect, or actually cut, him whom they had been used to salute with earth-sweeping salaams and kisses of the hand. It was the more puzzling because the Sultan still spoke kindly to him. He could not understand why, if the Sultan continued to be his friend, others dared to show themselves less. The Sultan tried, not too successfully, to explain that it was because he, the Caliph of Islam and Shadow of God upon Earth, could no longer do as he pleased. And he made Nousret Pasha a handsome present and advised him to get away to Europe while he could.

In the end it was Ali who got Nousret Pasha away.

Ali and Madam Nousret Pasha persuaded him to leave the house that very night, taking only money and papers and a little jewelry and going out by the stable door to the house of a friend of Ali's. Ali in the meantime helped Madam Nousret Pasha to pack, and early in the morning drove her down to the Moudania boat in the yellow satin victoria, which he put on board with his mistress and her boxes and her black man. For she was going to retire for a time to the house of the giraffe. Then Ali went home and dressed his master, to his master's great disgust, in the costume of a wrestler, with fawn-colored breeches and a short embroidered jacket of the same color and a huge silk girdle and a red and yellow silk turban with the fringe hanging over one ear. It was in truth a costume which became Nousret Pasha much better than any other, and time was when he had worn it with pride. But it was with very little pride that he went out in it now, accompanied by Ali — who no longer wore his trim black livery — and two of Ali's friends. They crowded into a common open carriage of the street, and they bought red badges of the constitution which they pinned on their sleeves, and then they drove down to the Bridge and right through Stamboul as if they were going to some wrestling match. And they went on, through Kazlî and Makri-Kyöi and San Stefano and Floria.

It was already dark when they came to the brow of a hill and saw the lights of Küchük Chekmejeh below them, and the reflection of a big star in the bay. Ali said there was not much time to the train, and he told the Pasha that if any one asked who he was, he was to say he was Mehmed, a wrestler, and that he was going to Adrianople for his trade.

Nousret Pasha did n't like it. He was not used to having people ask questions about him and watch him. It made him think, somehow or other, of Ahmed Bey — and of Madam Ahmed

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Bey. He wondered where they were, and how he was to find them now.

It was a clear still night, so still that he could hear the crickets in the dark plains, and the lapping of the water on a little beach near by. Fishermen were there, busy over their boats, laughing in the darkness. He envied the fishermen. No one asked them who they were and where they were going.

'Kalolimnos! Kalolimnos!' one of them shouted. 'Who is going to Kalolimnos? The steamer is starting!'

Nousret Pasha heard the grating of a boat over shingle, splashings in the water. He got out of the carriage. For Kalolimnos is an island off the cape where he was born.

'Come, Ali,' he said, as he started toward the beach, 'I am not going to Adrianople. I am going to Kalolimnos. From there we can go to our country in two hours.'

In the station a bell of two notes struck, and somewhere in the darkness a whistle faintly shrilled. Ali ran after his master.

'Come!' he whispered, catching hold of the pasha's arm. 'The train is here. After all this how can we miss it?'

'If you like, take it,' answered the pasha, breaking away. 'I will not. What shall I do in Europe, among the unbelievers? I am going to my own country.'

He jumped on board the fishing boat. 'I am going to Kalolimnos,' he said to the fishermen. 'How much do you want?'

'Ali!' called one of their companions from the station, 'where are you? The train is coming.'

Ali, on the beach, heard it coming. It suddenly burst out of the cut beyond the village and bore down upon them, a long curve of intermittent lights. It stopped. In the sudden quiet Ali heard the water lapping the shingle, the quick crunch of gravel under feet, a musical tapping of metal, sharp questions and answers.

Ali held out his hand to the pasha, who caught it.

'Come!' said Ali in a low voice, pulling toward the beach.

'No, you come!' laughed the pasha, giving a stronger pull toward the boat.

'Are you coming too?' asked one of the fishermen.

Another bell rang, ending in three strokes. A whistle blew; some one shouted and some one else replied; the intermittent lights began to move slowly forward. Ali watched them touch face and tree and water, quicken into a yellow blur, and disappear. He heard the last faint scream of the whistle in the darkness with a sinking of the heart. He said nothing however — except to make arrangements with the fishermen. They were not too curious about their unexpected passengers. When they heard that the wrestler was not really going to Kalolimnos but to the peninsula beyond, they suggested landing him there — for a small extra consideration. Ali thought it might be better than attracting attention at the island and hiring another boat. He merely told them to touch at the point of the peninsula.

As for the pasha, he felt more like himself than he had felt for days. He made himself very comfortable at the stern of the boat, on the matting and sheepskins of the fishermen. He slept soundly there, oblivious to the splash of the oars, the rising of the moon, and his heavy-hearted companion. When he woke, the sun was already high and they were skimming merrily along under a patched balloon sail. The low white hills of Kalolimnos were behind them, to the south; beyond the sail he saw the steep green of his 'country.' They landed on the north side of Boz Bouroun, the weathered gray nose that was sacred of old to Poseidon. From it

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they made their way without difficulty, over the rocks and through the woods they knew so well, toward a certain colony of great black cypresses. And Nousret Pasha's heart grew lighter with every step.

But when he came to the last turn of road and looked eagerly for his house, no house was there. Only the trees, and the head of the giraffe, showed above the wall.

IV

Nousret Pasha and Ali looked at each other. The same thing flashed into the mind of each, — that the house had burned down, as the gypsy had prophesied. And that was not all the gypsy had prophesied.

As a matter of fact the house had burned down, and so recently that the garden was full of the acrid odor of charred wood, and the air still quivered hot above the ruins. Among them old Moustafa was poking with a stick — the pasha's gardener and care-taker. At the sound of steps he turned. At first he did not recognize the strangers. Then he came humbly forward, salaamed, and kissed his master's hand, touching it to his forehead.

'What is this?' demanded the pasha, with a return of his old air.

'They burned it,' replied Moustafa, his hands folded in front of him.

'They burned it! Who burned it? And why did you let them burn it?'

'What could I do?' stammered the old man. 'They were many — They came from the village — There was much talk — The world is upside down since every one speaks of constitution. But it was written, my pasha,' he added, as if there were nothing more to be said.

Yes, it was written, the pasha told himself. And why had he let that train leave him last night? By this time he would have been in Europe, and safe. The consciousness of it was stronger than his anger.

'And the things?' he asked, less roughly. 'What became of them?' The smell and ruin of the place made him think of Emirgyan.

The old man waved his hand.

'Gone! They took them all — furniture, horses, dogs. Only that is left' — pointing to the giraffe that lifted its neck among the scorched trees. 'They even took the silk carriage that came last night. The Kaïmakam has it.'

'And the *Hanum?*' inquired the pasha, suddenly remembering his unfortunate wife. He wondered a little that he listened to it all so quietly.

'She went back to Moudania, they said. I did n't see her. Some thought she was going to Broussa, and others to Stamboul.'

Nousret Pasha's heart grew heavy within him. His country, indeed! He had never imagined that the sudden madness of the world would reach even here. And his countrymen had done this to him, whom they had always known! After all, what had he done to them? If he had taken a few presents and kissed a few girls, was n't it what they all did when they got a chance? And had they had enough, or was it written that they must require something more of him? His beady eyes brooded dully on the giraffe.

As for Ali, if he felt heavy of heart as well, he did not betray it.

'Is the kiosque left?' he asked at last, 'or did they burn that too?'

'No,' answered Moustafa, 'they left that for me.'

'Eh, what more do we want!' exclaimed Ali. 'Let us go and sit down there, and Moustafa will make us a coffee, and we will see what we will do.'

They went, and they sat down on a little divan overlooking the blue gulf, and they saw what they would do. Or Ali did. He told the pasha that he

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must stay quietly in the kiosque for a few days, without so much as showing his nose outside the garden. Moustafa would look after him and see that no one troubled him, while he, Ali, would go away and arrange something. Only the pasha must let him have money, much money; for without that it would be impossible to arrange anything, now.

The pasha made haste to produce the money. He only wished Ali did not have to go away. When Ali had gone away he fell into a state of something nearer a confused introspection than he had ever experienced before. How had it all come about, and why had everybody turned against him? It made him angry. It seemed to him that Ahmed Bey must have brought it about — Ahmed Bey who was nothing. Where was Ahmed Bey, he wondered? Where had they run to that night in the moonlight? What were those long eyes looking at now? He would see them again, those long eyes! Yet, for the first time in his life, he felt afraid. He could not forget that gypsy woman. He could not bear to see the ruins of his house. They reminded him of her. And it seemed to him an eternity before Ali came back. With cigarettes and coffee, however, and gossip with old Moustafa, and a good deal of sleep, the time passed. And it was less than three days, after all, when Ali came back.

Ali had been to town, it seemed; and he brought strange news. All their old friends at the Palace were gone and the Sultan was left alone, among strangers. Selim Pasha and Izzet Pasha — that clever Izzet! — had run away to Europe. The others, or those who could be found, were being shut up in the War Office, and these new people — whoever they were — were taking their money and houses. They had even taken what they could find of Nousret Pasha's! By the time Nousret Pasha heard this he was quite ready to hear what Ali had arranged. Ali was still for Europe, it seemed. By the help of a friend or two, and much money, he had arranged that a German steamer, bound from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean, should stop for a little while, that very night, off the island of Marmora. In the meantime a tug, by which in fact Ali had run down from Constantinople, was to come as far as the house of the giraffe at nightfall and take off Nousret Pasha, in order to put him on the German steamer. The tug was to be trailing a tender, with men in it all ready to row. They would begin to row as soon as they saw certain lights in the window of the kiosque, and the passenger would only have to run down across the beach to be in safety. In the meantime they must continue to stay quietly in the kiosque. And he, Ali, would try to make up a little sleep.

In truth he looked as if he needed it. He had grown visibly thin and there were black hollows under his eyes. Yet the pasha noted with envy that he had had a shave. He himself had had none since the afternoon before he slipped out of town! Nevertheless at the return of Ali the pasha's vapors dissipated. And at this hour to-morrow he would be on board the German steamer! No fear of his refusing this time to do what Ali said! It might be rather amusing, after all, to go to Europe. He wondered if he would meet any of his friends there. There might even be some one on the boat. But this absurd costume of his! And his four days' beard! What would he not give to be able to go to the bath in the village! Who would know him? Certainly none of the bath boys; they changed so often. For a moment he almost thought he would go. Then he decided he would send Moustafa to call a barber. Moustafa could say that he had a friend who had hurt his foot, and they

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would give the man a good tip, and by the time he got back to the village it would be too late to do any harm, even if he did talk.

Old Moustafa could not deny the cogency of this reasoning. To the village accordingly old Moustafa went, and got the nearest barber, who happened to be a Greek and who took pains to leave word where he had gone. So Nousret Pasha was made in a manner presentable to the daughters of Europe, despite the unworthy wrestler's costume. And so was the gypsy woman justified of her dark words.

It may be, indeed, that Nousret Pasha's vanity might not have been his end, even when word was taken to the Kaïmakam that the Greek barber, having been called to the house of the giraffe, — or what was left of it, — was unable to attend his excellency. For his excellency also patronized the Greek barber, as one who might more readily be left unpaid than one of the faith. But the mention of the house of the giraffe reminded his excellency of a certain yellow satin victoria he had lately confiscated on behalf of the constitution. He desired to keep in favor with the constitution, and had made no unpleasantness about the burning of the house of the giraffe. Accordingly, unshaved as he was, he took a drive in the yellow satin victoria in the cool of the day, to the end of the peninsula, where, somewhat to his surprise, he beheld a small tug anchored in a cove of rocks.

He caught Nousret Pasha without the slightest trouble. He took the precaution to post his men out of sight, and they drew up as twilight fell. The thing was not done, of course, without a few shots. The shots frightened the tug away, however, and nobody was hurt. As for Nousret Pasha, who had such a terrible reputation, he did nothing. He merely said, 'It was written,' and got into the yellow satin victoria like a lamb. The Kaïmakam got in too, and a couple of soldiers. The Kaïmakam would have let the servants go. After all they were not to blame for what their master did. But Ali chose to consider himself under arrest as well. He jumped on the box, and the yellow satin victoria rolled back in the summer dusk to the village.

V

The Kaïmakam drove straight to the telegraph office. He wished to report his prize to Constantinople, and incidentally to ask instructions. For he had no authority to shut up Nousret Pasha, who might very well have committed all the crimes in the code, but against whom no one had produced a warrant of arrest. To the telegraph office, therefore, the Kaïmakam drove, and left Nousret Pasha under guard in the victoria while he composed his telegram.

A crowd began to collect in the little square. A crowd collected around the carriage, that is, for people had already been sitting where the coffee-house lights twinkled under the plane trees. The Kaïmakam's new carriage and enormous horses were things to look at by themselves. When it became known who was sitting in the carriage, dressed like a wrestler as of old, the crowd trebled. Among them were not a few who had helped to loot and burn the house of the giraffe. People asked questions of the soldiers and the coachman — of Ali too, whom several of his old acquaintances gravely greeted.

The coachman nudged one of the soldiers and asked him to hold the reins for a minute. The soldier agreed willingly enough. He was cramped from sitting on that little front seat, and there was no lack of people to watch Nousret Pasha. So the coachman got

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down. His arms ached from holding in those big Hungarians. And the soldier got up. Ali looked at him in the dark. He seemed to be a big, mild, elderly Anatolian, such as used to serve Sultan Hamid by the thousand, in ragged blue uniforms piped with red, and seldom got paid for it.

'Have you any tobacco, brother?' asked Ali.

'A little,' answered the soldier, handing him one of those capacious metal boxes that somebody in Turkey must make a fortune out of.

Ali rolled himself a cigarette with deliberation. When he handed the box back the soldier nearly dropped the thing, it was so heavy. He looked at Ali and Ali looked at him.

'That will get you some tobacco,' said Ali in a low voice. 'They are all gold *liras*. Give me the reins and jump down.'

The soldier hesitated, feeling cautiously under the cover of the box with one finger. He let Ali take the reins. Ali touched the other soldier on the arm.

'Will you change places with your comrade?' he asked. 'He is not used to horses like these.'

The big Hungarians reared and began to back. The soldier on the box jumped down. The other looked around doubtfully. The horses still pranced. The crowd parted a little.

'They might make a calamity,' said the first soldier.

The one in the carriage got out, in order to mount the box.

'Hold on!' shouted Ali, to whoever had ears to hear, letting out the reins and cracking his whip.

The big horses bounded forward, scattering the crowd in front of them like sheep.

'Stop them! Stop them!' yelled the Kaïmakam from the steps of the telegraph office. He had just composed a telegram that satisfied him not a little.

But it was too late to stop them — unless the shots that banged in the little square had taken effect. None of them did. It was not for nothing that Ali had been born and brought up in that village. He knew every stone and tree and turn of it in the dark, and in three minutes he was past every possible mishap, on a long flat road where nothing could stop them, in that railless and motorless country — except the telegraph. He hardly knew at first what direction he took, save the one that was nearest for safety. Now he realized that they were galloping east, for the mainland, for Anatolia. That was better than the tip of the peninsula, where they would have been caught like rats in a trap — unless they found a boat. But the telegraph, in the end, could gallop faster than the big Hungarians. And it would not do to gallop through Asia Minor in a yellow satin victoria that everybody knew.

Nousret Pasha had resigned himself, when the soldiers first surprised him, to the inevitable. But spirit came back to him as he found himself rolling safely away through the dark — though there was still something cold at the bottom of his heart and he wished the horses' hoofs did not thunder so. He reached forward now and then and pinched or patted Ali. What a boy, after all, was this Ali!

So the fugitives sped all night through the dim country of their boyhood. On one side of them the sea made soft noises against rocks and shingle. On the other side a mountain rose black to the stars. Dogs barked, every now and then, from invisible farms. After a time the moon rose — the same moon by which they had made their voyage in the fishing boat, by which they had danced in Ahmed Bey's garden, by which Ahmed Bey had run away — the same moon, but shrunk

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and eaten. Nousret Pasha wondered how reddish hair would look by it, and if, somewhere, those long eyes were seeing it too. And now it made the road into Asia a little lighter for the big Hungarians, and for the fat man sitting behind them in his coquettish satin carriage, half grotesque, half tragic, trying to outrun his destiny.

The cocks were almost past crowing, and Olympus, on the other side of the gulf, was already touched by a fairy light, when they came to a village in the hills where Ali knew there was no telegraph. There they would be safe for a while at least, and they must rest and feed the horses. Then they would make one more stage inland, and get rid of that tell-tale turn-out as they could. After that — They drove to the *khan*, in order to arouse less suspicion, and roused a hostler. The proprietor whom Ali knew had gone; but his successor was willing to accept a handsome tip, to stable the horses, to put the carriage out of sight, to believe that his clients were driving from Yalova to Broussa, and to give them a place where they might rest.

Nousret Pasha, having eaten something, rested very well. Ali could not. He could not think, even. After a while he got up and sat at the window that looked into the street. It looked into part of the opposite garden, too, beyond which a wide green country dropped into the blue of the gulf. How cool and like a paradise it seemed in the early sun! And where in all that paradise could he find a place to hide this foolish master who snored behind him? How could they escape being caught, in the end? Why, after all, should they try to escape? What was written was written. But his heart grew heavy to think that he must yet accomplish what was written.

It was written, however, that he should not have to wait very long. As he sat pondering his ways and watching the sun mount higher over the green and blue below him, he became aware of some one moving in the opposite garden. It was a woman, evidently not a peasant, in a loose gray dress, with a white veil over her hair. She walked down a path trellised with grapevines. Then she turned into an open space of grass where pomegranate trees were blossoming. She looked up at the window, conscious that some one saw her. And Ali suddenly became aware that she was Madam Ahmed Bey. She at once drew her veil across her face and stepped out of sight below the wall.

Did she recognize him too? How should she? Yet if she did — Ali hesitated but a moment. Glancing at Nousret Pasha, he went out softly and asked whether he could hire any horses. The *khanji* said he had none; he doubted whether any could be found elsewhere in the village that day. Ali ordered, accordingly, that his own be harnessed at once. If the *khanji* thought anything, he said nothing. Most wrestlers did not travel all night in silk carriages, as this one had done, and then rest barely two hours before beginning to travel again. But everything was upside down since this affair of the constitution. The carriage was presently ready, with fodder for beast and man, and Ali called his master. Nousret Pasha came somewhat unwillingly to consciousness. But Ali looked so grave that he asked no question and made no remonstrance. A few minutes later they took their respective places in the victoria, and the hostler threw open the doors of the court to let them out.

As the horses clattered through the archway Nousret Pasha saw Ahmed Bey on the other side of the street. For an instant a commotion seized him and he looked beyond Ahmed Bey, search-

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ing the lattices of the house. But the commotion subsided and the old coldness rose within him when Ahmed Bey caught hold of a bridle.

'Nousret Pasha, are you running away?' asked Ahmed Bey in a strange voice.

Nousret Pasha's coldness began to be warmed by anger.

'Ali, whip him!' he commanded.

Ali, however, did not whip him. He whipped the horses instead. And this time there was no crowd, as yet, in front of them. But they did not break away. Doors and windows began to open. People came out of the *khan*. Peasants stopped in the street.

'Nousret Pasha —!'

Ali lashed the tired horses. The whole village would know in an instant, if Ahmed Bey went on bawling that name. As a matter of fact the name began to be repeated in the street. It was a name the village knew for a name of rumor and of terror. But Ali could not turn the horses into the straightaway stretch, because of Ahmed Bey who pulled them back. And though Ahmed Bey was his master's enemy, Ali did not wish to hurt him. Between the two of them the horses began to plunge. Then Nousret Pasha got up, reached across the box, snatched the whip out of Ali's hand, and lunged at Ahmed Bey.

Ahmed Bey drew back. The horses leaped forward.

'Mussulmans!' suddenly cried a woman's voice from behind a lattice, 'this is Nousret Pasha, the spy of Sultan Hamid, the drinker of blood, the destroyer of souls! Will you let him go?'

They did not let him go.

How do such things happen? Some thrill in that woman's voice, some buried fury against intolerable wrongs, some spark of those that flash from man to man when many are together, set on fire in those gathered peasants the wildness that lies dormant in us all. Ali, sitting on his box above it, trying to manage his terrified horses, heard the whistle of the whip that had been wrested from him, and fierce shouts, and a thudding of stones and blows, and gasps of quick breath, and his own name called in mad fear, and other sounds inhuman and unnameable.

The tumult sprang up and quieted like a blast of tropic wind. When in the end Ali could look around he saw that the satin of the carriage was more red than yellow,—and what remained in it was very little of a man. What had happened to that man was what happened of old to the bears he caught in the mountains, when he set dogs on them, at his house of the giraffe. And so was fulfilled the destiny of that house and of its master.

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TWO SONNETS

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

I

HERE in the self is all that man can know
Of Beauty: all the wonder, all the power,
All the unearthly color, all the glow;
Here in the self which withers like a flower,
Here in the self which fades as hours pass,
And droops, and dies, and rots, and is forgotten
Sooner, by ages, than the mirroring glass
In which it sees its glory still unrotten.

Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,
Swift in the blood and throbbing on the bone —
Beauty herself, the universal mind,
Eternal April wandering alone;
The god, the holy ghost, the atoning lord —
Here in the flesh, the never-yet-explored.

II

Flesh, I have knocked at many a dusty door,
Gone down full many a windy midnight lane,
Probed in old walls, and felt along the floor,
Pressed in blind hope the lighted window-pane.
But useless all; though sometimes when the moon
Was full in heaven and the sea was full,
Along my body's alleys came a tune
Played in the tavern by the Beautiful.

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Then for an instant I have felt at point
To find and seize her, whosoe'er she be —
Whether some saint whose glory does anoint
Those whom she loves, or but a part of me,
Or something that the things not understood
Make for their uses out of flesh and blood.

MY CHINESE FAN

BY HARRY HUNTINGTON POWERS

It lies before me as I write, — nothing remarkable, seemingly, but on closer acquaintance it has for me a strange significance. It is a palm-leaf fan, but with variations. The leaf is trimmed in the usual way and bound with the familiar rattan, but over this is a cloth binding, or rather, three bindings, for three strips of cloth are carried round the fan, the colored edges of the two under ones showing neatly on both sides beneath the outer one, which is of pretty figured stuff. The stem of the leaf, which we use for a handle, has here been cut away, the thick base of the leaf pared down, and the spot covered by a large folded rosette of celluloid colored in imitation of tortoise-shell. This is inserted in a handle of bamboo which has been carefully sawed part way down for the purpose, and is securely fastened by a tiny wooden pin. The handle is decorated with color, and since bamboo is hollow, the end is closed with a turned knob or stopper of bone which is pierced with two holes made by a hand-drill, to receive a loop of cord by which to hang up the fan as required. All the work is careful and neat. *And I bought this fan for a cent and a quarter.*

It was not a fire sale, a bankrupt sale, or anything of the sort. It was not a bid for larger purchases. It was a regular store and the dealer undoubtedly had his profit. Probably my Chinese 'boy,' who acted as interpreter, had his 'squeeze.' I have no reason to suppose the maker of the fan got less than the going wage. What must that wage be?

On that point I was not left wholly in the dark. I bought the fan at Chungking, a city of half a million inhabitants, the commercial metropolis of western China. Chungking is a treaty port situated about fifteen hundred miles up the Yangtse. For something over a thousand miles the river flows calm and untroubled through the great Chinese lowlands, affording a singularly practicable highway for the great steamers of thousands of tons' burden, which handle the traffic with the coast. Then of a sudden come the mountains, first of that series of barriers which culminate in the table-land of Tibet and the mighty Himalayas. Through this barrier the river foams and surges in

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great whirlpools and rapids that make of it the most difficult and dangerous of all navigable rivers. And four hundred miles farther up this rushing torrent lies Chungking, chief purveyor to a district of perhaps fifty million people.

Of late, steamers have begun to risk the dangerous passage, but they have as yet made little change in the time-honored methods of navigation, which are unique. The sails of the heavy junks hang limp in the narrow gorges of the upper river, whose current would defy their propelling power at its best. So for the four hundred miles to Chungking the junks must be dragged by gangs of coolies, thirty, forty, even seventy or eighty of whom tug at the end of a thousand-foot rope. There is no semblance of a towpath, and the channel is difficult in the extreme. There are shoals to be steered round, rocks over which the line must be lifted, sharp promontories which make a straight pull impossible, tributaries to be waded, and so forth. These 'trackers,' as they are called, work for the most part entirely naked, even the loin-cloth of the savage being dispensed with. At the most, they protect their naked bodies from the scorching sun by an enormous straw hat. They are at work at four in the morning, and when darkness shuts down between seven and eight, they are still tugging at the rope, admonished by their own monotonous chant and the stout bamboo rod of the vigilant overseer. Six weeks the average journey lasts, and when it is finished, the tracker receives, besides his daily ration of rice, a wage of *eighty cents*. This must keep him till he gets another job, and provide all other necessities.

The tracker is perhaps at the bottom of the industrial scale, but he has near neighbors. I saw a gardener spading some heavy ground, and was told that he received two hundred *cash* — about five and a half cents — per day. He of course furnished his own rice. The maker of the fan probably earned somewhat more than this if a man; if a woman or child, as is probable, somewhat less. Such are the wages in the great province of Szechuan, one of the richest and most advanced, if one of the most remote, in the Chinese Republic.

But there is another side to all this, as has doubtless occurred to the reader before now. If the Chinese gets very little for his fans and his labor, he also pays very little for his fans and for the labor of his fellows. The fan, indeed, is quite a case in point, for the poorest coolie, if he wears so much as a loin-cloth, always has a fan stuck in his belt, — not a palm leaf, but a folding fan such as ladies carry, — with which he solaces himself in the intervals between his herculean tasks. Such a fan hardly costs him more labor than it costs his high-paid counterpart in other lands. It is much the same with other things. Even in the maritime provinces good tenderloin is often sold for three to four cents per pound. Native silks and other fabrics are often fabulously cheap in the interior. Tea for which the Tibetan pays twenty cents a pound, is sold at the place of origin for a cent and a half.

But the matter of vital concern to all Chinese is rice, which forms almost the exclusive diet of all but the highest classes, and an indispensable element in theirs. The normal price in Chungking is said to be about a cent and three quarters a pound, expensive living for a man who earns five cents a day, but still very cheap as compared with our own. But while living is dear to the Chinese, which should not surprise us in a country where population crowds so close upon the means of subsistence, the low price of labor and of the products of labor has much of mutual compensation. This general low level of prices merely means that China is economically isolated, and that there is

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too little communication with the outside world to bring about an equalization of price levels. This is partly due to artificial barriers. The export of rice, for instance, is prohibited. Duties on both exports and imports impede, if they do not prevent, free interchange and price adjustment. More often the barrier is a natural one. Transportation is enormously difficult and expensive. The tea that is bought for a cent and a half in western China and sold for twenty cents in Tibet, is carried hundreds of miles by coolies over mountain passes ten and fifteen thousand feet high. The increase in price is only normal. The new steamer on which I write makes the difficult passage of the gorges in four days instead of the six weeks required by the trackers and junks, thus seemingly annihilating the barrier between eastern and western China; but the charge for freight is a cent and a quarter a pound, a charge which would raise the price of rice to a figure at which millions would starve in a single province. This accounts for the fact that there may be famine in one province and a bumper crop in the next.

There are other barriers, some physical and some mental, but the important fact is that prices are lower in China than in other countries, and lower in some parts of China than in others. But since every man is both buyer and seller, what is the harm?

There would be no harm if China could be left alone. But that is precisely what she cannot be. The other nations are knocking at her doors on every side and demanding admittance. Her hesitation is accounted bigotry and intolerance. It is so in part, but not more so than our uncompromising gospel of progress. China may not know what modernization is worth, but she alone knows what it will cost. We talk glibly of the open door, with its suggestion of liberty, opportunity, and fellowship. To the Chinese it is rather the opening of a dike, with its concomitant of flood and destruction. None the less, it is to be opened. That issue was settled fifteen years ago. The Boxer movement was both patriotic and heroic, but it was utterly, convincingly futile. The Chinese know as well as we do that the floodgates are opened past all closing, and they have manfully accepted the issue. They are even learning to welcome, to seek, the long-dreaded transformation. When British capital built the first railroad in China, patriotic citizens secured its purchase by the government and tore up every rail and sleeper. To-day they are canvassing the markets of the world to secure capital for the building of railways. And not railways only: they are ready to go the whole figure.

But they are not blind to the cost, and we are. That cost is one to justify hesitation if hesitation were possible.

First of all, there must be an equalization of price levels. That means that the Chinese must sell some of their useful goods for money, until money becomes more plentiful and prices rise. To illustrate by an extreme case, let us take the example of rice, which is raised largely in the coast districts, and even with present transportation facilities could be easily exported. At two cents or less, Chinese rice could hardly fail to find a foreign market. On the other hand, the Chinese could hardly import any of the high-priced foreign foodstuffs in return. So rice would be shipped out and money brought in, until rice became dear through scarcity and money became plentiful and cheap. But meanwhile China would have parted with rice which she could not spare, in return for money which she could not eat. This would cause distress under the most favorable conditions; and under existing conditions in China, it would mean the death of multitudes

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from literal starvation. Famine, of course, would bring its inevitable accompaniment of brigandage and rebellion, as it has done periodically in Chinese history.

Of course the effect is less serious if we take commodities in general; but the great fact remains that if China is to enter the great family of nations on a basis of commercial liberty, as we are inviting and compelling her to do, she must first stock up with enough money to raise the price of all her transactions to something like the level of similar transactions abroad, and she can get this money only by giving real goods for it. How much will be required it is impossible to say. It has been estimated that the reform of her currency (a very different and much smaller affair) would cost $700,000,000.

If China were a wealthy country, with a vast economic surplus in the shape of luxuries which would serve as a cushion between emergency and distress, the case would be different; but in China such a cushion hardly exists. The nation as a whole lives almost on a subsistence basis. They cannot exchange their luxuries for the needed treasure; they must part with their necessities. The mere accident, therefore, that China has been getting along with a small amount of specie and doing business on a lower price basis than other nations, means that the open door will cost her at the outset the price of a people's ransom. Like a war of liberation, it will burden her with debt and dot her hillsides with graves. And all this will not give her a railway or a schoolhouse or a factory.

This brings us to China's second great need. Let us call it an up-to-date social and industrial plant. Of this China has hardly a beginning. She has a plant of course, elaborate and costly, but it is almost wholly obsolete. She has roads, for instance, built at a cost of millions, but they are only coolie paths. No automobile, no wheeled vehicle, not even a pack mule can traverse them. The new highways can make no use whatever of these ancient constructions. The cities, chief repositories of the nation's accumulated wealth, are in no better case.

Chungking may serve as an example. Built at a strategic point on the Yangtse, it presents a long, high front to the river, and its streets climb higher and higher as they recede two or three miles from the water-front. Though as large as Boston, it never saw a wheeled vehicle, nor has it a street through which one could pass. Through these tiny passages surges the densest mass of humanity upon which I ever gazed. There are coolies trudging with their two huge pails of river water, — for Chungking has no waterworks, and every drop used by this half-million people, even in the most inaccessible quarters, is carried thus from the turbid river. There are scavengers with their attention-compelling buckets, — for Chungking has no sewers, and the day's riddance must be effected by the same primitive agency. There are porters bent double under bales that compel pedestrians in the narrow streets to take refuge in doorways near by, — for Chungking has no trucks or beasts of burden. There are citizens in their sedan chairs, borne by vociferating carriers, — for walking is impossible if one has a care for person or clothes. And then there is the nameless throng of half-naked coolies, hucksters, peddlers, sellers of street lunches, shoppers, hobbling, cripple-footed women, loafers, beggars, and the like, all trudging along in water-carriers', scavengers', and house-wives' slop. We may waive all claims of health and taste, may ignore all protests of offended sense, and still the judgment is unavoidable that the transformation which modern condi-

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tions imperiously demand will leave not one stone upon another in antiquated Chungking.

If we consider Chinese agriculture, Chinese manufactures, Chinese navigation, Chinese education, no matter what department of Chinese activity, the verdict is the same. Everywhere is elaborate and painstaking development unavailable for modern requirements. China confronts the new era much as might a time-honored stage line which offers a lot of well-worn stage-coaches as its contribution to the building of the new railway.

Such a programme of radical reconstruction suggests to the American immense advantages and few deterrents; to the Chinese it suggests the reverse, and rightly. Not that China any longer resists. It cannot be too often insisted that great as are the difficulties in the way of overcoming Chinese inertia, the die is cast, and the best elements of the nation have accepted the responsibility of the tremendous task. But we may well note the difficulties which cause and justify Chinese misgivings.

To begin with, this new industrial and social apparatus must, for a long time to come, be purchased abroad. The steamers on Chinese rivers are still built in Great Britain, though by nature the Yangtse is a better place to build them than the Clyde. And the same is true of railway equipment, for China has outdone us in wasting her forests. So with the cities. If Chungking ever has waterworks, the plant must be imported.

And now we come back to our old difficulty. These things must be bought on the high-price level, and they must be paid for with products on the low-price level. To put it in the concrete, China must pay for five-dollar labor with five-cent labor. For a locomotive she must give several hundred thousand days of coolie labor. We have seen that the Chinese can now exchange products with other nations only at an immense disadvantage. It is peculiarly trying that at such a time she should be compelled to buy on an unprecedented scale. It may be suggested that by borrowing, China can delay payment till prices change and exchanges are more equitable, a happy suggestion which the Chinese have not failed to consider. But postponement means not only interest charges, of course on the high-price level, but also foreign dictation and control, which China finds more onerous than inequitable exchange.

But this is not all, perhaps not the worst. Every industrial transformation dislocates labor with resulting distress and disorder. This must happen in China on a scale never known before. Again let us take concrete cases. Suppose Chungking builds waterworks: what is to become of the thousand coolies who now supply her wants? When a score of steamers ply on the upper Yangtse, what will become of the fifty thousand trackers who now drag the laden junks up to Chungking? When railways gridiron the country, what will become of the million carriers whose services they will displace? The economist's answer is familiar. This labor will be 'absorbed in the new industries.' Yes, as regards the class, it will work out all right. Economic laws may be trusted to send labor where it is needed. But they will not husband it, will not hoard and protect the individual unit; they will spill and waste a lot on the way. And this wayside spilling of labor is like the spilling of dynamite. These offcasts will perish, but they will first beg, rob, and kill. Make the mildest supposition, that one in ten will become a beggar, and one in a hundred a brigand, and figure out the result. The condition here predicated now exists in large parts of China, and its extension is inevitable. It may be

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questioned whether any government can endure the threatened strain.

Of all this our own country knows next to nothing. Our railways have displaced no millions of carrier coolies. They have penetrated the wilderness, and population has followed where the locomotive led. Labor, displaced by new methods, has been absorbed, not by the new industries thus created so much as by the mere growth of a rapidly expanding industry. If there was no employment in the East, men went West. With a scanty labor-supply, labor-saving devices have met a want more cheerfully recognized than in any other time or place. But you cannot tell a Chinese to go West and grow up with the country. He has no unpeopled West. You cannot tell him to save for to-morrow. If he did, he would die to-day. Labor-saving devices! With what utter consternation must they fill the Chinese mind! Labor is the one redundant commodity, and yet the one commodity which must perforce be fully utilized. In this human welter the development of unproductive and fictitious employments is inevitable, and the demand grows by what it feeds on. The obstacle to labor-saving becomes colossal; yet labor waste is China's curse, and labor-saving her supreme need. Recognize it, convince China of it, and there still remains the awful problem. Will the China which must will this change and effect this change, survive the terrible ordeal?

What does China need from us at such a time? The Gospel, says one. Yes, undoubtedly; but after all, one must be either very blind or very seeing thus to phrase his answer in the face of these vast concrete needs. Will the process of winning 'converts' one by one, no matter to what doctrine or life, be speedy enough, comprehensive enough, organic enough, to steady China for the great ordeal? Some think so; some think not; some do not think.

I met a remarkable missionary in Chungking. A firm believer in the Gospel, he somehow saw it less as a formula than as a programme of things concrete. Finding that the thoughtful Chinese, who must be China's dependence in the coming days, could not be interested in the abstract principles of his faith, he reached the unusual conclusion that this was not wholly due to hardness of heart. They had integrity and not a little of disinterestedness and public spirit. Was there no common ground of action looking to human betterment (the new term for the Kingdom of God)? It was worth trying. The result is a Men's Club, for men helpfully minded, of all nationalities and faiths. There are about five hundred of them, nine tenths Chinese, nearly all of the merchant class, the financial and moral backbone of China. The fifty foreigners are officials, missionaries, and business men. They have built a new clubhouse, and paid for it themselves. (The founder says that he never asked a Chinese for a contribution without getting it.) They have lectures on scientific subjects, X-rays, sanitation, modern government, and so forth, and they come and hear them, too. They have offered prizes for the best essays on how to clean up Chungking. They have started educational enterprises and now want a kindergarten for their children and are willing to pay for it. The founder tells them that all these good things are due to Christianity; this does not seem to interest them much, but the good things themselves do. With these men who fashioned the ideals of old China, he is conspiring to fashion the new. The home board is restive that he reports so few converts; but when the new world-Messiah comes, what, think you, will he say of the Men's Club of Chungking?

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BLACK SHEEP

III. THE MAIL FROM THE BEACH

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

LOLODORF, WEST AFRICA,
October 12.

Now this is the way I call the roll in the Bulu school. 'Child of a guest!' 'Here.' 'Three Dreams!' 'Here!' 'Boejeli Maballi!' No answer; try again, until a neighbor of the absentee explains that Boejeli is still in his town. 'And why?' asks Matchenda. 'Because his brother whipped him, and he said if his brother whipped him, why he would just sit down in his town and not make school.' 'He hunts another whipping,' says Matchenda, very stern; 'he looks for me to whip him; tell him where I am!' — 'Child of a Ngumba'; to which name a boy of the Mvele tribe makes answer. (I hope you get the horrid immoral flavor of these names.) 'Biguer, why did you not come back to school yesterday?' 'Because the people of my town enticed me to sit down.' 'Zambe, why were you absent?' 'Because the people of my town enticed me.' (Matchenda wakes from her trance and fixes these two with an eye, motioning with her chin to a bench by her side; the two sons of Adam come up higher.) 'Sala, where were you?' 'The soldiers caught a little girl in our town, and therefore I could not come.' Matchenda waves her chin at the bench; Sala drifts forward, and so it goes. Not, my dears, that I can claim to do the whipping. I write little notes to the Doctor. 'Whip this boy,' write I, in a fine flowing hand; the boy reads this reflected in my eye. 'Give this to the Doctor,' say I; and the boy takes the note with something less cheerful than the American postman's mien. The Bulu school is the primary school, you understand; my advanced classes are in the German school. The older boys are quite beyond whipping; they behave indeed with uncommon decency.

LOLODORF, *November* 10.

Bitum came up from Ipose to confess to a breach of the seventh commandment. He has been teaching school there. The woman is not living with her husband. I talked to her and the Doctor talked to Bitum. She is a rather silly person with questing eyes; I had suffered maternal anxieties as to Bitum's safety when first I saw those questing eyes. Well, never mind, that is what happened anyway; and I think it is a pity, but I don't think it is very dreadful. Certainly it is a pity. Bitum of course is removed from the school and from the church. The day he confessed he sat, toward evening, in my room — no dimples at all, but wiping his eyes on his crumpled felt hat. He had nothing to say; at least he could not say it. But two days later, when he returned from closing school at Ipose, he came into my room and talked quite freely, wiping his eyes at intervals with his boy knuckles. This is the kind of thing he said: —

'It was a nice school. No one could see it but must have thought it was a

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nice school. I used to worry about it sometimes; some little thing would go wrong and I would lie awake at night and think that the school was going to be ruined. But really it was a nice school sometimes. At noon my head would ache — a person would think the whole school was in my head. When I came away to-day not a child — not an old woman — but shed tears. They all shed tears — Ndungó Ze himself shed tears.'

An interval during which Bitum follows the popular example.

'When we are children we like to think of what we shall do when we grow to be men, and I always chose to teach people and help them. In the afternoons when Ngem and I used to sit together and talk thus — did I ever choose anything else? Do you believe they will ever let me teach school again?'

So on and on — about his dreams and his performance and his poor young disappointment. Not very much about his repentance, but enough. I feel it rather hopeless to let you in on our attitude. We take such a defection as this with a certain resignation, — at least some of us do. The sins of the flesh present a simpler aspect than you can realize, and in such a case as this do not inflict any social injury. The people at Ipose are puzzled at a judgment which removes Bitum on such a charge; only the Christians have any sense of the sin; and this is more a reasonable inference from the law than any quick sense. I can't explain to you without minimizing their wish and intent to keep this commandment, which they think as good as any other. Bitum's trouble of soul has more to do with his disloyalty to Christ than with any sense of personal shame. He had meant to be obedient to his Master and then he spoiled his service like a silly. We are having preparatory meetings this week; from where I sit I see his face, and I can't tell you how sometimes his poor bewildered boy heart looks out of his eyes. I seem never to have realized Bitum so completely as now: his nervous animation, the grace of his sudden gestures, the eagerness of his youth, and his sudden calms of gentle, earnest attention.

I suppose you think that I feel very badly about this; and I do feel badly, but not so much as you think. We people who have come out into the wilderness are not too quick to start at a reed shaken by the wind. Neither do I take this defection of a young Christian lad to contribute anything in particular to my exceedingly vague ideas as to the possibilities of the African race, — either the possibilities or the impossibilities.

All this time I have been much occupied, — getting out of my room over into the Fords' house, — and I have been often weary. The Lehman children have a Bulu measles, and Mrs. Lehman is a much worn woman; but I have had no leisure in which to help her, even if she had been of a mind to let me.

Saturday night.

Bitum has just left after two hours of such pathetic outpouring as would hurt you. At first he said he had five words to open for me and he went at them in a sufficiently systematic fashion. But presently he was saying, 'My heart is just dried up within me and my body is weak. If I sat with another man and there was food between us he might have it all; and if I broke a kank and gave him half, my portion would fall to the ground before I would think to eat it. Every way I look I find no peace. The worst is that I cannot give up teaching school and that you won't take me back' (for I think it is best for him to go to his town until the next term of school, and then to do something more hardy than my work). 'I cannot run from these thoughts — they

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are with me all the time. I am surprised. I am like an animal who went away on a visit, and there was one who dug a pit for him, and the animal, returning, fell into the pit. He did not know of the pit — he fell in. I cannot see people as I used — something is wrong with my eyes. Now I walk as slowly as the chameleon, and so I will walk because of the evil which I was so quick to do. The path ahead is plain enough, but I am like a man who was walking, and something strikes him on the head from behind — he cannot forget that blow — he wonders about it and who did it and will it happen again; for all the path is plain before him, his thoughts are all behind him.'

I cannot tell you all he said. I thought I had heard something similar before, so I began to read out of the Psalms, translating as I went along. There was the whole matter and the ancient anguish, — David's tears gathered up in God's bottle so long ago, — and Bitum said, 'I would say you were reading from the heart of a man!'

Monday, *November* 12.

Bitum said good-bye to me last night, to leave this morning. More than when he went to Ipose I hated to see him go. I tell you, I suffered real pangs. It was Communion Sunday. He is, of course, stricken from the Church roll. Very many people are here from Lam and Ipose, — I took all the time I could get to go about among the various huddles of them; and in one Ipose group I found Bitum, giving last directions to his flock, — how they were to conduct themselves, and achieve the Christian graces. The sad old women could hardly let him go. On Sunday he looked a nice proper Bulu youth in his white singlet and his bright cloth. On Saturday night, when we talked together, I had reproved him for his careless dress. 'Have n't you anything decent in your box?' I had asked; and he had said, 'Why, I have lots of things, but I can't bear to open the box; I think about how the body is more than raiment and the life than the body.'

I do hope he will be good now. He will go in my caravan to Elat and carry a load. If I could bring myself to feel it right to take him back, I would have so much comfort in him; but I know that he must go if he is to be a man.

Libreville, West Africa,
July 10.

I write you this from Libreville on the Gaboon River in the French Congo; rather, I write from Baraka, the mission station among the Mpongwe people. I have been transferred hither from the Kamerun because I speak French, and there is need of such a French-speaking missionary here. Very charming it is at this station in the old house among the old trees looking out upon the river and beyond this to the sunset. And very encouraging it is to a missionary from a young station to see these Mpongwe Christians, the fruit of half a century of missionary labor, who have come to be a people of pleasant and orderly life, living in their gray bamboo houses after no mean fashion, with books upon their shelves and clean linen upon their beds. Some of the houses are papered and some have cement floors; in some there are pictures of miscellaneous royalty upon the walls and fading photographs of the family when they were bride and groom; in the little gardens flowers run from the sea wind. Of a Sunday the little church is full of a decent congregation who have come up to the House of God with pleasure and with pride, dressed, I suspect, with a good deal of conscious vanity, and observing solemn rules of conduct with great good cheer and complacency. Do not despise this joy in form and order; the house after having

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been swept is furnished after a new fashion that passeth not away, and how shall the owner conceal his delight? I call at the houses of the Christians and go about to the village prayer-meetings just for the pleasure of seeing these comely Mpongwe women move about in their enriched circumstance, — themselves enriched in mind and heart and spirit beyond all counting. To me the windows, open to the river; the great white beds under their white curtains and their covers of red and white appliqué; the tables dressed with a white cloth, where the wife eats with the husband, — all these are pledges of hope for the poor Bulu woman, for the Ngumba woman, for the little Dwarf woman in the hidden places of the forest, and for the Fang woman who lives in the waterways back of us as the dweller in Third Avenue lives back of the dweller in Fourth.

Baraka has its potent past. One may not forget the women of long ago who were busy at its inception, in hoops, — if indeed they stooped to vanity, — with curls back of their ears or smooth hair drawn over them. Some of these are long dead, some of them are in America, some are still among us, — these last so much a part of our present that we hardly associate with them a past of so quaint an aspect. But the past survives intact in the memory of the old Mpongwe women. 'Mrs. Walker was very kind,' says one, in that soft English which she learned of Mrs. Walker in her youth. 'She was tender-hearted. When the work was badly done she would say to us little girls, "Child, child, sit down!" and we liked that. Mrs. Bushnell was kind too—ah, Mrs. Bushnell! And when the work was badly done we must always do it again for Mrs. Bushnell. When we grew older we knew that she was right. Mrs. Bushnell taught us to work!'

And Sarah, ironing Miss Nassau's dress while she talks to me, dreams over the days when Miss Nassau was a young woman on Corisco Island. On that account we sit still for a little. The sound of the tide comes in at the open door and the flowers in the little garden run from the sea wind. Everywhere in the open is the exceeding brightness of day; and I think of how, in America, God has laid a hand upon Mrs. Bushnell's eyes.

There are very wicked women among the Mpongwe, and there are saints too, — I feel the quaintness of this word and its difficulty. But there is a sort of woman for whom it is just a common term — who must be so called or lack a name; I mean kind old women who have befriended others; who have smiled so long out of their kind eyes that there is a perpetual glimmer of smile in the ultimate dimness; who have moved so softly about the sick and dying that they come down the village street as still, in their bare brown feet, as evening air. In the gardens of their minds righteousness and peace grow together, with many homely healing herbs for the wounded of their people. Some such have I seen in the village about Baraka, which is pretty much of a heavenly vision in the eyes of a missionary from Ngumba.

July 12.

You will be glad, since you care for my comfort, to know that we are pleasantly housed at Baraka. We live in an old house, among the scattered Mpongwe villages. Three miles of a road that follows the shore of the Gaboon estuary brings us to Libreville, one of the largest of the West Coast settlements. There are over one hundred white people, and more than twenty women. These are French people, and some English traders. I cannot hope to give you a sense of how metropolitan we feel ourselves to be. Indeed I think that only a 'bush' person like myself experi-

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ences the full flavor of our excessive urbanity.

The Mpongwe people themselves are extraordinary in their grace and finish. Who can say for how many generations they have been in contact with the trader; and the American mission was busy among them as many as seventy years ago. They are people of a fastidious instinct, the nicest sort of instinct for true gentility; and there is nothing grotesque in their very modified aspect or in the modifications of their manner of life. Many of these old Christian women have an air of distinction for which one can hardly account— quite the 'grand manner'; and the women of the tribe generally are graceful with a grace not at all primitive, — a sophisticated, almost a morbid, grace.

There has been, and there continues to be, a mingling of races here, so that we have to do with many mulattoes, little mulatto children in the school, poor pretty mulatto girls who want to be good against all the tides of their blood. Nothing is simple here, goodness least of all.

Well, my dears, I am to remain here. The Fords have no immediate intention of going home, and one must approve the earnestness of their devotion to this place, which must be closed if they go. And as for me, I shall go in for the work with all the heart I can bring to it. I don't know what the work means, what it may come to mean; it is foreign to me. But I must manage to put myself into it somehow, and then we shall see.

July 27.

This afternoon I studied the language; and then I looked up and saw our settlement on its ridge rising between the sea and the sweet rolling country, and everywhere the light of the late afternoon. This place is not magic or strange but extraordinarily rural, — yes, even magically rural. The street that runs by the water, and the street back of this and upon the higher land of Libreville — with its little houses under the great mango trees and trees of strange blossoms and palm trees, the little houses painted brightly and standing in bright flowers — are rural but not in any common sense; there is a strangeness. There is no suggestion of the forest, but there is a suggestion of the primeval animal. I think this is as true as if the town with its little streets beneath its great trees were the jungle, and the poor pretty yellow girls that look at you from under the thatched eaves were leopardesses. There for generations the animal passions of men have been exceedingly busy, and everywhere is the melancholy of license. Don't tell me that all the white men whose children run naked in the streets were minded to father such broods. I suppose the air of this place is heavy with self-disgust and a thousand remorses — a thousand thousand. This is an old settlement.

BARAKA, *July* 29.

I am conducting a French examination in the little schoolhouse. About seventy scholars come regularly, but to-day one class of six is held for examination. They are writing tensely with their chins above their slow hands. The eldest may be thirteen; there is one girl in the crowd. The teacher, Joseph, speaks better French than I do — and is handsomer too. He is very much in the flower of youth — the son of a woman still comely in her sixties.

For the minute the yoke of the French verb is heavy. From outside there come in sweet airs by the six windows and the open doors. We see the gray water and the green trees moving in the wind, and the sunny places where the mown grass is bleaching, and where Igue the Evangelist is washing his clothes. He is our preacher and a very

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timid person; he was a slave, and is perhaps of Dwarf origin.

There are twenty-eight girls in the school. Six of these are mulattoes or the children of white men and mulatto women. One is like a flower — her grace is excessive; some of the black ones are handsome, with a more robust and happy charm.

July 31.

Another examination — of the seniors, eight in number. One is a mulatto girl. We are bound to take them seriously if we take their race seriously. They read in French well enough — with a soft slur. Any one who doubts that Rodin's 'Thinker' is thinking should look at the feet of these poor children: all the tenses of the verb *aller* are trodden out of the wine-press by their feet.

September 10.

The prettiest dress of the Mpongwe woman is a cloth drawn up under the arms, a scarf on the shoulders, and a handkerchief folded over the coiled hair in a high stiff fold set well up on the head, rather like a child's idea of a crown. There is a great fancy for purples and lavenders set off with shades of rose and red and a sudden keen note of gilt. With black there will be a touch of most delicious bright green. A cloth and a scarf worn by a woman of beautiful gesture — and a Gabonnaise is always that — have a certain mutable charm; the movements of the body, the wind that blows from the sea, — these renew and display the folds of the garment so that the eye is intrigued.

There are two women, mother and daughter, who wear dresses of a type all by themselves. You would think the mother must be old, but she does not look so; Ntyuakero's widow she is — he who was the minister here and who died of sleeping sickness. Her name is Osuka. She is a slight woman with a thin, thoughtful face, and a look of tender brooding and that fixed sweetness which is so often — perhaps always — a fruit of sorrow. When I go to see her, she comes from the spring — where she washes — in her straight black dress, with her black handkerchief above her little thin face; and as she sits under the eaves of her house, smiling at her guest, I see her a type — she is so much a widow, so much the little hard-working bereft woman who cries before she sleeps at night in her lonely house.

Her daughter is Joseph's wife, and that is to be proud and happy. She dresses very sweetly, in lavenders and rose colors, falling rather scant on her thin young body except for a sort of congestion of gathers between the shoulders. Anuregulé braids her rather long hair in little braids; these fall straight and thick from under the stiff folds of her handkerchief down her temples and beside her delicate cheeks, with an effect of something angular and Egyptian, very stimulating to the imagination. She is good and happy, opulent, quite cheerfully vain, I fancy; and yet, in her slight face that is so gracious and so sweetly young, there is a shadow of latent melancholy — the daughter of Osuka's melancholy.

I write this out because I want to try to make you see it, my dears, so that things will begin to be real to you a little. I wonder if the house is real, — the little old house under its thatch, with cocoanut trees standing high about it, rustling in the wind, and other denser trees, — a cinnamon tree at the back; the flamboyant tree putting out its first great red blossoms between the house and the church; the breadfruit trees with their gross leaves and their great green globes; the swaying, crowded plumes of the bamboo between us and the water? So many missionaries have sat in this same room, and have gone their many ways.

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October 14.

The days go like this: I need n't get up much before seven, so I don't. Breakfast at something like a quarter past, and after this prayers, — I mean personal, white man's prayers, and we take turns. By half-past eight I am in school. I look after the two advanced classes. I have divided them, and Joseph with an apprentice assists me. The advanced class studies in the afternoon, and I have nothing to do with afternoon sessions: Joseph and Mr. Ford attend to them. I have six little assistants who manage the lower classes, each in his own fashion, which is only in a measure modified by mine. There must be about fifty little codgers, boys and girls not much in love with school and not quick in beginning, — in which they differ from the Bush people, — but quite surprisingly intelligent.

We struggle along until noon, not so badly. The little teachers love to beat the little scholars, but they are not let. Teaching comes to be a dull business. These are my six assistants: Kidney, grandson of an English sea captain, and about sixteen, I should fancy, — slow and sad, not at all a virile type, quite a mulatto type; Madiba, a Benga boy, good stuff, about fifteen; Mbueke, a little younger and too, too clever — after all he may be no more than twelve. His teaching is a series of barks — you would say an exasperated collie herding silly sheep. Alexander, so lazy that I can't afford to write about him; Japoma, who teaches mystically, all knowledge a whispered secret. I never caught him in the act; he floats with his class in a windless calm; I can't fancy how the transfer is effected, but of a Friday, when they are called up to deliver, they open their little hands and there is the button. Then there is Rebieno. These last two cannot be twelve years old. Rebieno controls and teaches thirteen children; he would love to knock them about, and missing this, he bullies them by sheer mental force. He is small and some of them are bigger, some older, but he quietly and systematically grinds them down. Driving them to the water, he holds them under until they come up with a jolly good mouthful, and they need n't gasp either. Out of the tail of his astute eye he measures my approval or disapproval, and he can change tack without order. His eye on me is not a sly one; it is the eye of a truly clever, disinterested, ruthless subordinate. This is my teaching force, and sometimes I call sweet Anyuré, who is a member of this class and whose little womanly presence diffuses something very tender and refreshing to ease your friend's sense.

We read French as soon as we know all our letters, and Mrs. Ford has evolved a thoroughly practical system. We come to be quite glib, and would compare very creditably with a class of French peasantry in certain respects. Not in speaking French, of course, but hardly any one in the world can write as beautifully as some of us do. Only, here is none of the passion for learning which trembles in the Bush hearts, nor any hungering and thirsting after God. Quite like a school at home. The matter of age makes an element of the difference; one could not look for such ardors in such young hearts; but neither do the young men in this place seem to care. You can think if this would make a difference to missionaries! These are the things I think about more and more, and with less and less tranquillity. When I go to bed at night, I think, 'Tomorrow something must happen'; and every day I think this more and more until the thought and the desire for the Bush work is being crowded by the will to make good here.

November 15.

Yesterday, in the late afternoon, I went to see Ekandé, a little cosy woman

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who is always busy by her open door. A mat will be spread on her clay floor and from her knees her bright-colored sewing falls on to the mat. Last evening we talked together — she was going with me a piece of the way home — about her son who was born twenty-five years ago. His father, she said, was a Dane, once a sailor, but in her day a trader. He took her away from Gaboon to Kamerun. They lived together seven years; he spoke Mpongwe. She was happy with him, she said. 'White men are kinder to us than our Mpongwe men.' Then he went away with the little boy; they were to have come back but never did. Now she is married to Magago, who is, I suppose, less kind. One of the French missionaries here, who was a trader before he became a missionary, says that the white men become very sincerely attached to their black women. I understand that, and I understand, too, that a black woman may gain by such a connection; but no one has explained to me yet how a Caucasian — with his racial prejudice in favor of the purity of his women — can cheerfully breed daughters of whom he may never hope that they will be chaste.

Another thing, — the black woman under contract to a white man continues to bear black children. The white men are obliged to submit to this, which a black man of this tribe need not tolerate. A black husband — well, never mind. This is not a particularly simple business.

Now I begin a little to get beneath the manner here. A few days ago I saw a little child with the sleeping sickness — further gone than when I saw her last, poor little girl — sleeping under a blanket, her little limbs sprawled out. In her waking moments she suffers mute fears; she may n't say what she fears, only her frightened eyes hunt and find. Is n't it too sad?

February 9.

This morning I woke when the day was still dim and strange. The people in a town a quarter of a mile away had been dancing all night, and the sound of their drumming was curiously deliberate in the dawn. I have never heard this rhythm before, — sad, my dears, to break the heart, desperate and deliberate at once. A measure of three, then two, then three, the last three falling always from the even deliberation of the first two measures, with a movement toward abandon — a very curious and disquieting effect. One wonders what was the dance, after the long night of dancing, at that disillusioning hour and to that cynical rhythm.

To-morrow I will have my letters; for that I am happy. Yesterday little Jana, the child with the sleeping sickness, died, and that was well. To-day I was with the poor weary mother, and she thanked me sweetly for the times I had come to see her. Was n't that touching of her? The last time I saw the child she was lost to childish semblance; but a matter of two weeks ago I happened in while her mother was rubbing her with oil. She was sleeping, her little face an untroubled young mask, and the long angular lines of her young body very sweet and touching. Two women moved her about; she had little sudden rigors, gestures of angular childish grace.

I beg your pardon if it is wrong to talk about this. But it was extraordinary to see a human creature so lost as an individual, so lost to the senses, so unresponsive and so much at peace, so like a faint drawing of a little child on an Egyptian wall — and still beautiful.

March 16.

I feel — what you are often tempted to express — your dissatisfaction with my circumstance. And yet, my dears, take account of this: your friend actu-

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ally insures the welfare of a school of nearly eighty little children. What more would you ask for me, or I for myself, than that I should be so practically serviceable? Think once how I stand on a platform, like a personage. Little boys go to wash their hands to please me. And once when a little boy was absent 'because he had no cloth,' I sent for him to come anyway, which he did, a little jacket tied by the sleeves about his middle. This is power. When they cough I say, 'You must stop coughing,' and they do. When one has injured another I make him say, 'Forgive me,' which he hates to do but does. And then I tell the injured party that he is unmanly, so that no one is too complacent or comfortable for long.

March 20.

Mr. Martin, poor dear, is ordered to a trading post up the river, quite a lost place and 'sunken from the healthy breath of morn.' This makes us sad. But Mr. X. has taken his mulatto woman and his little children home, which is a great wonder. Now I can forget those little deep-eyed children that so grieved me.

They are boys, and that is better. It is the cross-breed girls who grieve me most, who are most adrift. The black men do not pick their wives from these, who are too frail, they think, for hardy uses. They are bad investments. Where may they cast anchor, these poor yellow girls who drift between black men and white?

March 27.

Anyuré and Aworé walk and talk together in the moonlight; they talk secrets, as they should. Anyuré's little head is flowerlike; she carries her chin high and looks about her with smiling eyes. Aworé is very dark and, of late, womanly; she is pretty too. To-night in the moonlight I see some silver beads on her neck; they quite shine. Her black dress is figured with gay flowers; her hair comes down from under her flowered kerchief in close-set, stiff little twists.

These young girls seem very dear and sweet to me; I would like to be intimate with them. But I am not intimate with any one but Miagomori, and we keep this intimacy a secret. Little Miagomori, who must always hitch up his trousers when he stands to recite, should be grateful, I suppose. He is perhaps nine years old; he smiles more than is reasonable and this distinguishes him. I took care of him the day his little sister was buried; that is, I found him in the rear of the procession to the grave, dragging reluctant feet and terribly oppressed. I took him by his little cold hand and led him away out of the valley of the shadow. That was the beginning of our intimacy, as holding of hands has been before now.

March 29.

Mr. Martin is not to go up river, as seemed likely. I am glad. When I think how men are cast away here, and why, I am sick, — when I think of young Pierce at his lonely post between Cape St. John and Benito, walking his veranda at night because he cannot sleep; and of Mr. B——, who told me that in the times of his troubles with the Spanish officials at Eloby he used sometimes, from very loneliness and desolation, to weep. He looked for me to explain a thing so extraordinary.

April 8.

My dears, I salute you. Is it well on the top of the world where you live? There will be blossoms there on familiar trees that are green, above rivers that are better than all the waters of this estuary.

Yet here there is a great blessing and gift, — it is the gift of vision. Being well out of the woods one sees the forest,

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and you; and the 'happy highways where you go shine plain and clear' to me. On moonlight nights like these, when the world hangs all bright in the firmament, I see you on the gilded half, the very heart of all that fire and light. You can surely never see yourselves so. It is truly a fine sight, worth a penny a peep, and as good as an Easter egg with a glass end.

I begin to be almost glib in Mpongwe.

April 20.

To-day in a village a little girl was very friendly to me. Nay, more. She asked me to marry her. She was perhaps five years old; she had on a little dress in my honor, but it did n't button. She discovered very much about me in a very short time — a gold tooth well back in my mouth because I was so indiscreet as to laugh. She asked me — had I borne? And I said no, I had never borne, but went about the towns hunting other women's little children. She asked me in a most searching manner, did I love them? An extraordinary question from such a source. She patted me with her little hand and said she would marry me. Presently, a neighbor coming into the yard, she put her face to a crack in the railing about the veranda and called out, 'You must see this white person who has come with a hat and an umbrella.' Funny little black baby!

Was I telling you this wonder? A man all gaunt and shaggy, from Chattanooga, Tennessee, strolled up our way the other day. Jones by name. Prospecting, where he is allowed, for gold and precious stones. He had come up from the Cape in a bit sloop, he and another man from 'Chicago, Cook County, Illinois.' Together they went up the Congo, and were there when I was, and the Count of Turin. I warmed to a type I know so well, and yet not just the type I know, either. Blue eyes, something too wild and too wistful in his whimsical brown face. Eighteen years he has been about the south coasts. Before that he was married and his wife died. His habits, he would have us know, are convivial. Yet he did not look like a heavy drinker. He looked a clean-bodied man, driven to and fro upon the face of the earth by some tireless devil of idealism.

October 18.

To-day I wandered down to the far end of our little holding. In among the trees by the fence some little girls were playing, — neighbors who had crept in under the wire and had gathered a heap of ripe mangoes that had fallen on our ground from a tree over the fence. One of these, a little ivory mulattress with sweet pale hair and gray eyes, was dreadfully startled to see me. She had a panic sense that the mangoes might perhaps belong to the white woman; but she took courage and invited me, very sweetly and like a lady, to have some. She is a most lovely little creature, the child of a mulattress and an Englishman; a poor little waif, fading with anæmia.

How can Englishmen, — who would kill their legitimate children rather than see them corrupted, — how can they father little helpless girls like these who are bred to serve a trader's passing day!

The school improves wherever I concentrate. That is very satisfying and very tormenting, — the little teacher cannot sit on all her eggs at once.

January 15.

This station is to be left, like Corisco, in the hands of the native Christians; the white people are to be withdrawn for the work in Kamerun.

These days we have all the air of being sold out — all the poor old duds of this poor old station are spread out un-

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der the sun in the yard, and our neighbors, black and white, inspect them. We live half in and half out of packing boxes, with an eye out for the steamer, which will not leave for some time after arrival. This is a Sunday. All our relations with the people are melancholy now; their feelings are wounded, and that is sad to see, for they are good and true. They are not angry with us, but wounded. Many good kind Mpongwe people I have seen burst out crying in these last days. They will be trying to speak reasonably and quietly, when suddenly they give way. This is painful to see, particularly in the old.

January 20.

Ma Sara, dear woman, was talking to me in the moonlight last night. The young people, she said, can never know how the old ones feel to see Baraka 'die.'[1] And that was a most pregnant expression, for the Baraka pillars were all hewn out of the rock of a certain period. 'I jes' sit at my window,' says Ma Sara, 'and I jes' watch the people carry everything away. They tek away the grind-stone, and I jes' say in my heart it is an old friend is dead and they tek him away; and so I watch them tek away one, two, three, ten friends, all those old things they buy and tek away jes' like old friends that die and they tek them away. I can't eat, Mademoiselle, and I can't sleep. When the morning comes I jes' think one more day our few days. Mademoiselle, young people don't know — maybe they think this is a small trouble.'

It is really a hideous time, but has to be got through.

[1] Baraka station passed into the hands of the French Protestant Society. — THE AUTHOR.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BOULEVARD OF ROGUES

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

NOTHING was ever funnier than Barton's election to the City Council. However, it occurs to me that if I'm going to speak of it at all, I may as well tell the whole story.

At the University Club, where a dozen of us have met for luncheon every business day for many years, Barton's ideas on the subject of municipal reform were always received in the most contumelious fashion. We shared his rage that things were as they were, but as practical business men we knew that there was no remedy. A city, Barton held, should be conducted like any other corporation. Its affairs are so various, and touch so intimately the comfort and security of all of us, that it is imperative that they be administered by servants of indubitable character and special training. He would point out that a citizen's rights and privileges are similar to those of a stockholder, and that taxes are in effect assessments to which we submit only in the belief that the sums demanded are necessary

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to the wise handling of the public business; that we should be as anxious for dividends in the form of efficient and economical service as we are for cash dividends in other corporations.

There is nothing foolish or unreasonable in these notions; but most of us are not as ingenious as Barton, or as resourceful as he in finding means of realizing them.

Barton is a lawyer and something of a cynic. I have never known a man whose command of irony equaled his. He usually employed it, however, with perfect good-nature, and it was impossible to ruffle him. In the court-room I have seen him the target for attacks by a formidable array of opposing counsel, and have heard him answer an hour's argumen in an incisive reply compressed into ten minutes. His suggestions touching municipal reforms we dismissed as impractical, which was absurd, for Barton is essentially a practical man, as his professional successes clearly proved before he was thirty.

He maintained that one capable man, working alone, could revolutionize a city's government if he set about it in the right spirit; and he manifested the greatest scorn for 'movements,' committees of one hundred, and that sort of thing. He had no great confidence in the mass of mankind or in the soundness of the majority. His ideas were, we thought, often fantastic, but it could never be said that he lacked the courage of his convictions. He once assembled round a mahogany table the presidents of the six principal banks and trust companies in our town and laid before them a plan by which, through the smothering of the city's credit, a particularly vicious administration might be brought to terms. The city finances were in a bad way, and, as the result of a policy of wastefulness and shortsightedness, the administration was constantly seeking temporary loans, which the local banks were expected to carry. Barton dissected the municipal budget before the financiers, and proposed that, as another temporary accommodation was about to be asked, they put the screws on the mayor and demand that he immediately force the resignations of all his important appointees and replace them with men to be designated by three citizens to be named by the bankers. Barton had carefully formulated the whole matter, and he presented it with his usual clarity and effectiveness; but rivalry between the banks for the city's business, and fear of incurring the displeasure of some of their individual depositors who were closely allied with the bosses of the bi-partisan machine, caused the scheme to be rejected. Our lunch-table strategy board was highly amused by Barton's failure, which was just what we had predicted.

Barton accepted his defeat with equanimity and spoke kindly of the bankers as good men but deficient in courage. But in the primaries the following spring he got himself nominated for city councilman. No one knew just how he had accomplished this. Of course, as things go in our American cities, no one qualified for membership in a university club is eligible for any municipal office, and no man of our acquaintance had ever before offered himself for a position soiled through many years by ignoble use. Even more amazing than Barton's nomination was Barton's election. Our councilmen are elected at large, and we had assumed that any strength he might develop in the more prosperous residential districts would be overbalanced by losses in industrial neighborhoods.

The results proved to be quite otherwise. Barton ran his own campaign. He made no speeches, but spent the better part of two months personally appealing to mechanics and laborers,

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usually in their homes or on their doorsteps. He was at pains to keep out of the newspapers, and his own party organization (he is a Republican) gave him only the most grudging support.

We joked him a good deal about his election to an office that promised nothing to a man of his character but annoyance and humiliation. His associates on the Council were machine men, who had no knowledge whatever of enlightened methods of conducting cities. The very terminology in which municipal government is discussed by the informed was as strange to them as Sanskrit. His Republican colleagues cheerfully ignored him, and shut him out of their caucuses; the Democrats resented his appearance in the Council chamber as an unwarranted intrusion, — 'almost an indelicacy,' to use Barton's own phrase.

The biggest joke of all was Barton's appointment to the chairmanship of the Committee on Municipal Art. That this was the only recognition his associates accorded to the keenest lawyer in the state, — a man possessing a broad knowledge of municipal methods, gathered in every part of the world, — was ludicrous, it must be confessed; but Barton was not in the least disturbed, and continued to suffer our chaff with his usual good humor.

Barton is a secretive person, but we learned later that he had meekly asked the president of the Council to give him this appointment. And it was conferred upon him chiefly because no one else wanted it, there being, obviously, 'nothing in' municipal art discernible to the bleared eye of the average councilman.

About that time old Sam Follonsby died, bequeathing half a million dollars — twice as much as anybody knew he had — to be spent on fountains and statues in the city parks and along the boulevards.

The many attempts of the administration to divert the money to other uses; the efforts of the mayor to throw the estate into the hands of a hungry trust company in which he had friends, — these matters need not be recited here. Suffice it to say that Barton was equal to all the demands made upon his legal genius. When the estate was settled at the end of a year, Barton had won every point. Follonsby's money was definitely set aside by the court as a special fund for the objects specified by the testator, and Barton, as the Chairman of the Committee on Municipal Art, had so tied it up in a legal mesh of his own ingenious contriving that it was, to all intents and purposes, subject only to his personal check.

It was now that Barton, long irritated by the indifference of our people to the imperative need of municipal reform, devised a plan for arousing the apathetic electorate. A philosopher, as well as a connoisseur in the fine arts, he had concluded that our whole idea of erecting statues to the good and noble serves no purpose in stirring patriotic impulses in the bosoms of beholders. There were plenty of statues and not a few tablets in our town, commemorating great-souled men, but they suffered sadly from public neglect. And it must be confessed that the average statue, no matter how splendid the achievements of its subject, is little regarded and serves only passively as a reminder of public duty. With what has seemed to me a sublime cynicism, Barton proceeded to spend Follonsby's money in a manner at once novel and arresting. He commissioned one of the most distinguished sculptors in the country to design a statue; and at the end of his second year in the Council (he had been elected for four years), it was set up on the new boulevard that parallels the river.

His choice of a subject had never

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been made known, so that curiosity was greatly excited on the day of the unveiling. Barton had brought the governor of an adjoining state, who was just then much in the public eye as a fighter of grafters, to deliver the oration. It was a speech with a sting to it, but our people had long been hardened to such lashings. The mayor spoke in praise of the civic spirit which had impelled Follonsby to make so large a bequest to the public; and then, before five thousand persons, a little schoolgirl pulled the cord, and the statue, a splendid creation in heroic bronze, was exposed to the amazed populace.

I shall not undertake to depict the horror and chagrin of the assembled citizens when they beheld, instead of the statue of Follonsby, which they were prepared to see, or a symbolic representation of the city itself as a flower-crowned maiden, the familiar pudgy figure, reproduced with the most cruel fidelity, of Mike O'Grady, known as 'Silent Mike,' a big bi-partisan boss who had for years dominated municipal affairs, and who had but lately gone to his reward. The inscription in itself was an ironic masterstroke: —

To
Michael P. O'Grady
Protector of Saloons, Friend of Crooks
For Ten Years a City Councilman
Dominating the Affairs of the Municipality
This Statue is Erected
By Grateful Fellow-Citizens
In Recognition of his Public Services

The effect of this was tremendously disturbing, as may be imagined. Every newspaper in America printed a picture of the O'Grady statue; our rival cities made merry over it at our expense. The Chamber of Commerce, incensed at the affront to the city's good name, passed resolutions condemning Barton in the bitterest terms; the local press howled; a mass meeting was held in our biggest hall to voice public indignation. But amid the clamor Barton remained calm, pointing to the stipulation in Follonsby's will that his money should be spent in memorials of men who had enjoyed most fully the confidence of the people. And as O'Grady had been permitted for years to run the town about as he liked, with only feeble protests and occasional futile efforts to get rid of him, Barton was able to defend himself against all comers.

Six months later Barton set up on the same boulevard a handsome tablet commemorating the services of a mayor whose venality had brought the city to the verge of bankruptcy, and who, when his term of office expired, had betaken himself to parts unknown. This was greeted with another outburst of rage, much to Barton's delight. After a brief interval another tablet was placed on one of the river bridges. The building of that particular bridge had been attended with much scandal, and the names of the councilmanic committee who were responsible for it were set forth over these figures: —

Cost to the People,	$49,000.00
Cost to the Council,	31,272.81
Graft,	$17,727.19

The figures were exact and a matter of record. An impudent prosecuting attorney who had broken with the machine had laid them before the public some time earlier; but his efforts to convict the culprits had been frustrated by a judge of the criminal court who took orders from the bosses. Barton broke his rule against talking through the newspapers by issuing a caustic statement imploring the infuriated councilmen to sue him for libel as they threatened to do.

The city was beginning to feel the edge of Barton's little ironies. At the club we all realized that he was animated by a definite and high purpose in

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thus flaunting in enduring bronze the shame of the city.

'It is to such men as these,' said Barton, referring to the gentlemen he had favored with his statue and tablets, 'that we confide all our affairs. For years we have stupidly allowed a band of outlaws to run our town. They spend our money; they hitch the saloons and brothels to the city hall, and manage in their own way large affairs that concern all of us. These scoundrels are our creatures, and we encourage and foster them; they represent us and our ideals, and it's only fitting that we should publish their merits to the world.'

While Barton was fighting half a dozen injunction suits brought to thwart the further expenditure of Follonsby's money for memorials of men of notorious misfeasance or malfeasance, another city election rolled round. By this time there had been a revulsion of feeling. The people began to see that after all there might be a way of escape. Even the newspapers that had most bitterly assailed Barton declared that he was just the man for the mayoralty, and he was fairly driven into office at the head of a non-partisan municipal ticket.

The Boulevard of Rogues we called it for a time. But after Barton had been in the mayor's office a year he dumped the O'Grady statue into the river, destroyed the tablets, and returned to the Follonsby Fund out of his own pocket the money he had paid for them. Three noble statues of honest patriots now adorn the boulevard, and half a dozen beautiful fountains have been distributed among the parks.

The Barton plan is, I submit, worthy of all emulation. If every boss-ridden, machine-managed American city could once visualize its shame and folly as Barton compelled us to do, there would be less complaint about the general failure of local government. There is, when you come to think of it, nothing so preposterous in the idea of perpetuating in outward and visible forms the public servants we humbly permit to misgovern us. Nothing could be better calculated to quicken the civic impulse in the lethargic citizen than the enforced contemplation of a line of statues erected to the men he has allowed to govern him and spend his money.

I'm a little sorry, though, that Barton never carried out one of his plans, which looked to the planting in the centre of a down-town park of a symbolic figure of the city, felicitously expressed by a bar-room loafer dozing on a beer keg. I should have liked it; and Barton confessed to me the other day that he was a good deal grieved himself that he had not pulled it off!

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POEMS ON IMMORTALITY

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I

THE LOOKOUT

IMPERIOUS Self beyond self that I call my soul,
Climb up into the crow's-nest.
Look out over the changeable ocean of my life
And shout down to me whither to change my course.
Warn me of the reefs and bergs;
Warn me well of the mirages. . . .
No, I cannot release you, you cannot rest:
There is no one I can trust in your place.

II

THE ANODYNE

(This is my sleeping potion after restless days,
Haste, unsuccess,
Overweening hope and unavailing sorrow.)

For an intense instant
In the late evening when the house is still,
I lift the clean body of my soul out of the soiled garments of mortality.
No sooner is it free to rise than it bends back earthward,
And touches mortal life with hands like the hands that troubled the
water at Bethesda.
So this incorruptible touches the corrupt;
This immortal cools with a touch
The beaded forehead of mortality.

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III

MOTHER

Foundress and lover of my life,
My mother Immortality,
Lean down to this laggard and unstable daughter.
Take hold of my hand!

THIS YOUNGER GENERATION

BY FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY

I HAVE been reading, rather tardily, the article by Mr. Bourne in the September *Atlantic* on 'This Older Generation,' and am impressed by its cleverness and its candor. 'This older generation,' the 'mothers and fathers and uncles and aunts of the youth of both sexes between twenty and thirty,' — the people, that is to say, between fifty and sixty years of age, and 'of the comfortable or fairly comfortable American middle class,' — are, it appears — not to put too fine a point on it — very much in the way. They are confronted by a new world, and instead of trying to understand it, they pretend that it is not there and obstruct its progress. They are under the illusion that the world is still governed by 'the verities of Protestant religion and conventional New England morality'; they fancy that 'social ills may be cured by personal virtue'; they talk proudly of 'sacrifice' and 'service' when in fact these ideals are 'intensely selfish.' They assume a permanent social stratification, of those above who may do for others and those below who must be done for; while to the younger generation, inspired by the vision of a social democracy, all such talk is 'an insult to the democratic ideal.' 'The entire Christian scheme is a clever but unsuccessful attempt to cure the evils of inequality by transposing the values.' 'It fails to recognize the higher ethics, the ethics of democracy.' As a consequence the influence of 'this older generation' is 'profoundly pernicious.' It has 'depressed and disintegrated us'; it 'has grown weary of thinking'; 'it has simply put up the bars of its intellectual shop windows and gone off home to rest.'

The indictment proceeds so far as even to suggest a motive for this obstructiveness. It is, Mr. Bourne insists, consciously designed to block the course of change. 'I deliberately accuse the older generation of conserving and greatly strengthening these ideals as a defensive measure.' In other words, the moral ideals which prevailed in the 'notorious Victorian era'

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have exhibited a deliberate attempt 'to retain the *status quo*' and 'to buttress the social situation.' Under the form of a 'plausible altruistic spirit' they represent 'a fierce and jealous egoism.' Thus the hope of the world is with 'this younger generation.' 'Enthusiasm, passion for ideas, sensuality, religious fervor' — these are the 'heated weapons with which the younger generation attacks the world.' The younger generation must 'shoulder the gigantic task of putting into practice its ideals and revolutionary points of view as whole-heartedly and successfully as our great-grandfathers applied theirs and tightened the philosophy of life which imprisons the older generation.'

If one dismisses from consideration the notion of a conscious conspiracy against change, which would be abusive if it were not absurd, there is certainly much in this indictment which the older generation must recognize as both just and chastening. One cannot grow old without feeling his philosophy of life 'tightening' round him, and recognizing the risk of becoming 'weary, complacent, evasive.' He sees 'many uncles and aunts and parents of youths between twenty and thirty' settling back into a comfortable view of life, shaping their ideals like their figures to their armchairs, and satisfying their consciences by subscriptions to fashionable charities and conformity to conventional religion. He appreciates that he is himself beset by similar temptations, by the spirit of patronage and condescension, by the danger of assuming as duties what should be privileges, or by what Herbert Spencer called the 'flunkeyism' of social relationships, — looking for advantage or salvation or some moral 'tip' from the doing of one's bit in the social world. He realizes that, as Robert Louis Stevenson said in his 'Crabbed Age and Youth,' the old have 'a strong feeling in favor of cowardly and prudential proverbs.' To be forced by Mr. Bourne's inquisitorial arraignment to this self-examination and self-confession is a salutary experience for the older generation.

Are there not, however, at this point some reflections which the older generation in its turn might offer, not so much to refute Mr. Bourne's main contention as to supplement it? Mr. Bourne remarks, 'I know this older generation . . . I have lived with it for the last fifteen years . . . I was educated by it, grew up with it; I doubt if any generation ever had a more docile pupil than I.' As one of that older generation I may perhaps be permitted with the same frankness to affirm, 'I know this younger generation; I have lived with it and its predecessors for thirty years; I have tried to educate it and watched it grow up; I doubt if any generation ever had a more sympathetic and appreciative observer than I.' What, then, is the general conclusion which may be reached after such observation and companionship? How does this younger generation of the 'comfortable or fairly comfortable American middle class' look to an old man?

The first impression made by the life and conduct of modern youths of both sexes is delightfully reassuring. 'This younger generation' is, of course, as a whole very much like its predecessors. The vast majority of young people exhibit the same eagerness, open-mindedness, and responsiveness which older people like to recall as the habit of their own young days. It is a great happiness to be associated with such youths and an exhilaration to teach them. To these traits of youth, however, which each generation reproduces, there is now added a characteristic which in some degree distinguishes young people to-day from their predecessors. If

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one were asked to select a word descriptive of the modern type, he would be inclined to choose the word healthiness. Young people in their habits and tastes cherish and crave and admire health with a devotion unparalleled since the days of the Greeks. The call of the fields and of the wild, the inoculation of early childhood with the fever of athletics, and the enormous distinction obtained by strength, agility, and pluck, — even the unprecedented candor of literature and conversation concerning sex, parenthood, eugenics, and feminism, — all these signs of the time, though they may involve new risks, unquestionably free young people in large degree from the introspection, sentimentalism, morbid conscientiousness, prudishness, and prurience, which have afflicted earlier generations. Fearlessness, self-confidence, even audacity, issue from this healthiness. Nothing is too personal to be mentioned; nothing too startling to be welcomed; nothing too sacred to be criticized. The most repelling of traits is sickliness, either of body or of mind. Strong doctrine, naked truth, undisguised convictions, are marks of the cult of healthiness, and the resultant type of youth is one which cannot be observed without admiration, as one watches an athlete stripped for his game and rejoicing in his strength.

Such is the general and salutary impression which the new generation makes upon its elders. There succeed, however, certain more limited observations. Within this great aggregation of healthiness two sub-types may be distinguished, whose characteristics are less completely admirable. Neither of these groups is numerically more than a small fraction of this younger generation, but each of them by the definiteness of its traits has attracted much attention, and each offers a problem which is really new. On the one hand is the group in which the body has overmastered the mind; on the other hand is the group in which the mind has overmastered the will.

The first group is composed of those youths of both sexes, for the most part in schools and colleges, to whom games, sports, and competitive athletics have become an absorbing and dominating interest, and study, reading, literature, the cultivation of intellectual tastes and habits, an interruption, imposition, or bore. Little can be said in criticism of this passion for athletics in its physical or animal aspects. It is unquestionably a great contribution to both the healthiness and happiness of youth. Harm from excess is much more rare than good from exercise. The best lessons of courage, temperance, scorn of injury, and loyalty to mates, are probably learned nowadays, not from parents or schoolmasters, but from coaches and teams. When, however, one turns from the question of breeding animals to the question of creating a more humanized world, from play to work, or — in Mr. Bourne's words — from social service to social democracy; still more, when one turns from the teams to the lookers-on, from the bases to the bleachers, and considers the problem of preparedness for the creative tasks of the future, is the athletic ideal likely to seem adequate? One sometimes asks of young people of this type what they are reading, and the answer not infrequently is that, except under compulsion of the classroom, they are reading little or nothing. The baseball averages, the athletic records, the golf handicaps, the slang of the sporting reporters, the 'thrillers' of the magazines, and the romances of physical exploits or lusts — not to speak of the endless discussion of momentous athletic events of the past or the future — leave for these young persons little time or heart for more exacting or less

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prosy literature. This intensive culture of physical prowess begins very early. Little boys in the elementary classes are as grave as their elders or teachers in their competitions and admirations. The honor of the school, the school spirit, demands that every leg and muscle shall be at the school's service. One headmaster said to me not long ago that the chief disadvantage of conducting a small school was the necessity laid on the same boy to participate in so many sports. The schedule of games, in other words, had to be maintained in completeness, even if it were at the cost of the boys.

What, then, may those who with Mr. Bourne are considering the future of the world fairly expect from this group in which the body has overmastered the mind? They may expect to get just about the return which the investment assures: healthiness, animal spirits, contempt of weakness, joy in strength, and in many instances an athletic morality, — temperance, self-restraint, and honor, — the ideals, in short, of good sportsmanship. Admirable, however, as is this physical training, the world which is waiting for this younger generation happens to be one which needs something besides good sportsmanship to direct its affairs. Intellectual preparedness and grasp are now demanded in a degree unprecedented in history. It may be said, for example, that these young athletes will make the best of soldiers, and that this devotion to bodily training is the best way to secure national 'preparedness.' Waterloo, it is repeated, was won on the cricket-fields of Eton. The fact is, however, that a new conception of war now confronts the world. War is no longer determined by animal courage or athletic prowess. War has become a complex science, devised by scholars and practiced by experts. The Waterloos of the future are not to be decided by cricketers, but by engineers, chemists, and mathematicians. Reckless courage may, in fact, be a defect in generalship. The fearful decimation of English officers in the present war is a splendid tribute to their courage, but in many instances it is a tragic reminder of the changed conditions of war. Modern strategy may often demand that officers shall be spared rather than sacrificed. An army is strong, not through its numbers, but through its leaders. To win a cross of valor, however heroic it may be, may be culpable waste. It is the same with the conflicts and disorders which afflict the social and industrial world. There are still needed the qualities of the primitive soldier, — daring, self-sacrifice, and enthusiasm; but there are much more needed a new wisdom and foresight, a knowledge of history and of men, a large view as of a great campaign, to direct far-sighted strategy and to deter from frontal attacks which have often been tried and failed. The place of Greece in history was determined, not by her athletes but by her philosophers, not in the games but in the Schools. In short, it is a dangerous habit to regard life as a sport; and young men and women who want to have a share in shaping the future must recognize that sportsmanship cannot compete with science, or animal courage with intellectual discipline.

The second sub-type to which I have referred must be taken more seriously, because it is in this way that it takes itself. It is the group of youthful and revolutionary 'intellectuals' to whom the faults and sins of the present world-order are a hideous blot which it is for their doctrines to wipe away. Numerically this group is much smaller than that which is dominated by the athletic obsession, but it has become conspicuous of late by its audacity and candor. These young people are de-

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lightfully self-confident. 'The rays of morn,' as Lowell said of the young soldiers of the Civil War, 'are on their white shields of expectation.' They carry what Mr. Bourne calls the 'heated weapons of enthusiasm, passion for ideas, sensuality, and religious fervor.' 'The notorious Victorian era,' with its respectable literature and *bourgeois* individualism, is recalled with contempt. It is for this group 'to shoulder the gigantic task of putting into practice its ideas and revolutionary points of view'; and this task is attacked without a tremor of self-distrust. These clever young iconoclasts fancy that the older generation is a kind of prudish old woman, who cannot understand their language and whom they rather like to shock. But that, I think, is where they in their turn fail to understand their elders. We have read something of history; we know something of the Utopias, from Plato to Wells, and of the revolutionists, from Lassalle to Nietzsche. Some of us, indeed, have tried to instruct the younger generation in the significance and limitations of these writers. The ideal of a social democracy is as persuasive to us as to the youngest generation. There is no 'deep hostility of the elder generation to the new faith.' What we observe with regret in this group of young people is not so much their opinions as their ineffectiveness. They seem to fancy that criticism of the existing social order will of itself create a better world. We, on the other hand, are apprehensive lest, as Miss Procter once wrote, they may

> from dreams of a coming battle
> . . . wake to find it past.

They despise the 'ideals of sacrifice and service' as 'utterly selfish'; but do they 'coöperate in working ceaselessly toward an ideal where all may be free and none may serve or be served'? 'Working ceaselessly' is not criticizing but contributing, — participating, that is to say, in better ways of industry, developing fraternalism in business, promoting schemes of coöperation and partnership, illustrating social democracy in home, office, and shop.

The Hebrew Psalmist in his enumeration of social beatitudes said, 'Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.' These three obstacles to the law of the Lord seemed to him coördinated, — irreverence, immorality, and contempt. No one would arraign our young revolutionists for the second offense, but something might be intimated of the first, and the third is manifestly conspicuous. It is interesting to observe that the scorner, according to the Psalmist, sat in his seat. He was not helping — I had almost used the offensive word, serving — or 'coöperating ceaselessly.' He just sat in his seat and scorned. The same attitude is not uncommon to-day, and older people who are trying to take the first steps toward a social democracy, to bridge the chasm of social animosities or prejudice, to humanize industrialism, or, as the Hebrews said, 'to take up the stumbling-blocks out of the way of my people, to cast up the highway and gather out the stones,' have about given up expecting much help from these young radicals. They are so busy with devising programmes for the future that the older generation cannot enlist them as allies in redeeming the present. They just sit in their seats and scorn.

Indeed, they reproduce, however unconsciously, a habit of mind which was common among the early Christians, who felt sure that the end of the world was at hand. 'Why prop up a decaying civilization?' said these eschatologists of the first Christian century. 'Let the end of the age come quickly, and then

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the Messianic era will arrive. We have a kingdom which cannot be moved.' The Christian eschatologists of the first century were, however, mistaken. The world did not come to an end, and those who were waiting for a cataclysm waited in vain. The kingdom of God was to come like leaven, like a great tree; by growth, not by surprise; by evolution, not by revolution. The familiar ways of sacrifice and service had to be trodden once more in the name of Christ; and the expectant catastrophists were left sitting in their seats. It may be the same again. The trouble with these neo-eschatologists is that both history and human nature are against them. They look for a world in which service and sacrifice shall play no part, and where, as has been said of the teaching of Nietzsche, 'Each man may look another in the face and tell him to go to hell.' But that is simply not a world which history or human nature indicate as probable. Anarchism is not democracy; service is not servile. To recognize with the Apostle Paul that we are members one of another, and that in the service of each is the strength of all, is not social weariness, or Victorian sentimentalism, or the 'clever but unsuccessful attempt of the Christian scheme,' but, on the contrary, the first adumbration of that social solidarity and interdependence, which is to be the foundation of all sane socialism and the fulfillment of all stable democracy.

These reflections bring one to a somewhat obvious conclusion. The fact is that this entire discussion of the different provinces which different generations occupy is in large degree futile. There is no such distinction between old and young. 'No one is infallible at Oxford,' said Jowett, 'not even the youngest of us.' There are foolish people and stupid people of every age, 'weary and complacent' people both old and young, and people who 'lighten, cheer, and purify' at sixty as at twenty. 'I draw no distinction,' said Aristotle, 'between young in years and young in disposition. The defect to which I allude is not the result of age, but of living at the call of passion and following each advantage as it arises.' It is a curious commentary on the despondency with which Mr. Bourne views the older generation that in his enumeration of the tasks which the younger generation must fulfill, he is led to cite lessons which the older generation has taught. The older generation, he says, 'can never understand that supreme loyalty which is loyalty to a community'; but here he is apparently quoting from Professor Royce and his philosophy of loyalty, and Professor Royce's children are already between twenty and thirty years of age. Or again, when Mr. Bourne laments that 'A few years ago there seemed to be a promise of a forward movement toward democracy,' and asks, 'Where are the leaders of the older generation who . . . are rallying round them the disintegrated members of idealistic youth?' he is apparently chanting a dirge at the political obsequies of Mr. Roosevelt; and Mr. Roosevelt is already several times a grandfather. Or if, still further, any reader of the *Atlantic* would observe how completely without age-limit is the capacity to read the signs of the present time, let him turn back from Mr. Bourne's essay to the first article in the same number, and read the wise and far-sighted anticipations of an invalided veteran of letters, with their background of sound learning and their calm prophecy of a 'revival of civilization.'

In a word, we are brought to Stevenson's conclusion: 'Age may have one side, but assuredly youth has the other. There is nothing more certain than that both are right, except perhaps that

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both are wrong.' These boisterous days are not a good time to send one generation below while the other stands watch; still less are they a time either for reckless carrying of sail or for rash shifting of course. All hands are needed on deck, every hand at its own rope; and with nothing less than this 'freely cooperating and freely reciprocating' crew are we likely to weather the storm.

ACCENTS WILD

BY CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

BEING a diacritic critic is a more lonesome business than being the last great auk, or Alexander Selkirk, because both of those uniquities had, at least, the comfort of remembering the time when they were not unique, — and Alexander also lived in momentary expectation of being restored to a world much overstocked with humanity, — while the diacritic critic monopolizes in his unlucky person the diacritical criticalness of the universe from the beginning to the end of time. Hence I compare my feelings to those of the phœnix, who has heretofore been regarded as not only *sui generis*, but as the only genuine example of *sui-generis*ness on record. Thus it is said that the phœnix alone escapes love, because

> Il n'est point d'autre Phénix au monde —
> Ils s'aimeraient s'ils étaient deux.

Whether the diacritic critic enjoys a similar exemption owing to his inability to find a diacritically critical soulmate is a question into which it is unnecessary to enter here.

A diacritic critic, impatient reader, is a person — or, rather, the person — who is extremely sensitive about diacritical marks. As you are not one, you can have no conception of the state of my nerves. If I lived in England, or on the Continent, I should doubtless lead a more comfortable existence, — pending the time when both those regions become completely Americanized, — but I live in America; I read American books and journals; and I even consign impeccable literary compositions of my own to the machinations of the American printer. I shudder to say that I read two American newspapers daily, and were it not for a weekly antidote in the shape of the *Times* I should doubtless be in the hands of the alienists at this moment.

Let us begin with the newspapers. You, happy reader, appear to suffer only moderate and intermittent discomfort from them. You have never known anything better; they are an established national institution, like the sleeping car; hence you endure them with equanimity or magnanimity, as the case may be, and some of you would even have me believe that you are patriotically proud of them. You are not, of course, one of the fifty-odd million who batten on the pictorial imbecilities of the comic supplement; yet I venture to assert that you accept with perfect complacence the bungled proper names in the news columns, —

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unless one of these names chances to be your own, — and will pronounce me finicky for objecting to them.

I *am* finicky. That nobody else is, is a mystery with which I daily and hourly grapple. I take some comfort in the belief that just a few of the thorns in my flesh have occasionally scratched your own epidermis; but I wonder and repine that the quintessential sensibilities of a diacritic critic have been imposed by the gods upon no other mortal than myself. Hence the burden of my complaint — not that the time is out of joint, but that I alone, of all humanity, was born to the hopeless task of trying to set it right.

Reverting to the subject of names: my father's name was misspelled on his tombstone. My own name is almost invariably misspelled; not only in the press, but by tradespeople, by professional colleagues, by bosom friends. If this essay ever gets into type I shall insist upon seeing the final proof-sheets, for the express purpose of assuring myself that the printer has not eked out the author's surname, under the title, with a superfluous *l;* and even then I shall expect to see the double *l* crop up in the table of contents. I know those printers! In spite of impassioned appeals, annually renewed, my name was misspelled for ten years in the Washington city directory. It was recently misspelled, with an *o* in place of the first *a*, in the Official Register of the United States, and consequently appeared several pages out of its proper place — a lost needle in the huge haystack of the government muster-roll.

All this is comparatively unimportant to myself, because I am still sure of my identity in spite of persistent misinformation on the subject from the rest of the world; but it is by no means unimportant that the identity of other people in whom I take an interest should be so frequently obscured by the botchery of printers and writers. I think it would be no exaggeration to say that personal names not generally familiar — in other words, the very names that deserve most careful treatment in order that readers may not be misled — stand about sixty chances in a hundred of being spelled correctly in a provincial American newspaper; and in this estimate I ignore errors consisting only in the omission of foreign diacritical marks — a subject to which I shall presently advert. In the New York papers the percentage of accuracy may run up to eighty or ninety, and most New York papers also reconcile the diacritic critic to mundane existence by retaining foreign accents — sometimes. Unhappily, however, the provincial standard of journalism falls even further below that of New York than does the New York standard below that of London; and I am one of the unfortunate millions who live in the provinces.

You do not care. If you did — vehemently enough — things would improve, for it is the cardinal principle of the newspaper editor to give the public what it wants, or what he thinks it wants.

The other day a German exploring expedition came to grief in Spitsbergen. It is unnecessary to cavil over the *z* with which our newsmen spell the name of this archipelago, because no uncertainty is thereby occasioned in the reader's mind as to what locality is meant. Neither, for our present purpose, need we urge the gracelessness of the term 'scientists,' which was applied to the members of the expedition, — a word which, though invented in England, is hardly ever heard in that country, while it flourishes exceedingly in America. (Frankly, I am unable to explain myself why my gorge rises at this word; just as I cannot explain why I abhor the middle initial in 'John T. Smith.')

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I am, however, quite clear as to my reasons for objecting to the way in which the names of the unlucky 'scientists' above mentioned were presented in the American press. I wished to know who they were, and the newspapers, while pretending to tell me, did nothing of the sort; they might almost as well have manufactured the names on the spot (as they are said sometimes to manufacture news). Many papers unblushingly printed two or more spellings of a single name within a few lines of one another, *and all of them wrong.*

It is impossible to apportion the blame for such occurrences between the printers and the telegraphers, but even if it could be done, it would not lessen the culpability of the newspapers. It is quite within the power of the press associations to enforce accuracy in telegraphing, just as it is in the power of the individual publisher to enforce accurate printing, proof-reading, and editing in his own establishment. In the last analysis, *you* are to blame. You get whatever you insist on having, — whether it be three bathrooms in a ten-room house, or the rural free delivery of mail, — but you have not even begun to realize the iniquities (in more serious things than orthography) of your newspapers, just as you have not risen *en masse* and burned down the printing establishments that turn out antiquated atlases, claptrap encyclopædias, and French-English dictionaries lacking the word *téléphone.*

And so if Herr Rave freeze his toes at the North Pole, his agony is made more excruciating by the reflection that half the newspapers of America will mangle his name beyond recognition; the sympathy that is his due will be wasted on a figmentary Save, or Rove, or what-not.

The law affords no redress. The journalist who, from misadvertence, brands you for a felon when you are, in reality, compact of all the virtues, can be made to come down handsomely for his mistake; but he may take the most wanton liberties with your name — even to calling you 'Taylor' when you are really 'Tailer' — with serene impunity. In other words, only your *metaphorical* good name is safe.

But if Rave is maltreated in the American newspapers, what of Schröder, or Mallarmé, or Benoît, or Plançon, or Carreño? What, indeed!

To the diacritic critic — and to him alone — it is a blood-curdling reflection that through the length and breadth of America, except only in the city of New York, the President of the French Republic is uniformly presented to newspaper readers as 'Poincare' — and nobody cares. On second thought, I have not stated the case quite accurately; about once in four times he is 'Poincaire'; nor does this altogether exhaust the list of his aliases, as you may see from the following faithfully reproduced specimen of journalistic *insouciance:* —

Mother of Poincaire Dead

Special to The Bulletin by United Press.

Paris, April 11--Mme. Poincare, mother of President Poinciarre, of France, died this morning.

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The omission of the diacritic is, however, universal. Even the English press of French New Orleans ignores it. The leading papers of New York City are curiously inconsistent; M. Poincaré gets his acute accent in the text — but in headings never. Obviously the type-fonts used for headings lack diacritics, and this is true, also, of nearly all fonts used in the advertising columns. You will find ample evidence of this in the announcements of eating-houses. The incongruity of an establishment that proclaims French cookery while permitting itself to be called a 'cafe' is obvious.

Do not suppose that it is a question here merely of headings and advertisements printed in *capitals*. The D.C. is well aware that the suppression of accents pertaining to capital letters is tolerated (barely and rarely) in France itself. In the best New York newspapers, however, — those which are genuinely scholarly and fastidious about most of *les riens qui sont tout*, — not only are accents almost invariably omitted over capitals, but their use or omission over 'lower case' letters depends solely upon the size of the type! Surely it would be less illogical to use accents throughout on Tuesdays and Fridays and omit them throughout on the other days of the week.

Permit me, now, to record the only case in which the suppression of the diacritic has brought its own punishment, with, let us hope, a salutary effect upon the suppressers. The episode deserves a permanent place in the history of letters, and has not, to my knowledge, been noted by any one else.

Let us suppose that the reporter for an accentless and italicless newspaper wishes to mention a *fête champêtre*, or a *bal masqué*, or somebody's *début*. Nothing could be easier. 'Fete,' and so forth, pass muster as readily as 'blase' or 'fiance,' to which most readers have become absolutely callous. In fact, if the accents appeared, they would be regarded as mere frippery by ninety-nine hundredths of the public. But suppose our reporter wishes — as he has wished again and again during the past three years — to record that so-and-so was 'among those present at the *thé dansant*.' It can't be done! Put this through the hopper of the typesetting machine, and it comes forth, 'the the dansant,' — which even Oshkosh finds intolerable. The thing was, however, often attempted when *thés dansants* came into fashion, and with various results. Generally the proof-reader eliminated one of the *the's*, making *dansant* a quasi-noun, and to this day one reads of people giving or attending 'dansants.' Latterly the public taste seems to favor 'dansante,' which doubtless has a Frenchier appearance, provided you are sufficiently ignorant of the Gallic tongue.

Two other solutions of the difficulty may be noted: —

Among those present at the 'the dansant';
Among those present at the the-dansant;

that is, either a hyphen or quotation marks set off the exotic phrase. The most desperate remedy of all was that adopted by the Washington *Post* — a newspaper which once published the entire proceedings of an international scientific congress in accentless French! This journal, after struggling with the *thé dansant* problem for more than a year, *actually bought a supply of acute accents*. The first morning they appeared, the D.C. nearly expired with joy. Not only *thé*, but also *attaché* and *chargé d'affaires* are now scrupulously accented in the *Post;* but alas! the reform does not extend to proper names. The cognomen of the French president is still printed so as to rhyme with *Gare Saint-Lazare*, and not with (what the

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American newspaper man is when he tackles French) *égaré*. And the D.C. (in this case District of Columbia) does n't care a rap!

Of all these orthographic enormities the suppression of the cedilla is undoubtedly the greatest. The present writer once publicly suggested [1] that although the name *Divorcons*, which the newspapers and the billboards would have us believe is the title of a well-known French play, is certainly neither French, English, nor Swahili, it may be Chicagoese — since the second syllable rhymes nicely with 'pork.' Apparently this flippant suggestion fell as flat as did, some years back, the French puns in that delightful opera *Véronique*, of which only the 'Swing Song' has survived in America. (My own lasting recollection of the opera is the stony silence that greeted the heroine's description of her prospective stepmother as 'pa's encore.')

Our observations on the subject of foreign accents, which contained the sparkling witticism just quoted, awoke no sympathetic response anywhere. Even the editor published them reluctantly, and in the next week's issue permitted his printer to make us say something about the 'Academie Francaise' — an institution that certainly was never heard of outside of these United States. Nevertheless, after more than four years of self-suppression, we summon up courage to repeat that we have small respect for Herr Müller, who repudiates his ancestry and becomes 'Muller' when he takes out naturalization papers in this country; that the contrast between the treatment of Max Müller's name in England and Hugo Münsterberg's in America is significant; and that, in the whole range of diacritical eccentricities, there is nothing so extraordinary as the way in which *buffet* is spelled over the doors of public houses in certain American cities. In Washington you may see 'buffét,' 'buffèt,' 'buffêt,' — and even 'buffet'! — though Washington cafés are 'cafes,' nine times out of ten.

That these things happen is not half so remarkable as that they are accepted with cheerful acquiescence by everybody — except the unhappy scribe. Worse than acquiescence — not a soul notices them! Yet French and German are supposed to be taught in American schools.

I have done with the newspapers (for this morning). Their depravities would fill a library, until one wonders what is taught in so-called schools of journalism. But lest publishers of less ephemeral literature should be prematurely patting themselves on the back, let me hasten to say that our magazines and books are rapidly declining to the journalistic level.

The D.C. is willing to be convinced that when *Harper's Weekly* prints a story entitled, in the boldest of type, 'The Case of Pièrre Lamotte,' the printer's devil, rather than the editor, should be sent to the penitentiary; but will it be believed that even a printer's devil could be found committing such crimes in Beacon Street? The *Cornhill Magazine* publishes a tale called 'Ständchen' (it is about the well-worn song of Schubert), and it reappears in the *Living Age* as 'Standchen.' Not an isolated and pardonable slip of the types, mind you: wherever this everyday German word occurs, in title, page-headings, text, and table of contents, the umlaut-mark is conspicuously lacking. I repeat, *Littell's Living Age* — a journal that once gave a *cachet* of puristic dignity to your library table! I wrote insultingly to the editor. I asked him since when he was printing *Littell's* in Americanese — vouchsafed the opinion that 'Standchen' is to 'Ständchen'

[1] *Scientific American*, Nov. 11, 1911, p. 429.

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as 'git' is to 'get.' No reply has reached me, yet I still cling to the hope that one was lost in the mails reading thus: —

'My dear Sir: The deplorable error to which you call my attention was discovered by myself immediately upon my return to town after a month's vacation, during which I had entrusted the conduct of my magazine to the editor of the *Black Cat*. I have promptly brought an action against this person for defamation of character,' and so forth.

A recent addition to my private museum is the 'Paris Number' with which the publishers of *Judge* undertook to shock their readers on May 2, 1914. If any copies found their way to Paris, the attempt was undoubtedly successful over there. The picture on the cover is appropriately labeled 'Outré,' but the table of contents calls it 'Outre' (meaning 'besides' or a 'leather bottle' — take your choice). Most of the pictures inside bear French titles; that is to say, they may conceivably have been French before the printer did his worst. The most noticeable feature of this shocking number is the accents, which are sprinkled in liberal and haphazard profusion over words to which they do or do not belong, and all of which are obviously *home-made;* in other words, they were not cast with the type, but inserted separately and laboriously by the printer, and appear to be hardly on speaking terms with the letters. They must be seen to be appreciated. Last but not least, there is only one cedilla, and it deserves a glass case all to itself. Not because it occurs under the word *ici*, where it does n't belong, but because the inspired printer has produced it by turning a figure 5 upside down! Let us hope he has had his reward! The Legion of Honor has been conferred for less cogent reasons.

I really cannot resist the temptation to give you a peep at this particular bibelot and a few others from the same casket. There they are, at the foot of this page.

Exhibit One, ladies and gentlemen, is the *clou* of the collection. Apart from the opening word *où*, printed in the best newspaperese, without the diacritic, this specimen rises only once above the commonplace level — but then to what a height of virtuosity! The simplicity of the setting only enhances the splendor of that typographic gem imbedded — of all places! — in the middle of *ici*. As the French has it — *Voilà le hic*. A subtle cryptogram, perhaps. Our attention is first arrested by *où*, then fascinated, paralyzed, by *ici*. In other words, to the breathless inquiry '*Where* is it?' succeeds the rapturous ejaculation 'HERE it is — the original, the only Five-illa!' This alone

(1) "Ou croyez-vous que vous vous trouvez iSi—dans une maison flottante?"

(2) Les experts militaires déclarent unanimément que l' armée francaíse fait des progrès rapides.

(3) DANS CE CHER PARIS
on Le Meilleur moyon pour apprécier Broadway.

(4) ENTENDU À L' ACADÉMIE DE DANSE
"Veux—tu m' accompagner à l' eglise Dimanche, Fifi?"
"Mà mere n 'y consentira jamais sans un chaperon, Charles."

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is worth the price of a copy of *Judge*. Nay, if the value of a magazine could be fixed by similar criteria to those that prevail in postage-stamp collecting, then the price of the 'Paris Number' might be bid up to something incalculable.

Let us not cavil over the fact that our typographic virtuoso did not keep his ingenuity in leash until he reached the 'francaise' of Exhibit Two. Genius is a law unto itself. The accents poised in mid-air over this specimen need not long detain us. We pass on to Number Three, where the 'on' for *ou* and the 'moyon' for *moyen* are as nothing to the capital initials in 'Le Meilleur.' We have, in our time, paid exploratory visits to 'cher Paris,' yet we have unaccountably overlooked Le Meilleur. It is no boulevard café — of that we are positive. Neither is it a dubious resort on the Butte Montmartre — a depraved friend of ours, *qui s'y connaît*, has assured us that he knows it not. One possibility remains — those dressmakers' shops in the Rue de la Paix. Perhaps some reader of the gentle gender can help us out?

We decline to keep luncheon waiting while we attempt to do justice to Number Four. After all, why reduce to mere prose formulas the fine phantasmagoric impression which this specimen of French as printed by a leading Fifth Avenue publisher produces upon the mind of any one who knows the French printed in France, Great Britain, Roumania, Peru, or the Solomon Islands? One stands spellbound before that sesquipedalian hyphen in 'Veux-tu'; those hiatuses after 'l' ' before 'académie' and 'église'; that capital *D* in 'Dimanche'; above all, before those volatile accents, which here reach their highest pitch of volatility. (Puzzle — Find the one that belongs over 'mère.')

One staggering question suggests itself: If this is Fifth Avenue, what is Walla Walla, Wash.? To the D.C., at least, it is obvious that the latter place does not exist at all.

It is high time to stop, even though scores of egregious sinners among the publishers of magazines, and the whole book-publishing community, escape scot-free.

We have written without worldly preoccupations. It is evident that nobody will *print* this.

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AMERICA'S DUTY

BY BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

I

CAN a foreigner, belonging to a belligerent nation, publish his views of the policy of a neutral state, while a war is at its height, without running the risk of being told to mind his own business? Should he keep quiet and wait for the end of a war that shows no sign of ending, before he expresses his opinion as to how to end it?

My answer is that, in time of war, a foreigner is less entitled than ever to remain silent if he thinks he can help the interests of his country and the general interest as well. If he is mistaken, public opinion will dispose of him; if he is right, he renders a service to all. The war may suspend the course of solidarity between nations, but it does not prevent the existence of that solidarity, and, in fact, emphasizes its benefits.

Moreover, when I am asked, as a Frenchman, how I regard the duty of the United States, I can only refer to what I have always said and written:[1] I am more than ever convinced that a great and young country such as the United States can realize its destiny only through peace. In these days, a war of conquest would be folly and nonsense, for the United States more than for any other country. For its own good and for the good of all nations, the duty of the New World is to experiment with a new policy, a policy of conciliation and respect for Right, in the place of the traditional antagonism and adventurousness of which we in Europe see the irreparably tragic results. The United States, which were held up to us in Europe, twenty years ago, as a danger, ought, on the contrary, to be our guides, like strong and clear-sighted children who end by guiding the footsteps of their parents when the old people's eyes are dimmed by age. But they cannot play this fine part unless they have no doubt as to the course they should follow and unless they do not allow themselves to be led astray by wrong education, by yellow newspapers, by bad and interested advice, and by the bad example of Europe. My duty as a European and a tried friend of the United States is to say, with the utmost possible emphasis, 'Do not let yourselves be led away on the wrong path as we were. Keep your youth and strength free from the blunders we have been committing for centuries. The price always has to be paid in the long run; the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children and their children's children. If you are wise to-day, you will sow prosperity, glory, and happiness for your descendants. Your error will be their misfortune.'

II. AMERICA'S DUTY

The duty of the United States is written in luminous letters in their short history. American democracy has grown tenfold in population, wealth,

[1] It must be understood that the author was requested by the *Atlantic* to write this article. The volume especially referred to here is *America and her Problems*, published by the Macmillan Co. — THE EDITORS.

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and power in the course of a century of liberty and peace. Unlike its necessary and sacred internal struggles for independence, its three foreign wars waged in a century were not inevitable, and terrible risks have to be set off against their advantages. The most glorious and productive wars for the United States were those that were avoided—especially those that seemed most certain to occur—between Great Britain and her young and emancipated colony, from the Treaty of Ghent to our own times. The fact that this treaty of disarmament has been faithfully observed by both parties for more than a century is a victorious demonstration of a truth that is misunderstood and even ignored in Europe — that peace can be durable. This experience has made other very important innovations possible, such as the first memorable attempt at arbitration over the Alabama case, and many others. What was done at The Hague was merely an outcome of the treaty of Ghent and the Alabama arbitration; and this is why the United States in 1899, and all the American republics in 1907, took a prominent part in it.

This being so, the incalculable advantages derived by the United States from the accomplishment of their duty in the past should dictate their duty in the present and future.

The United States, who were the promoters of the organization of international peace, see the very principles of their work threatened by the present war, and not only their work but the guaranty of their existence. Even assuming, contrary to all probability, that the great war of 1914–1915–1916 is some day proved to have been inevitable, that it is at least justified by results, and that it ends in the final and systematic triumph of Might over Right, then we must conclude that the experience of the United States was nothing but a happy accident of an ephemeral nature, and even a mistake involving imprudent delay in completing their military organization. The only resource of the United States and all neutral nations will then be to repent of having believed in the possibility of peace, and to make up for lost time by abandoning productive activity and joining in the exhausting and unproductive race for armaments, all the while noting the absurd fact that this race was itself one of the principal causes of the war. In this way we reach the supreme mockery of all progress, or, shall we say, universal anarchy and the failure of our civilization.

If, on the other hand, the present war is universally condemned, as it ought to be, and placed on a level with the most monstrous crimes and inconceivable madness; if the United States refuse to contradict themselves, and give the signal for such condemnation; if they use it as proof that they alone were in the right and that their attachment to peace has benefited them, while the routine war superstition has been the ruin of Europe, — then all the nations now fighting among themselves will be compelled to turn their eyes toward the United States standing firmly on their principles.

Here, however, there is room for a complete misunderstanding. The peace observed by the United States with Great Britain, for instance, or with France or Russia, has never been 'peace at any price.' It has always been based on a spirit of conciliation and justice, on mutual respect for right and on the guaranties provided by treaty. The violation of treaties is incompatible with peace, and is, in fact, the negation of peace and a crime against peace. By observing the Ghent treaty of peace with England, the United States have merely shown respect for right. As long as their example is followed, all

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goes well; the world makes progress, and peace becomes established and takes root as a part of the national habits; but if, on the other hand, a state, inspired by the desire to dominate, systematically violates treaties and opposes contempt for right to the new tradition of respect for right, then there is danger, not only to the policy of the United States, but to their whole political system, their liberty, and their existence. And if, furthermore, the violated treaties were signed by the United States, and if they admit such violation, they simultaneously renounce their rights, their duty, and the part they should play. They resign themselves to be mere lookers-on at a struggle which will decide their own fate; they withdraw from the ranks of the defenders of human liberties; they lose caste and disqualify themselves. Such weakness is astonishing. It is not American. It is worse than being afraid of blows; it is being afraid of responsibilities.

All neutrals have of course been influenced by the brute force of the German system of terrorization. Germany's neighbors could hardly look on without trembling at the spectacle of the weakest state invaded by the strongest, one that had guaranteed its neutrality! It is quite easy to understand why Holland, Switzerland, and Denmark should hesitate to expose themselves to the terrible fate of Belgium. It was a question of life or death for them. The risks run by American democracy were quite different and much smaller, if there were such risks, and that is why its duty was so evident. For this reason the admirers of the United States were deeply disappointed when that country remained unmoved by the declaration of war, the violation of Luxembourg and Belgium, and all the execrable crimes that will for ever hold up the tragic month of August, 1914, to the horror of the world. It is true that the Pope, who is still more inaccessible and invulnerable than the Government of the United States, has observed the same reserve, but at the cost of a great weakening of his churches and of religion itself. Who can maintain that this war should lay Europe waste with impunity, in the name of the German God allied with the God of Mahomet, without a word from the representative of Christ? Saint Peter has denied his Master a fourth time!

The abstention of the United States government is, to my mind, more serious than that of the Pope, because the United States are a young people — the great resource on which we counted for a better future. If France had held aloof under similar circumstances, it would have been said that the French were an old nation in a state of decadence. But that was not the case. France has often laid herself open to unfavorable opinions from foreigners who see her under false conditions, but she did not hesitate to do her duty, and, after one year, she is still more determined than on the first day.

In August, 1914, the United States ought to have uttered a whole-hearted protest against any violation of right. A definite, humane protest from them would have had incalculable consequences. It would have opened the eyes of the German people by warning them that they were on the wrong road. It would have emboldened other neutrals and brought them together, and, in this way, the people of the United States would have been raised to the rank of directors of the modern conscience and also to that of judge for the future. And what a judge! No mere Pontius Pilate, indifferent to the death of the Just Man, but the arbitrator to whom all would have had recourse after the war.

A year has gone by. Is the duty of

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the United States any less urgent than it was? No; even admitting a complete victory for the German armies, the duty of America will be all the more thankless and the more pressing. The longer the government of the United States delays its protest, the more certain will be the necessity of making that protest.

III. AMERICA'S INTEREST

It will be objected that the duty of the United States is not necessarily in accord with their interest, or rather, in virtue of the recognized formula, that reasons of state are the only ones a government should recognize; that a state has no duties, and that, as the saying is, duty, like religion, is good for people only. Such sophisms may be argued in private conversation, but not in the atmosphere of a democracy. Neither in the United States nor elsewhere are there two kinds of morality. The interest and the duty of the state, like that of the individual, are inseparable. The United States need to be assured of future stability; consequently they need to be assured that treaties will be respected. It is therefore to their interest to protect Right.

Now, what are the interests which are represented as enforcing abstention on the United States? Let us weigh the more important of them.

Every one is not a loser by war, we are told, and that is true. It has no doubt cost the United States temporarily a few markets and the active circulation they need. Some of their principal exports, such as cotton and copper, are seized as contraband. But *à quelque chose malheur est bon.* There is some good even in the war. It might have been thought, for instance, that the war would ruin the San Francisco Exhibition. As a matter of fact, it was a good thing for the exhibition, because Americans had to travel in their own country instead of in Europe. Instead of selling, Europe is buying, and has changed from a competitor into a customer. Americans are supplying Europe with provisions, grain, vehicles, machinery of all kinds, ammunition, and woven stuffs. European capital, flowing into the United States with orders from Europe, is favoring America's great enterprises. The war has given the United States the equivalent of an immense loan without interest and an unhoped-for addition of capital. It has stimulated the development of the United States. A great many Americans who have enriched themselves may well approve of the war and hope it will last indefinitely. Why should any protest be expected from them?

Why? Because the fact of accustoming one's self to evil does not do away with the evil. The United States are not alone in profiting by the war. It might even be said of a belligerent country! In France, outside the army zone, the country is very prosperous. I can hardly believe my eyes, but my information shows it to be a fact. Railroad traffic has never been more active than it was this summer. On some of the main lines, the receipts, in spite of the free travel for soldiers and often for their families, exceed those of previous years! Life has resumed its course, to such an extent that I see country districts growing wealthier and profiting by the abundant crops, military allowances, and so on. Four cows, for instance, fetch the price of five; and potatoes, which are very plentiful, are almost as dear as early vegetables. I know people who are saving money and even making their fortunes. I see our roads well kept up as far as the front. Our parks and gardens have as many flowers as usual, even where shells are falling. In the cities, women, who are everywhere so brave and admirable,

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are as smartly dressed and cheerful as in the past. It is hard to believe that there is a war. Is this any reason why our children, or those who are left to us, and those of the Americans, should not have to pay when the terrible material and moral settlement comes after the war? How can any one be so blind as to rest satisfied with profits made in 1915 to the detriment of the activity and safety of several generations to come? I make due allowance for the comparative prosperity which will result from the scarcity of labor, the rise in wages, and the necessity of rebuilding ruined property. I admit that, after the war, we may expect a period of renovation, like the Renaissance coming after the Hundred Years' War. But how can the reconstruction of buildings and the securing of government contracts be compared with the normal development of progress and the benefits of the various forms of initiative, inventions, and discoveries which we expect from peace?

This war being the detestable fruit of aberration, it is only too natural that it should, in turn, lead to aberration.

Again, it is claimed that it is to the interest of the United States to deal lightly with Germans and the German cause, however bad it may be. They are compelled to do so by circumstances which I take into due account.

Jingo shouting is not argument. I leave this kind of thing to the preachers of hate and to those newspapers which, before being Germanophobe, were Anglophobe and Russophobe, and which will always be xenophobe, or rather demophobe. Long before the war I expressed my horror of German militarism. The criminal nature of Germany's aggression has exceeded all anticipation and all limits. It was combined with premeditation, espionage, and a methodical deviltry of which no victory can wipe away the indelible stain. This much being said, Germany, though guilty, is a victim of the domination to which she has submitted. The people of the United States have less to do with the German government than with the German people, and cannot be expected to judge the German government's crimes and the fruitful coöperation of the German people in American prosperity with the same severity. This is an undoubted fact.

The Frenchman is not known in the United States. I am one of those who have tried hard to get justice done to him; but, until the last few years, his name was little more than an echo of a glorious past, associated with La Fayette, La Salle, and other pioneers; and it is an echo very nearly killed by the combined misrepresentations and lies of hostile newspapers and of certain French papers and books which seemed to justify the worst kind of attacks.

The Englishman was for a long time a rival, after having been a master, and the Irish in America did their best to discredit him. The Russian was known only by the revolutionary ideas of young intellectuals who had escaped the penal settlements in Siberia and found centres of liberation propaganda in the universities of the New World. All that Americans knew of Russia was the defects of its government. Its genius, its reproductive power, and its prodigious future were a sealed book to them.

The Germans, on the other hand, had come over in great numbers. They were glad to exchange their former hard status for that of American citizens. They were retiring, at first, and always industrious; and the only objection I have heard against them was that there were not more of them. It was the same in Russia, England, Italy, and France. In the United States there

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was regret that the level of immigration from Europe was falling, and that the Germans were neglecting North America, giving preference to their colonies and other countries. What was the cause of this regret? It was because the German was a better worker than some others. Can the war alter that? It depresses me to see responsible men naïvely committing themselves to the assertion that we must do away, not only with German military imperialism, but with German economic imperialism. What a delusion! We might as well say at once that we must make it our business to dispose of a nation with more enterprise and more children than others have. To try to prevent the Germans, or the French, or any others, after the war, from working harder than the rest, is not only childish but a wretched miscalculation. The others ought to work their hardest and best, so as to raise the general level and not try to lower it. Let us abase German pride, but let us imitate, and even improve upon, Germany's good points. In any case, do not let us waste our time in denying their existence and in stimulating them under pretext that we want to destroy them. Shells are powerless against the inherent qualities of France and of Germany too, as well as those of any living people, and they cannot destroy a nation.

This being so, it is obviously a great mistake to ask the United States to reject co-workers against whom the only complaint was that there were not enough of them. The contradiction would be altogether too flagrant.

It must be admitted that the majority of the Germans who have left Germany did so with no thought of returning. The object, in many cases, was to avoid military service. The United States cannot regard these men as enemies. After one or two generations they become completely Americanized. As for those who have brought German pride, domination, and militarizing principles with them, and as for the latest arrivals, it is clear that during the present crisis they are a hindrance to the policy of the United States, but it cannot be maintained that they will not become American. We have proof to the contrary in France, where we see the sons of Germans serving freely in our army, — just as the Germans have, unfortunately, assimilated some of the very best of the French, who were driven from our country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and by persecutions of all kinds.

Those immigrants — in the United States — who have remained German are, in any case, only a minority, and most of them are not of the fighting kind; and this minority will not resist any really national outburst of American sentiment. The danger in the United States does not lie in German resistance but in American indifference.

Here is another argument that may be urged against me: Supposing that there were no war profits and that the Germans formed only an infinitesimal part of the hundred millions of American citizens, would it not still be to the interest of the United States to look on, seeing that they have no army? Must not their policy be governed by their military impotence?

This raises the problem of 'the vital question of national defense' and of 'unpreparedness,' which has been under consideration more or less in all neutral states since the outbreak of the war, and even in belligerent countries. There is not one belligerent who cannot say now, 'Why did we not have more ammunition, arms, submarines, and so forth?'

In the United States, the out-and-out pacifists, through their very eloquent spokesman Mr. William J. Bryan, uphold the theory of not protesting

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and letting things follow their course. If they had their way, Germany would be free to invade and master every other country. I have already said very clearly what I think about this false conception of peace, which would lead to the enslavement of the world and the triumph of violence over right.

In opposition to the peace-at-any-price apostles we have President Roosevelt and others, who are in favor, not merely of making a protest, but of armed intervention.

It would be more than bad grace on my part to criticize President Roosevelt's views, although the esteem I have always felt for his person and character enables me to judge his generous conduct without difficulty; and how could I be otherwise than grateful to him for wanting to act in favor, not only of right, but of my country? I nevertheless hold to the conviction that the only suitable course for the United States Government is to lodge a protest, and that armed intervention would be a rash and useless complication, inasmuch as a large corps of American volunteers could not be formed spontaneously.

However much one may regret that the United States have no army, the fact remains. A young country, in full process of growth, cannot populate itself and develop its territories and its unlimited resources and, at the same time, militarize itself. The two processes are in contradiction. Furthermore, the war shows that, if the United States had been prematurely militarized, they would have been weakened. Germany's force lies largely in its economic organization, or, in other words, in the perfect utilization of all its national resources. Germany would have been vanquished long ago if the whole country had been only an immense barracks. The United States, in spite of their immense progress, are still far from being as thickly populated as Germany. They have not yet enough workers for their agriculture, commerce, industries, and laboratories. The great strength for resistance of the United States is based on their economic development. Do not stop America's growth in order to plunge into adventures!

In France, what was lacking at the outbreak of the war was neither men nor transports nor brave and capable generals, but economic organization. If we had devoted to that organization the thousands of millions we have spent in building forts, useless superdreadnoughts, and the barracks required by our three-year military service system; if we had realized that a soldier can be sufficiently trained in a few months or weeks instead of three years, always provided that the whole nation had been supplied with the necessary officers, arms, ammunition, provisions, and communications; if we had, in short, adopted a military organization forming the complement to a good economic and democratic organization, the Germans would not be occupying part of our territory.

Americans have no need to declare war to be ready to repulse any one who may attack them, and no one will ever dream of attacking them if they confine themselves, as I have always said, to strengthening their economic organization by a fundamental organization of their national defense. Switzerland, which is a thousand times more exposed to attack than the United States, and is, in fact, in the midst of belligerent states, has succeeded in developing and making herself respected. Belgium might perhaps have resisted more effectually had she possessed a more national and more democratic military system.

The question for the United States is to find the system of defense that in-

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terferes least with their economic activity. A great navy, far from protecting them, would ruin and expose them. It is proved that super-dreadnoughts are useless and can do nothing but hide themselves in port to avoid cheap defensive craft like submarines, mines, torpedoes, and aeroplanes. If Germany, instead of great battle fleets, had had nothing but fast cruisers like the Emden, the Goeben, and the Breslau, and submarines, she would have neutralized or destroyed all her enemies' fleets.

IV. CONCLUSION

The United States cannot exist under a system which permits of the violation of treaties. Moreover, it will be a long time before they can get together an army and a fleet which would enable them to declare war.

Does this imply that they are to look on silently and helplessly at any crimes that may be committed? No; the war has simply emphasized their need of a good system of defense; they will be listened to if they cannot be attacked. But they are no more under an obligation to keep silent than to declare war.

A formal and definite protest was, and remains, their resource and their duty.

What would be the use, it will be asked, of a protest without any means of following it up? Would it not involve humiliation or war sooner or later? No. Abstention will lead the United States to war more surely than a protest. It is clear that the United States are now more or less compelled to act because they held back too much at the beginning of the war. Their attitude of reserve led the Germans to think they could do anything they pleased. It encouraged their attack, not only on France and Belgium, but on the whole world. The German government has constantly asserted that if it had been warned in good time of what England would do, it would not have declared war. If it had received a protest from America, it would have had more respect for Right, and would not have regarded Right as defenseless and non-existent.

Even now the United States government is by no means reduced to impotent protests. Assuming that it is compelled by the insolent clumsiness of the German government to break off diplomatic intercourse with Berlin, can it be supposed that such a rupture would have no moral effect? Does not the American government possess hundreds of means of preventing the German government from taking advantage of the situation to damage American interests? The most foolish and ineffective of them, and the one that would best suit German calculations, would be a declaration of war, which would plunge the United States into utter confusion and give unexpected strength to the arguments of the peace-at-any-price party. The United States, after having been the last to declare war, might be the first to ask for peace. Their already difficult position in the world would then be aggravated by their isolation.

This isolation is not a mere expression. It is the great danger for neutrals in the future. It was argued a year ago that abstention on the part of the United States was a very clever policy and would ensure the selection of the United States as arbitrators. I have always thought the opposite: a country that plays no part in the present drama will have no share in the dénouement. If the United States make the mistake of remaining outside, no one will listen to them when the time comes for them to intervene. This is inevitable. Beware! On the day when the nations realize that they have been deceived and led out to slaughter one

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another, there will be more solidarity between those who have fought than between them and the neutrals who merely looked on. There are already signs of this. French wounded are admitting that they were well cared for in Germany, and it is the same with German wounded in France. A wounded Frenchman refused to be separated from a German who had saved his life. At Tours station recently, one of my friends witnessed the arrival of a batch of German prisoners. The spectators, who were so hostile at the beginning of the war, now say very little on such occasions. A big, stout man nevertheless uttered an insult. A French soldier who was one of the guard, interfered and closed the man's mouth with these words: 'Let them alone. Have *you* been in the trenches? They have.'

Sooner or later — and the sooner the wiser — the United States, without declaring or waging a useless war on Germany, must depart from their reserve and take up their part as the guardians of right. Their subsequent influence will depend upon the clearness and definiteness with which they speak. They will not have become belligerents, but they will have taken sides. If it is urged that the German jingoes in the United States will respond by attempting to cause general disorganization, my reply is that such an attempt would not only fail, but would demonstrate that it was to the interest of the United States to prevent the war and to prevent the triumph of German pride.

It seems to me that the United States, without taking up arms, can still conciliate their interest with their duty, the Monroe Doctrine with their need for stability. They can give distracted Europe the example of their union in respecting Right, and help her to establish a new order on the basis of a permanent peace.

WHAT IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR?

BY RALPH BARTON PERRY

I

Not long ago a newspaper dispatch from Leicester, England, described the untimely fate of a traveling band of pacifist preachers who styled themselves 'The Fellowship of Reconciliation.' It appears that the good patriots of Leicester beat them soundly, burned their camp and equipment, and concluded the matter by singing 'Tipperary' and 'God Save the King' over the ashes.

The incident epitomizes the absurd but deeply tragic plight of man. His bravest and most exalted purposes, those of nationality and humanity, are driving him to self-destruction. There is more of tragedy in this than a present loss of life and material goods; there is a dreadful suggestion of doom, as when one first detects symptoms of an incurable disease. There is a seeming fatality in life by which right motives impel man to work evil. Intelligence, self-sacrifice, devotion to a cause, those

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qualities of mind and will on which we have been taught to pride ourselves, seem only to make men more terrible, or more weak, according as they turn to deeds or to meditation. To take up arms and destroy, or to sit passively by while destruction rages unrebuked — there is apparently neither virtue nor happiness in either course. If such be the predicament of man, it is not surprising that many are praying that the curtain be rung down and an end made of the whole sorry business.

In what I have to say I address those who are still determined to think the matter through, notwithstanding the fact that, as Mr. Tulliver says, 'thinking is mighty puzzling work.' Despair we may reserve as a course of last resort. Likewise the death-bed consolations of religion by which human weal and woe are left to the inscrutable wisdom of Almighty God. When the present scene becomes too painful we may shut our eyes, or turn to some celestial vision. But I for one cannot yet absolve myself from responsibility. There is a task of civilization and social progress to which man has so solemnly pledged himself that he cannot abandon it with honor. And in this hour of trial that pledge requires us to form a plan of action which shall be neither an act of blind faith nor a confession of failure. We must endeavor both to see our way and to make our way.

How shall the constructive work of civilization be saved and promoted? It would be a much simpler matter if it were only one's 'inward peace' that was at stake. Mr. Bertrand Russell tells us that 'the greatest good that can be achieved in this life is to have will and desire directed to universal ends, purged of the self-assertion which belongs to instinctive will.'[1] But there is one greater good, and that is the *accomplishment* of these universal ends. This is a much more baffling and hazardous undertaking. It requires a man not only to make up his mind, but to brings things to pass. It becomes necessary to use the harsh and dangerous instruments by which things are done in this world. Civilization is not saved by the mere purging of one's heart, but by the work of one's hands. The forces of destruction must be met, each according to its kind, by the forces of deliverance. The belief that, when a man has struck an attitude, and has braved it out in the midst of a rough and vulgar world, he has solved the problem somehow and done his duty, underlies much of the pacific sentiment that is now abroad. It is a dangerous error, because it makes the difficulties of life seem so much simpler than they really are; and may teach a man to be perfectly satisfied with himself when he has really only evaded the issue.

For what does this philosophy of inward rectitude really mean and imply? In the first place, it is self-centred and individualistic. Life becomes an affair between each man and his own soul, a sort of spiritual toilet before the mirror of self-consciousness. Social relations only furnish occasions for the perfecting of self, trials by which one may test the firmness of one's own mind. The state, economic life, and other forms of coöperative association, lose their intrinsic importance, and tend to be replaced by a fraternity of kindred spirits, in which each is confirmed in his aloofness from the vain hopes and petty fears of the world of action.

The crucial test of such a principle of life is afforded by the presence of a danger which threatens *others*, whom one may be pledged to serve, or some larger good extending beyond the limits of one's personal life. Whether to save one's *own* peace of mind at the expense's of one's *own* life or property is

[1] *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1915, p. 267.

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a question which may well be left to the individual to decide for himself. But as so often happens, this relatively simple question is also relatively trivial. Such a choice is rarely if ever presented. Certainly the emergency in which war arises is never one which a sympathetic and imaginative person can meet merely by applying the scale of his own personal preferences. It is not one's own person that is imperiled. As a matter of fact it requires the most colossal egotism to suppose that the enemy has any interest whatever in one's own person. It is the collective life, the state, the national tradition and ambition, the chosen and idealized civilization, the general state of happiness and well-being in the community — it is these that are in danger, and it is these that one must weigh against one's private tranquillity of mind. If the matter be viewed in this light, it is a little absurd to step forward and gallantly offer one's life in exchange for being allowed the privilege of dying innocuously! Such an offer will sound heroic to no one but one's self, and to one's self only in so far as one has lost both sympathy and imagination. It is doubtless vexatious that one cannot be allowed to choose for one's self alone, but such is the hard condition of life. When one chooses to take up arms or to suffer the enemy to triumph, one is disposing, not of one's self, but of all those lives, possessions, and institutions which the enemy threatens and which it lies within one's power to defend.

But this philosophy of inward rectitude is not merely self-centred, it is also formal and prudish. It is pervaded with a spirit of correct deportment. Its aversion to war is largely due to a feeling that war is banal, and incompatible with the posture of personal dignity. The philosopher's cloak must be thrown aside if one is to adopt the graceless and immoderate gait of the soldier. War is intolerable, just as running is intolerable to one who has come to enjoy the full measure of self-respect only when he is permitted to move with a slow and rhythmic strut. But this is the antithesis of the spirit of enterprise. Genuine devotion to an end, intently working for it, will render one unconscious of the incidental movements and postures it involves. A formalist would not lie on his back under an automobile because such an attitude would not comport with a preconceived model of himself as an upright, heavenward being of a superior order; whereas a traveler, bent on reaching his destination, would not shrink even from the aboriginal slime, if only he might find a way to go forward. Similarly if it were all a matter of propriety of demeanor, one could refuse the ugliness of war and shut one's eyes to the sequel. But if one's heart be set on saving civilization, so laboriously achieved, so fragile and perishable, then one's personal attitude is contemptibly insignificant. All that really matters is the fidelity with which one has done one's work and kept one's trust.

Nor will it suffice to quote Plato, and take comfort in the thought that the ideals are themselves eternal and incorruptible. For that which enemies threaten and champions defend, is not the ideal itself, but some earthly mortal thing which is made in its image. The labor and art of life is not to create justice and happiness in the abstract, but to build just cities and promote happy lives. And these can be burned with fire and slain by the sword. If one is prepared to renounce the existent world and the achievements of history, one may perhaps escape the need of war. But let no man fail to realize that he has then virtually given up the whole achievement of the race, all the fruits of all the painful toil of men, even the spiritual fruits of culture and character.

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For these spiritual fruits are individual lives which may be as utterly destroyed as the work of man's hands. It is futile to argue that the good life cannot be destroyed by an enemy. It is true that it cannot be corrupted, and made evil. But it may be killed. The good life is more than mere goodness; it is *living* goodness, embodied in existence and conduct. He who slays a just man or annihilates a free and happy society, undoes the work of moral progress as fatally, nay more fatally, than he who corrupts them with injustice and slavery. For in the latter case there at least remain the latent capacities by which civilization may be rebuilt. Those who insist on the distinction between might and right and accuse the warrior of practicing might in the name of right, are likely on their part to forget that the work of civilization is to make the right also *mighty*, so that it may obtain among men and prevail. This end is not to be realized by any philosophy of abstinence and contemplation, but only by a use of the physical forces by which things are brought to exist and by which alone they are made secure against violence and decay.

II

Having considered the philosophy by which men avoid war, let us now consider another philosophy by which men make war, with an equally easy conscience and an equally untroubled mind. I refer to the philosophy of nationalism: the worship of the individual state as an end in itself, and the justification of conduct solely by the principle of patriotism. Such a creed may be idealized by a belief that the ultimate good lies in the progressive strife of opposing national ideals; a strife which is humanly discordant and tragic, but is rounded into some sort of all-saving harmony in the eternal whole. Practically this makes no difference except to add to the motive of national interest the sense of a heaven-sent mission. The only end by which the individual is required to judge his action is that of the power and glory of his own state. To that is merely added the dogma that national conquest and aggrandizement are good for the world even if the poor world does n't know it. By such a dogma a people whose international policy is unscrupulously aggressive may enjoy at the same time an ecstatic conscience and a sense of philosophical enlightenment. Hence this is the most formidable and terrible of all philosophies. Its devastating effects are manifest in the world to-day.

There are two fatal errors in this philosophy. The first is the assumption that the state is something apart from the happiness and well-being of its members. The state, contrived to serve men, becomes instead, through tradition, prestige, and its power to perpetuate its own agencies, an object of idolatrous worship. Under its spell free men forget their rights, wise men their reason, and good men their humanity. The second error is the dogma that the narrow loyalties of nations will best serve the universal good. There is no evidence for this. It is the joint product of national bigotry and of an ethics manufactured by metaphysicians. The experience of the race points unmistakably to the fatally destructive character of narrow loyalties, and teaches the need of applying to national conduct the same standards of moderation, justice, and good will that are already generally applied to the relations of man and man.

There is one further way of evading the real difficulty of our problem, but this can be dismissed with a bare mention. I refer to the flippant and irresponsible skepticism which holds all human purposes to be equally valid

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because all are equally blind and dogmatic. The skeptic views with mild derision the attempts of man to justify his passions. He holds all nations to be equally at fault, equally self-deceived, and equally pitiful. The folly and discord of life do not surprise him, for he expects nothing better than that man should consume himself. On such a philosophy war and peace are not to be seriously argued, but accepted as fatalities, whose irony affords a refined enjoyment to the emancipated mind.

These, then, are the philosophies of evasion and irresponsibility. Before accepting any of them it behooves one to be clearly conscious of what they imply. It is impossible here to argue these deeper questions through. It must suffice to point out that all of these philosophies are opposed to the beliefs on which modern democratic societies are founded. Unless we are to renounce these beliefs, we must refuse in this grave crisis to listen to any counsel that is not hopeful and constructive, that does not recommend itself to reason, and that does not define a programme of universal human betterment. When such a solution is firmly insisted on, the real difficulties of the problem appear. But though one may well be troubled to find the way, one may at least be saved from the greater evil of self-deception.

III

There is no fair escape from the tragic paradox that man must destroy in order to save. Never before has this paradox been so vividly realized. Man goes forth with torch and powder to restore the primitive desolation, and to add to the natural evils — from which he has barely escaped — more frightful evils of his own contriving. He does this in the name of home, country, humanity, and God. Furthermore, he finds himself so situated that neither conscience nor reason permits him any other course. His very purpose of beneficence requires him to practise vandalism, cruelty, and homicide upon a vast scale and with a refinement proportional to his knowledge and inventiveness. It may well seem credulous to find in this anything more than a fatal madness by which man is hastened to his doom.

But there is just one angle from which it may be possible to discern some method in this madness. We must learn to regard war, not as an isolated phenomenon, but as merely the most aggravated and the most impressive instance of the universal moral situation. This fundamental predicament of life, which gives rise to all moral perplexities, is the *conflict of interests*. When war is viewed in this light, we may then see in *justifiable* war a special application of the most general of all ethical principles, namely, the principle of *discipline* or *provident restraint*. Given the natural conflict of interests, this principle defines the only alternative to waste and mutual destruction. It means simply that under actual conditions the greatest abundance of life on the whole is to be secured only by a confining, pruning, or uprooting of those special interests which imperil the stability and harmony of the whole. When such restraint is not self-imposed, it must be imposed externally. The first lessons in restraint are doubtless learned from rivals and enemies who are governed by selfish purposes of their own. But the moral principle proper appears only when restraint is exercised with a provident purpose, that is, for the sake of the greater good that will result; as when a man refrains from excess for the sake of long life, or respects his neighbor's property for the sake of a general security and prosperity. Similarly a teacher or parent may restrain a willful child, and a ruler a lawless subject, in

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the interest of all, including the individual so restrained. It is customary to question such motives, but the hypocrite would have no success, nor the cynic any claim to critical penetration, were these motives not so common as to establish the rule. As a matter of fact they are as solidly psychological as any fact regarding human nature.

Restraint, however exercised, is in its first effect negative and destructive. To set limits to an appetite, to bar the way to childish caprice, to forbid an act and call it crime, is in some degree to inflict pain and death, to destroy some living impulse. But it is none the less morally necessary. And it matters not whether the act of restraint be simple and unpremeditated or complex and calculated, involving hosts of men and all the complex mechanism of modern war. It is still possible, on the larger scale as on the smaller, that the act of restraint should be required by a larger purpose which is constructive and humane.

It is sometimes argued that an act of violence or coercion can have such a moral motive only when it is performed by a 'neutral authority' who has nothing to gain or lose by the transaction. It is further argued that, since in the case of international disputes no such disinterested party exists, no use of violence or coercion can be justified. Persons who reason in this way must be supposed to believe in the miraculous origin of all kings and policemen. The forcible prevention of robbery must to their mind have become just when and only when there suddenly appeared on the scene a special heaven-sent race of beings wearing blue coats and billies, and having no passions or property of their own. As a matter of fact, however, robbers were first put down by the robbed. Their suppression was justified not because those who suppressed them gained nothing by it (for they certainly did gain), but because that suppression was enacted in behalf of a general community good in which the interests of the robber and his kind were also counted. And whatever be the historical genesis of the state, whether paternity or plunder, this much is certain: that the functions of the state were at first, and have been in a measure ever since, exercised by men who have derived personal profit therefrom. The function of the state, its purpose of collective order, power, and welfare, came into existence long ages before constitutions and charters of liberty made public office a public trust. Before men could learn to be governed well, they had to learn their first lessons of social restraint from whatever rude authorities were at hand.

Whence, then, are we to expect those international police to whom alone is to be intrusted the function of restraining predatory nations, and races filled with the lust of conquest? Are they to descend from above, clothed in uniform and wearing the badge of their office? It takes little historical sense to realize that we must first live through an age in which the principle of international restraint slowly gains acceptance, and is exercised by those nations who, primarily moved by an imminent danger to themselves, act also consciously and expressly in behalf of the larger good of mankind.

Let not any man say that the nation which feels itself to be actuated by such a double motive is insincere and hypocritical. This charge, if pressed home, would discredit all moral purpose whatsoever. Not only is it humanly possible that England, while saving herself, should at the same time wage war in behalf of the larger principles of freedom and international law; but all hope of a new order of things lies in the existence of just such a resolve so to protect and promote one's own interest as

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at the same time to conduce to a like safety and well-being in others.

We have thus, I believe, reached an understanding of the general principle by which war is justified. The righteous war is that waged in behalf of a higher order in which both of the warring parties and others of their rank may live together in peace. If one man restrains another he must ask no more for himself than he concedes to his enemy. This modicum which is consistent with a like privilege in others he calls his right, and the law eventually defines it and invents special agents for its protection. A righteous civil war will be that one in which a faction is restrained in behalf of a national good which is conceived to include both factions. Whether correct or mistaken in their judgment, such a purpose undoubtedly actuated the nobler spirits of both North and South in the American Civil War. To the South it was a war for independence, and to the North a war for the Union. That is to say, the moral motive in each consisted of a conscious provision for the equal good of the other. Each, while most immediately moved by its special interest, believed that interest to agree with the best interest of the other. Each had its plan for both, the South aiming at a relation of friendship between two autonomous neighbors, the North aiming at the common advantages of national coherence. Forces of destruction and ungovernable passions were let loose, and the most dreadful of tragedies was enacted. But the fact remains that such higher purposes did exist, and gave to the struggle its quality of idealism. Most living Americans, even those descended from the men of the South, now believe that the North was right in the sense of being guided by a sounder judgment. That so furious a conflict should have divided men of equally high purpose, that even yet doubts should exist as to the merits of the dispute, is profoundly deplorable — deplorable in the sense that all human blindness and frailty is deplorable. But it was not to be avoided by either skepticism or inaction. It was then, as always, a question of controlling events according to one's lights, or being controlled *by* them. There is no guaranty against the possibility of error, and in judgments regarding political policy the margin of error is large. Even if such a guaranty were theoretically possible, events would not wait for one to find it. A man must act when emergencies arise and circumstances permit. The likelihood of error does not absolve him from the duty of making up his mind and acting accordingly. To be honestly mistaken is at least better than to be impotently noncommittal. For an honest mistake is at least an experiment in policy and a lesson learned.

The forcible restraint of one individual by another, or of one faction by another, may thus be said to be justified when it is necessary to the establishment of a relationship which is tolerable to both. In an established civil order this relationship is enforced by agencies especially provided for the purpose. These agencies, with the sentiment which enlivens them, and the custom and opinion which confirm them, signify good of a higher order than that of any individual or special interest; not because they are different in quality, but because they include *all* individual and special goods and make provision for them. In the state we all live and are strong, and if it fall,

> O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
> Then I, and you, and all of us fell down.

IV

Now let us suppose nation to be arrayed against nation. The use of force will be justified so far as it is necessary

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to establish a relation between nations that shall at least provide for their security. A nation which defends itself against aggression is both saving itself and also contending for the principle of nationality. It asks no more for itself than it concedes to its opponent — the privilege, namely, of existing and of administering its own internal affairs. Such a defensive war has then a double motive, the narrower motive of national security and the higher motive of general international security.

Even the narrower of these motives is a moral motive for the individual. The state is for most men the highest good which comes at all within the range of their experience. It is incomparably superior to the good with which in the daily round of work and play they are mainly preoccupied. It is often shifted or ignored, even by those persons of unselfish purpose who oppose war because it threatens to interrupt the work of social betterment. Thus Mr. Philip Snowden exhorts us eloquently to 'realize that a beautiful school is a grander sight than a battleship — a contented and prosperous peasantry than great battalions.' Nobody in his sober senses would deny it. But let Mr. Snowden and his friends on their part realize that his beautiful school and his prosperous peasantry exist by the grace of a state which owes its origin and its security to the vigilance and energy of men who understood its real importance.

The security of the state means the security of all the good things that exist within the state. We in America are fond of being let alone. The thought of war annoys us because life is so full of good things that we hate to be interrupted. But liberty and opportunity are the fruits of our national existence, and if we love them we would do well to cherish that national existence in which they are rooted. Fighting men as a rule understand this better than peace-makers. The individual understands it better on the field of battle than he does in the place where he earns his living or in the place where he goes when he is tired. It has become the custom to emphasize man's savagery, and belittle or suspect his sentiments. We need to be reminded that the average soldier is thinking and feeling more generously than the average civilian. We have come to speak of patriotism as though it meant mere self-assertion; and have forgotten that patriots are individuals who, while collectively they may be asserting themselves against the enemy, are individually denying themselves for their country. And it is of this self-denying loyalty that they are most keenly conscious. 'The peace advocates,' wrote Mr. Godkin in the days of Gravelotte and Orléans, 'are constantly talking of the guilt of killing, while the combatants only think, and will only think, of the nobleness of dying.'

It is only in national emergencies that the great majority of men realize that they enjoy the benefits of national existence. Then only is it realized that civic life is the fundamental condition of individual life, and that all forms of economic and cultural activity are vitally dependent on it. The generation that has been born in this country since the Civil War has never had to make sacrifices for the state, and has never been brought to such a realization. We have taken too much for granted. Like spoiled children we have assumed that the staple good of national security was provided by the bounty of nature, and have irritably clamored for the sweetmeats of wealth and higher education. I do not mean to suggest that any people should be satisfied with the minimum, but that we should clearly understand that human goods must follow in a certain order, and that the superstructure rests upon the foundation.

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But while the good of the state is greater than that of any individual or special interest, because it contains all of these and nourishes them, how shall it be measured against the good of that other state against which it is arrayed in war? How is it possible to justify patriotism when it makes war on patriotism? Is the state worth fighting for, when it means that there is another state which one is fighting against? Again we must apply our principle, that force is justifiable only when used in the interest of both parties, or in behalf of some higher form of association that is inclusive of both. A just defensive war must therefore be actuated by a higher principle even than that of patriotism. While it is waged primarily on behalf of the great common good of national existence, there must be at the same time a due acknowledgment of the enemy's equal right. The enemy on his part is deserving of forcible restraint only in so far as through his arrogance he prevents or threatens a relationship in which there is room for him as well. War upon such an enemy, like all righteous war, is war upon lawlessness. Although its first effect is destructive, it is provident and constructive in its ulterior effect.

With this principle in mind we may now take a further step and justify offensive war, when undertaken in the interest of an international system or league of humanity. For a century or more this greater cause has stirred the imaginations of men, and it has gradually been adopted as a norm for the criticism of international policy. There is now no serious doubt in liberal and earnest minds of the superiority of this cause to the narrower claims of nationality. How shall nations be so adjusted as to help and not hurt one another? How shall commerce and cultural intercourse be promoted, and dangerous friction and rivalry be removed? How shall the threat of war be so far reduced that nations can direct their energies and resources internally to the improvement of the lot of the unprivileged and disqualified majority? In theory the answer is as obvious as it is trite: by establishing among nations some greater unit of civic life, some system of international law and equity, with agencies for its application and enforcement. But how shall we go forward to this end? Not by abandoning what has already been achieved, the integrity of the nation. For what we seek is something greater than nationality, not something less. Not by sitting idly by and allowing events to roll over us. Not by awaiting the sudden appearance on earth of some heaven-sent umpire who shall box our ears and set us about our business. This much seems clear: that this end, if it is to be achieved at all, must be achieved by the greatest forces that man has now at his disposal. Nations and leagues of nations must assume the functions of international control. Their very strength, so terrible in destruction, must be directed to the larger end of construction. Just as the order-loving individual had first to enact the law for himself and in his own behalf, so the more enlightened and more liberal nations must take upon themselves the functions of international justice. One such nation, or an alliance of such nations, will be its first rude organ. Such an organ will necessarily be governed in part by the nearer motive of party interest, but this need not prevent the genuine existence of the higher motive as well. And just as the evolution of democracy means the gradual purification of the governmental motive, the purging of it from admixture with personal, dynastic, and class interests, so we may expect to witness on the larger scale the gradual evolution of some similarly disinterested agency

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that shall represent the good of all mankind.

It is commonly and truly said that the present war is the most terrible in history. We have, I believe, been too quick to see in this a reason for despair. Wars become terrible in proportion to the strength of the warring parties, in numbers, organization, and science. But what of this strength? Shall we count *it* no achievement? A war between Italy and Austria is more terrible than a war between Venice and Genoa, but only because Venice and Genoa have learned to live in peace and have achieved the strength of union and co-operation. We are witnessing to-day, not a mere war between nations, but the more awful collision between alliances of nations. The horror of the catastrophe should not blind us to the fact that France and England, for example, have learned that each has more to gain from the other's prosperity than from its decay, and that their differences are negligible when compared with their common interests. Together they possess strength of a higher order, terrible in war, but proportionally beneficent in peace. The evolution of human solidarity and organization has brought us to the stage of great international alliances.

It is thus in keeping with the record of human progress that the last war should be the worst, — and the worst the last. For the only human force more terrible than a league of some nations is the league of all nations, the league of man. The same motive that has led to the one will lead to the other — the desire, namely, to avoid the loss and weakness of conflict, and to attain the incomparable advantages of coöperative life; this last alliance will then have no human adversary left, but may devote its supreme power to perfecting the lot of the individual, and scotching the devil of reaction.

The goods that are worth fighting for are first of all *existent* goods, embodied in the life of man. Such goods are created by physical forces, may be destroyed by physical forces, and may require to be defended by physical forces. They are *worth* fighting for when they are greater goods than those which have to be fought against. Civil law is worth fighting for, against the lawless individual. National integrity is worth fighting for, against disruptive factions or unscrupulous rivals. The general good of mankind is worth fighting for, against the narrower purpose of national aggrandizement. These greater goods are worth fighting *for;* nothing is really worth fighting *against.* It therefore behooves every high-spirited individual or nation to be both strong and purposeful. Strength without high purpose is soulless and brutal; purpose without strength is unreal and impotent.

We in America cannot, it is true, afford to build armies and navies from sheer bravado. Our strength must be consecrated to the best that the most enlightened reason and the most sensitive conscience can discern. But, on the other hand, we cannot afford to cherish any ideal whatsoever unless at the same time we are willing to put forth the effort that is commensurate with its realization. The corrective of militarism is not complacency and neglect, but humane purpose; and the corrective of pacifism is not a lapse into barbarism, but the acquiring of sufficient might and resolution to do the work which that purpose requires.

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THE FIGHT FOR THE GARDEN OF EDEN

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I

I HAD known F—— through years of hunting and sports in India, but never until the night that our old British-India coaster lay off the Shar-el-Arab bar waiting for the turn of the tide to run up to Bassorah, did I hear him speak of the things that were really next his heart. Then it was that I was vouchsafed transient vision of the outer strands of the previsionary web England was weaving beyond the marches of India against events to come. I will give his story, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words.

For the best part of the last five years [said he], I have been coming to Arabia and Mesopotamia on 'language study.' In all of that time I have not been back to England, and I am almost a stranger to the officers of my own regiment. I talk like an Arab, I am beginning to think like an Arab, and, what with sunlight and dirt that have gone so deep under my epidermis that they will never come out, I shall soon look like an Arab. Perhaps in time — you'd never believe the appeal of the Koran till you've bowed toward Mecca, with a Bedouin on either side of you, morning and evening, for six months at a stretch — I shall pray like an Arab. I have had smallpox, dysentery, — which has become practically chronic, — and a dozen varieties of fevers and skin diseases, and I'm mottled from head to foot with 'Aleppo button' scars, two of which have never healed. I've been alone so much that I talk to myself even in Calcutta and Simla. The Persians in this region distrust me, the Russians and Germans hate me, and the Turks are perfectly frank in saying that they will send me on 'the long pilgrimage' if ever a fair chance offers.

All that my government does is to allow my pay to go on and to provide me with a passport that will land me at Koweit, Bassorah, or Bagdad. If I get into trouble they will not — cannot, in fact — do as much for me as they would for a spindle-legged Hindu coolie. And all this on the chance that, some time before I am retired for old age or invalided from the Indian army, the Great White Bear will try to come down to the Persian Gulf to slake his age-long thirst. In this contingency, of course, there is no denying the fact that I shall be very much in demand, especially if operations are carried on in my own 'sphere,' that of Northeastern Arabia, and Southern Mesopotamia, up to a line drawn from Bagdad to Hitt.

Afoot, or by horse or camel, I have traversed almost every square mile of this region. There is not a bazaar from Kerbela to Koweit in which, disguised, I cannot mingle unsuspected in the throng, or, in case of need, call upon friends who will do anything, from giving me a cigarette or a handful of dates to risking their lives to save my own. I also know every one of the greater, as well as most of the lesser, Bedouin sheikhs whose peoples roam the deserts between Bassorah and Damascus;

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and with one of the most powerful of these — his camels are over 100,000 in number and his sheep and goats three times that — I have gone through the 'blood brotherhood' ceremony. The blood of our arms has actually mingled, and each is pledged to stop at no act to serve the other. My friends, I need hardly say, are all Arabs, Chaldeans, Syrians, Jews, or people of one of the other subject races of this region; to the Turk, courteous as he is to me socially in Bagdad and Bassorah, my name is anathema. A week hence, for instance, I shall exchange Oriental amenities with the Vali of Bagdad in his garden on the banks of the Tigris. He will toast me in scented coffee and drink to the success of my visit; and all the while a double guard of police will be watching the gates to prevent my getting away to the desert and my Arab friends. Personally, I know it would pain him if I were to be shot in the dark for neglecting to answer a sentry's challenge; but officially he is dead keen for it, and there is no doubt that it would do him a lot of good in Stamboul, where he is not in very high favor at present.

The whole thing, when all is said and done, resolves itself down to about this: If a war involving operations in this 'sphere' comes within the next twenty years, I, — and a couple of other chaps who are doing the same sort of work,— provided I do not lose my life, or my health, or the best of my faculties in the interim, will probably break all records outside of a Central American revolution for quick promotion. I should probably be a brigadier general at forty, with ten or a dozen letters after my name. But if, as is likely, there is no war, I shall probably continue these little jaunts into the desert until my health gives out, when, at best, I shall be invalided home and retired on the half pay of a captain or a major.

So, you see, my future depends entirely upon whether or not some of our neighbors, or would-be neighbors, see fit to 'start something' in this little neck of Central Asia within the next decade or two. And now that Russia is in the Entente, and we are acting so entirely in concert with her in Persia, I'm very much afraid that it's going to be a case of the 'hope deferred which maketh the heart sick.'

II

The following day we caught the river steamer at Bassorah, and four days later arrived at Bagdad, F—— putting up at the grim brown fort which housed the British Consulate, post office, and telegraph station. I saw him on and off for a week, usually at tiffins or dinners given for him by some of his British friends. At other times he was not to be found. 'F—— *Sahib* gone to bazaar,' his Pathan bearer invariably answered my inquiries; and F—— himself volunteered no more than that he was spending a good deal of time 'renewing old acquaintances.' Then, at the end of about ten days, without a good-bye to anybody, so far as I could learn, he dropped from sight. 'F—— is off again to his Arabs,' said his friends.

'I am much relieved,' the Consul whispered to me. 'They hung on him like leeches this time, but F—— got away by togging up as an Armenian *arabana* driver when they were expecting him as an Arab. The Armenian came here, F—— stained his face, got into the chap's clothes, and actually drove the *arabana*, with a load of passengers, to Kerbela. The Turks nabbed the real driver when they caught him going out on foot, but got little out of him, and I don't think they know yet exactly what happened. F—— is far into the desert by this time.'

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This was in 1912, and at that time no one — least of all F——, who had the most to gain by such an event — appeared to dream that the blood-drenched plains of Babylonia and Assyria were likely to echo ere many years to the tramp of hostile armies. The broad scope of Germany's activities, extending far beyond the mere construction of the Bagdad Railway, was evident to every one; but, this notwithstanding, the general impression seemed to be that the whip-hand in this region was Russia's. This feeling was aptly expressed by an old Turkish officer with whom I discussed Near Eastern politics at Mosul. 'The Germans may build railroads,' he said, punctuating his measured speech with puffs from a gurgling *hookah;* 'and the British may build ships, and the Turks may build dams and canals,' — referring to the reclamation work at Hindia on the Euphrates, — 'but in the end the Great White Bear will come down to the Persian Gulf and have his drink of warm water.'

That the Germans had ambitious plans for controlling the commerce of the incalculably rich Tigro-Euphrates Valley no one doubted, or even that the Kaiser aimed at some sort of political control. But that German influence should prevail over that of Great Britain and Russia in Constantinople, to the extent of aligning the Porte on the side of the Kaiser against the Triple Entente, was not dreamed of in Mesopotamia, even by the Turks themselves. The price to the Entente, however, of alienating Italy from the Triple Alliance by acquiescing in that power's conquest of Tripoli, was the irretrievable loss of Turkey's friendship; and with the succession of Enver Pasha to the War Ministry at the end of the first Balkan conflict, there is no doubt that the Porte stood absolutely committed to action with Germany. After the outbreak of the present war, Turkey's participation on the side of the Central Powers was only a matter of the Kaiser's nod. Enver Pasha, educated in Berlin and always actively anti-Russian, had spent nearly two years in preparation for the struggle which the Germans had doubtless assured him was inevitable; and the making ready for a fight to the death at the Dardanelles was not allowed to interfere with a general stiffening of the eastern defenses. This, briefly, was the way in which it came about that Britain is facing Turkey instead of the long-prepared-against Russia in the Mesopotamian 'theatre.' But I will let my friend F——, to whom it was given to help set and stage the opening scenes of the play, tell something of what happened up to the moment of his tragic exit.

Late in the fall of 1914, a hastily scribbled card reached me in California. 'Things looming large at last,' it read. 'Am off for the "P.G." to-morrow with big work in prospect. Will write when I can get anything of interest passed.' The card was post-marked Karachi, and dated but a few days previous to Turkey's official entry into the war. I took it, therefore, that the Indian Government had discounted this action, and that at the moment the Turks opened hostilities by bombarding the Russian coast, F——, doubtless with considerable forces, was on the way to his 'sphere.'

The promised letter was long delayed, and when it came bore the post-mark Bassorah, not in the pothook Turkish characters, but in plain English letters, while the blue two-and-a-half anna stamp of India appeared in the corner formerly sacred to the narrow, pink, half-gummed one-piastre sticker which you had often to affix with a pin to keep it from falling off. Thus ran the letter: —

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I am writing you this from the one-time home port of 'Sinbad the Sailor,' which, I am rejoiced to say, has been under our flag for some days. The Turks had considerable forces of seasoned troops here, — doubtless you remember how much of the old town was taken up by barracks, — but, evidently because they did not expect us so soon, or in such force, had done little in the way of outpost defense. This, coupled with the facts that our naval strength was overwhelming and the river very ineffectively mined, made what might have been an operation of tremendous difficulty comparatively easy. The guns of our cruisers outranged those of the old forts at the mouth of the Shar-el-Arab, and, with sweepers working ahead of them, the light-draught gunboats peppered so hotly those dense palm groves which fringe the river banks that we had little difficulty in fighting our way through them without great loss.

Coöperating with the advance up the river, our main force was landed above Koweit and marched across the open desert to attack Bassorah on the west, threatening the rear of the Turkish positions on the left bank. Here the Turk could have made us no end of trouble had he been in sufficient force, for the lowlands were partly inundated and a defense of the practicable routes could have been made very effective.

It was the weakness of the opposition met here that first led us to hope that Bassorah was not going to be strongly defended. Although the advance resolved itself into little more than a series of outpost actions, the period was an anxious one for us — and especially for me — in that it put to the acid test the result of our work, not only in forecasting the capricious and variable overflow, but also in conciliating the no less capricious and variable Arabs of a region nominally subject to Turkey. I can only tell you now that things turned out, and are continuing to turn out, even better than we had any reason to hope they would. There was no suggestion of a menace to our exposed left flank from the hordes of curious but in no wise hostile Arabs who showed themselves all along the way, and the censor will probably not allow me to tell you that our transport and commissariat, if nothing more, will probably be much helped by active assistance from this source. [Here several sentences, doubtless telling something more of the attitude of the Arabs, were obscured by the censor's brush.] So you will see that the Turk is reaping the harvest he deserves from his sowing of harshness and duplicity among the Bedouins, and that the time and efforts of us 'language students' who have worked this sphere will not have been spent in vain.

The Turks have undoubtedly been quite sound in deciding not to make a stand at Bassorah. With the sea approaches in our hands, and with the city entirely encompassed by desert and marsh, the holding of it for any time would have hinged upon command of either the Tigris or the Euphrates all the way to the rich agricultural region to the west of Bagdad. As the cutting of this line by us was only a matter of time, the city would have been isolated and forced to withstand a siege which could only have ended in the capture of whatever forces were locked up there. As it is, the most of these forces are now at liberty to dispute our advance, through a very difficult country, to Mesopotamia and Bagdad. Here it seems certain we shall have all the fighting we care for.

I have not mentioned the fact that I have received my captaincy and am assigned to the general staff. In an ordinary campaign the latter circum-

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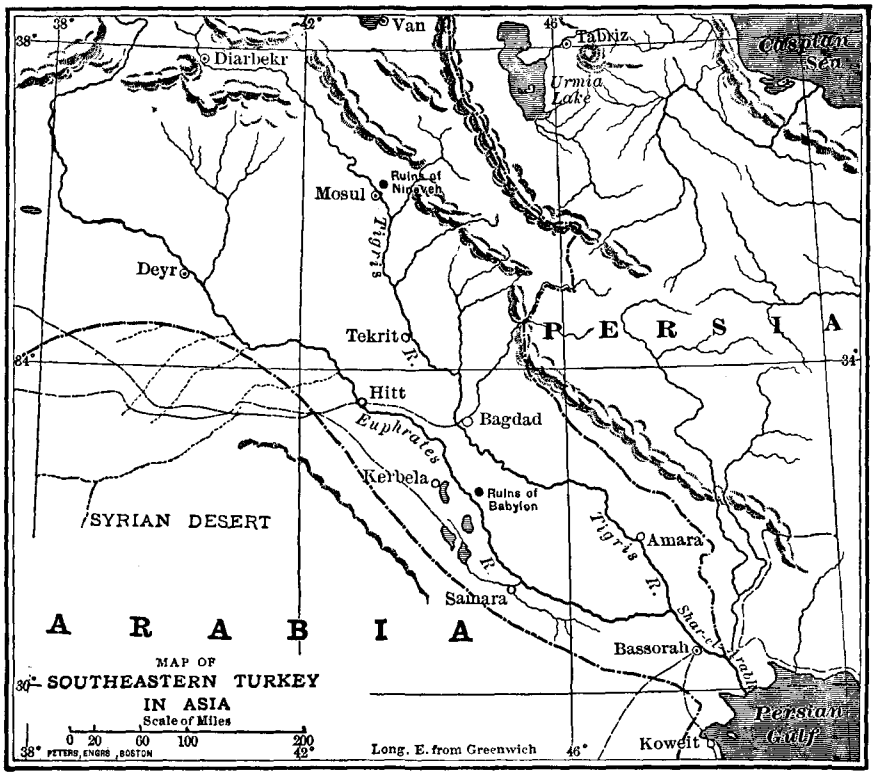
stance would mean a lot of dreary consultations at headquarters, and no action. Here, Allah be praised, the case is quite different. R——, K—— (the two chaps who have also worked this sphere), and I are always called in, if we chance to be on hand, when the maps are unrolled; but most of the time the whole lot of us are off on something else. R—— has been through the Turkish lines twice, once spending three days in Kurna, their advanced base, and I have been off on a week's journey to receive renewed assurances of the friendship of my Bedouin 'blood-brother.' It is going to be a jolly amusing game.



III

Another letter came from F—— a month later, this being in answer to one I had rushed off on receiving the card announcing his departure for the Persian Gulf: —

You ask what we are driving at here, by which I suppose you mean, 'What is our plan of campaign?' This, obviously, is a question I can answer only in the most general way. Our principal purpose in the present campaign will be the occupation of southern and central Mesopotamia up to and including the cities of Bagdad and Kerbela, a region roughly corresponding to what might be called ancient Babylonia proper. Our objective in this is two-fold. First, to gain control of all the irrigated — and hence highly productive — portion of the Tigro-Euphrates Valley, and, second, to establish ourselves strongly upon the flank of Per-

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sia in the event that that country should show a disposition to make common cause with our enemy.

There is little doubt that the advance to Bagdad will be a fight all the way. The most difficult country will be that between here and about fifty miles north of where the Tigris and Euphrates come together. Most of this area is marshy all the year, and practically all of it will be under water from the spring floods by the time we are ready to get into it. An endless network of 'canals' and backwater channels makes it practically impossible to advance on foot even across much of the overflow country, and one of the main reasons for our long halt in Bassorah has been the training of our men in the use of the various native craft which will have to figure in our transport. Luckily, the Turks will be under the same handicap as ourselves in this region, and our superior artillery and organization are sure to give us the 'edge.' The real fighting is going to come when we emerge upon the level alluvial plains of central Mesopotamia. Here the enemy will have the Bagdad railway at his back, and, without doubt, a pretty complete little system of German-made light railways to keep him in munitions and food.

It may be that it will take us to the end of 1915 to attain our first goal. Then, if a decision in Europe has not been reached in the meantime, our next general advance would be up the Tigris to Samara, Tekrit, and Mosul, and up the Euphrates to Hitt and Deyr; this advance would place in our hands an upland grain-growing region of considerable productivity. Still another campaign would have to be launched to occupy the country up to a line from Aleppo to Mardin or Diarbekir; but Russia should reach this region from the Caucasus before we can get there from the south. Upon the guns and munitions which the Germans are able to send through to Bagdad will depend the character of the stand that the Turk is going to make in Babylonia.

But what a game it is going to be, this fight for the old Garden of Eden, — with the high-banked canals and the crumbling walls of Babylon and Hitt serving for trenches and forts, and the *khans* which sheltered Ali Baba and Haroun-al-Raschid as outposts! Why, the 'G.C.C.' and I have even discussed how we are going to use that isolated old *tepe* of Birs Nimrud — which some call the 'Tower of Babel' — when the time comes!

Our transport for the new campaign will probably be the most remarkable thing of the kind ever assembled. The fact that the country into which we are advancing will be largely under water will compel us to become practically amphibious. On land we are using camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, while on the water the services of everything, from the native *balems*, *gufas*, and *kaleks* to shallow-draught gunboats and river-steamers, will be in demand. The old Bagdad side-wheelers have all been converted into gunboats, but even their slight draught of five or six feet is too great for all but the main river-channels. One of these, by the way, went into action the other day with an armor improvised from mats of dried dates. Of course the Turkish shrapnel made an awful mess of it, and, I am sorry to say, also of the chaps behind it.

The direction of the training of our men in the use of the native watercraft has been one of my recent duties. The *balem* is a gondola-like sort of boat which has long been used for passenger transport on the canals and rivers of this region. It may be rowed, sculled, or paddled, and since it is of fairly stable equilibrium, the men are not long

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in mastering it. The *gufa*, however, is quite another matter. It is a slightly flattened ball of woven reeds covered with pitch, having a hole from five to ten feet across at the top to receive passengers and freight. It is propelled by paddling, now on one side, now on the other, and two or three old hands can make very fair progress with it. A novice, however, can do little more than make the thing spin on its own axis. Moreover, he invariably renders himself still more helpless by laughing at his own uselessness; and although some of the more serious-minded Sepoys have made considerable progress in handling the *gufa*, I am afraid we shall never be able to make Thomas Atkins, or his equally frivolous comrade-in-arms, the Ghurka, take it as other than a perpetual joke.

A score of miles to the north of here, a few days ago, a dozen dismounted troopers, in lieu of anything better to hand, tried to cross a broad back channel of the Shar-el-Arab in a *gufa*, in order to dislodge some troublesome Turkish snipers. Their best efforts, however, served only to send the contrary craft bobbing down their own bank, the finest kind of a mark for the enemy's sharpshooters. The latter (I have this on the word of the sergeant whose misplaced enthusiasm was responsible for the trouble), evidently highly amused, held their fire until after the 'marines,' as they have since been dubbed by their comrades, had kicked a hole in the bottom of the gufa and been compelled to take to the water. The few scattering shots fired even then were apparently sent only with the intent of 'shooing' several belligerent Tommies back to their own side, for the only casualty reported was the drowning of a man who, in the language of one of his surviving comrades, 'caught 'is bloomin' spur in the bally goofy an' got 'eld under water.'

Which incident reminds me to say a word for our old friend, the Turk, as a sporting fighter. Of course, we knew all the time that he was a first-class offensive fighter and a superlative defensive one; but, because for years we have known him under such characterizations as 'The Terrible,' and 'The Unspeakable,' we had come to expect from him a programme of 'frightfulness' quite in keeping with that of his allies of the Occident. That nothing of this character has been in evidence is one of the most refreshing surprises of the campaign. I can only set down here one of a number of instances in point which have fallen under my observation.

You doubtless read in the papers that the Turks made an attempt in some force to recover Bassorah a few weeks ago, going by boats to Nasire, on the Euphrates, and marching from there around the inundation area to approach this point from the west. Fortunately, one of our 'friends' sent us word of what was afoot, and we were able to prepare a proper reception at Shaiba. It was after we had beaten them back at this point, and while they were fighting rear-guard actions in a most cleverly conducted retreat, that the incident I have in mind occurred. I was out with, though not in command of, a troop of cavalry which was pressing the pursuit a considerable distance ahead of our main force. About eleven o'clock in the morning we found our way blocked by a small detachment of the enemy which had been left to make a stand at an isolated *khan*, one of those walled desert halting-places of the caravanserai order, — really more of a fort than a tavern.

There was no use in trying to dislodge the Turks until the guns came up, but, unluckily, about a dozen chaps, out of touch with their officer, attempted to rush the gate 'on their own.' The

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enemy coolly let them come on to about a hundred yards from the khan, and then, unmasking a machine gun, dropped them all in a space not fifty feet square. A rifle volley brought down the three or four reckless spirits who, in spite of wounds, staggered to their feet and lurched ahead. Taking advantage of the cover afforded by a pair of old canal banks, we managed to get up within about three hundred yards of the khan gate without exposing ourselves dangerously, there to wait for our field-guns and to be ready to make it lively for our Turkish friends in case they tried to evacuate in the meantime.

For a while we thought that, mercifully, no life remained in any of the still, sprawling brown figures in front of the khan; but presently, with his face covered with the dirt a sniper's bullet had thrown on it as he put his head up for a look, a man crawled back to report to Major S—— that he had seen a hand feebly raised as though trying to attract our attention. Verifying the truth of the statement at the risk of his big new *shikar* helmet, S—— promptly called for volunteers to try to bring the wounded man in. 'It's a slim chance,' he said, 'but this noonday sun would kill an unwounded man lying on his face for an hour out there. We've got to make the attempt.'

Passing down the line, S—— picked the four spryest and wiriest looking of the sprawling row of grimy Tommies, each of whom had raised an appealing hand as the word for volunteers passed along. 'Make the best of the cover of that strip of date-palms, and bring in the man — he's the one nearest us — the same way,' he ordered just about as he would have sent them out on patrol. 'We'll give the Turks what diversion we can in the meantime.'

Then we began peppering the ports of the old khan in a blind and large sort of way that had little effect, as a consequence of the fact that the machine-gun fire which came in reply made it impossible to put our heads up to aim. Enough of a diversion was created, however, to allow the volunteers to make their way, apparently unobserved, to the farther end of the palm clump. But a hail of bullets met them as they left cover, and the last of them dropped while he was still a dozen yards from the object of his rush. The three first to fall lay still, — shot dead, as we learned later, — but the last one, in spite of a punctured femur, presently pulled himself together and began to crawl forward. It was not until this moment, I am certain, that the Turks fully comprehended what we were driving at; for now, although they continued to keep us under cover with sweeping jets from their machine-gun, not another shot was directed at the man on the ground. Nor was there any attempt to check his painful progress as he dragged the man he had been sent after back to the palm grove. Nor yet, finest of all, did the Turks try to wing a single one of another brave four, who, disdaining the cover of the palm trunks, dashed out to relieve their comrade of his burden.

Encouraged by the forbearance of the enemy, we were about to send out a squad under a white flag to see if any more of the wounded were alive, when dust clouds on the southern horizon warned the Turkish leader that our field-guns were coming up; and, with his task of delaying the pursuit well fulfilled, he made ready to retire by sweeping our cover with a fresh fusillade. The only gate of the khan, opening to the south, was completely covered from our position; but the resourceful Turk coolly breached the northern wall with a flake or two of gun-cotton, and, the first thing we knew, the whole troop — machine-gun

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and all — went scurrying off across the desert. For two or three minutes they were fair marks for us, and, as they sent several Parthian volleys themselves, there was no military reason why we should not have tried to bring down a few of them. As a matter of fact, we did send a few perfunctory volleys; but if its shooting on that occasion was any criterion of the marksmanship of S——'s troop, Allah have mercy on it when it comes to real grips with the Turk! Not one of the fugitives dropped from his saddle, and I don't think one of them was hit. If we had done for even a man of them, imagine what our feelings would have been when, on taking possession of the khan, we found, hung carefully in a thick-walled crypt well beyond all danger from our rifle fire, three goat-skins of clear, cold water, while scrawled on the wall, in both French and Turkish, was the direction, 'For the Wounded.' As we had been out of water for hours ourselves, and as a few cups sufficed for the two or three wounded who had survived the withering sun heat, you may surmise that our hostility toward the 'unspeakable Turk' was not materially increased by this latter incident.

The chap who was rescued at so great a cost died a few hours later, but rather from exposure to the sun than from his wound, which was slight. The man who brought him in is well on the road to recovery and, I trust, a V.C.

IV

My next, and what proved to be my last, letter from F—— reached me in London: —

Our general advance has begun, and we have attained our first important objective in the occupation of the 'Garden of Eden.' Not the greater 'Garden of Eden,' which name Sir William Willcocks applies to all of Mesopotamia south of Hitt and Samara, but the traditional site of the Garden at the meeting of the Tigris and Euphrates. This was surely one of the strangest engagements in history. The country was under water for miles around, and the Turks had fortified and elected to make their stand on the only dry ground in the whole region, a series of low rises — hardly to be called hills — in the rear of Kurna. Fortunately, their available artillery was not powerful. We had prepared for the assault by emplacing batteries of heavy howitzers at every point sufficiently solid to support them, while lighter guns were mounted on the river-steamers and on barges.

After a heavy shelling of the Turkish positions our troops, in everything from *balems* and *gufas* to *kaleks* and gunboats, were rowed, paddled, poled, and steamed forward to the limit of the draught of their respective craft. Then over they went into the water, and the assault commenced. Luckily the Turkish guns had been pretty well put out of action by our howitzers, else that half mile or more through mud and water would have been a very costly business for us. As it was, some barges and *kaleks* with machine guns on them were brought up close to the enemies' lines, and, the fire of these and the gunboats having made the Turkish positions practically untenable, the troops had to do little more than go and round up a very sizable bunch of prisoners who had been cut off by a swift flanking movement of a column of Sepoys. Some of our men, in their eagerness, went overboard into deep water, and, as a consequence, had to chuck their accoutrements and swim for it. A number of them, in fact, lost more than their arms; and a bevy whom I saw later helping to shepherd some Turkish

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prisoners aboard a gunboat had little to differentiate them, sartorially, from Father Adam in the earliest days of this same 'Garden of Eden.'

I had a rather interesting job a few days ago. This was to lead a small picked force across country and destroy a bridge of boats which the Turks were endeavoring to maintain across the Tigris at the Tomb of Ezra, for the use of any stragglers who might still be drifting back from the south.

You recall the Bible story of this famous structure. The Prophet Ezra, faring about this region in his old age, feeling the hand of Death upon him, directed his followers to bind his body to a camel, drive the animal into the desert, and where it finally lay down to rest, there to make the holy man's burial-place. The camel headed straight for the nearest reach of the Tigris, and there the brilliantly tiled tomb which was reared above the Prophet's remains stands to this day, a mecca for Jews and Mohammedans alike.

I did n't make a very brilliant success of my job with the bridge of boats. We got into a marsh in the darkness and waded about in it until too late to make the night surprise I had counted upon at Ezra's Tomb. We did get there at dawn, however, and, principally because the Turks must have thought we had strong support coming up, managed to induce the latter to evacuate his very good position about the Tomb and retire to the east bank of the river. We established ourselves in one of the Tomb gardens, but could go no farther for the moment on account of the brisk and accurate fire of the enemy from the other side.

Most of the day I lay on my back in a bed of petunias under the garden wall, and gorged myself on the ripe pomegranates which the Turkish bullets cut down from the trees above. But about mid-afternoon they knocked a couple of bee-hives off the wall into the very midst of us, and, as we were wearing 'shorts,' with nothing to protect the leg from calf to knee, the sequel was a very unpleasant one. So dead sure were those bees that our inoffensive little party was responsible for upsetting their homes that they divided themselves into just as many bands as we were men, and started, impartially and systematically, to sting us to death. My men were out of hand in an instant, and I really believe that, had not a modern miracle been wrought, another minute would have seen the whole pack of us, careless of such trifles as Turkish rifle and machine-gun fire, wallowing in the fifty-yard-distant Tigris.

The miracle was performed by a little pink-cheeked, bare-footed angel of a Jewess, evidently the 'shepherd of the bees.' Unconcernedly tripping out among the writhing 'casualties,' oblivious alike to the threat of Turkish bullets and the roaring masses of bees, she set up the punctured hives in a safe place under the wall, and then began to beat sharply with a stick upon an old bronze gong which was suspended from her neck by a thong. Instantly the bees stopped stinging, and inside of five minutes the last of them was settling back with a contented buzz into its hive. I could have kissed the stubby brown toes of the pink-cheeked little angel of mercy. And here again let me record to the credit of the Turks that, although her head and shoulders must have been visible to them above the low wall, they made no attempt to stop with a bullet a work which, had they only known it, was all that prevented the whole lot of us from falling into their hands.

Every man of us was, of course, in beastly shape from the stings. My own agony from this source was infinitely worse than that from a bullet which

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ploughed up my scalp when we cut the bridge of boats after darkness had fallen; in fact, if the truth were known, I think the desperate pain all of the boys were in had a good deal to do with the absolute recklessness they displayed when the time came for us to try to fulfill our mission. I heard one chap tell another he was afraid that he *was n't* going to get shot, and the whole bunch acted as if they felt the same way. Luckily, the Turks had no searchlight, and it is probable their own fire helped not a little in breaking up the bridge. At any rate, it went off down the yellow Tigris in a score of sections, and we — or what was left of us — with it. A half dozen impetuous Turks who, in their eagerness to get at close quarters, had come out to welcome us half-way, were also carried along when the bridge broke up. After that it was a case of *sauve qui peut* for all of us, and I'm sorry to say that only about a third of the force I started out with has, so far, straggled back to Kurna.

V

I was still chuckling over F——'s account of his experience with the bees when, opening the latest issue of the *Sphere* the following afternoon, I saw his familiar face smiling back at me from the corner of one of the first pages. 'Been getting mentioned in dispatches,' I said to myself; and then the title of the page, on which appeared a score of other portraits, met my eye: 'Dead on the Field of Honor; Officers Killed in Action.' There were no particulars, not even a date; nor was anything further to be learned behind the tape-bound portals of Whitehall. To the officers of F——'s regiment, now fighting in Flanders, some few details were ultimately vouchsafed; and from one of these, whom I encountered a few days ago, during his leave in London, I learned all that I have so far been able to gather concerning the death of my friend.

'F——'s work in cutting the bridge of boats across the Tigris,' he said, 'is spoken of as one of the most daring things of the Mesopotamian campaign. Undoubtedly he deserved a V.C. for it, and it is just possible one may be awarded posthumously. He was slightly wounded there, but must have been out on duty again within a very few days. According to the account we have received, he was off on some special detail when he came upon a number of imbeciles of the transport trying to ferry several camels and machine guns across a back channel of the Euphrates on a *kalek*, a sort of raft consisting of a light platform resting on inflated sheepskins. One of the camels had kicked a hole in the platform and was rapidly demolishing the supporting skins, when F——, fearing the loss of the guns, swam off to try and set things right. In endeavoring to extricate the camel, he ducked under the *kalek*, where, it seems likely, his wounded head was struck by one of the brute's sharp hoofs, and he let go his grip and sank before any one could get hold of him. Glorious death, was n't it, — for a man who had led the life F—— had, and who, for that particular region, was the most nearly indispensable man with the expedition.'

Two months have gone by since F——'s last letter was written, and the Mesopotamian campaign has been prosecuted along the general lines he forecasted at the outset. Nasire and Amara have fallen, and the early winter will see the armies drawn up for the final fight for Bagdad, probably upon that same Plain of Shinar where the scarlet desert flowers still keep alive the old belief that

> Never blows so red
> The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled.

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For destiny has decreed that once more the might of two rival races shall lock in death grips for the possession of that age-old prize, the Garden of Eden. Eve was put without the gates when she tasted of the Forbidden Fruit, and right on down through the ages the same undeviating penalty has been inflicted upon the Babylonian, Mede, Assyrian, and other empires that gorged themselves upon the Forbidden Fruit of Corruption. Brave foeman that he is, the Turk, cloyed with the same Forbidden Fruit, has long been marked for the inexorable justice of the ages, and every precedent of tradition, history, and strategy point to the conclusion that the closing hour of his stewardship of the Garden of Eden is about to strike.

SOME FALSE CONSOLATIONS OF WAR

BY WILLIAM AUSTIN SMITH

A DARING philosopher will some day reopen the question whether people really grow good through suffering. I do not mean, does one become more unselfish, another less worldly, and others more humble through loss of husband or child or eyesight; but may not such gains to character, even if enduring, be accounted negligible when we consider the cost? So Emerson thought. In his quest for reality, he places grief among the illusions of experience.

He who would attack this problem should be daring, for the mood which must be dissected is one dear to religion, and its tenser memories are sacred to us all. In that twilight world of sensitive values through which the mourner moves, he catches some exquisite overtones of experience, difficult to evaluate. One would rather not disturb such consolations. The preacher harvests abundant homiletical material in this hinterland of life, and our popular hymns attest what people think about grief, disappointment, and failure as a road to the kingdom of heaven.

If men grow good through suffering, the beatitude of mourning must have found in Europe since the beginning of the war a staggering brilliance of illustration; for the energy of the race is now enlisted in the making of sorrow. University professors and preachers are seeing in this anguish a fulcrum for our redemption. Militarists of the most zealous school could scarcely go further in the praise of war as a spiritual tonic than some of these apologists from the seclusion of learning have done of late.

Europe had scarcely uttered its first sob of agony from the war before moral deductions were in print. The millions of tearless mourners, ecstatic in their patriotism, praising the worth of life and the glory of dying, became a great world-sermon. It was the second beatitude flashed across the sky. Preachers took up the cry, and since August a year ago the agony of Europe has been coined into countless sermons. The spiritual by-products of war — its superb courage, its sacrifice, its detachment from all sordid concern — are

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offered as compensation for this harvest of pain. Thus the martyred spirit of the race has wistfully covered with a veil of beauty the shambles in Poland, Belgium, and France.

From Germany, Russia, France, and, with restraint, from England, has come fervid testimony of a race exalted while it mourns. An Oxford scholar writes, 'The nations at war are discovering their souls.' From the University of Moscow comes the word that 'this is a time when the ideal meaning of national and human life is being revealed with a splendor and an energy seldom witnessed.' The sanctums of Germany are giving unmeasured praise of this rare hour in history; and humbler folk everywhere are showing spiritual exaltation in a sacrifice without tears and a faith that is crowding the churches. If we accept this witness, we must believe that since the engines of war set about their gruesome task the soul of Europe has been cleansed.

It seems sacrilegious to examine critically these shreds of comfort in which Europe is wrapping her misery. But we who stand aside from the conflict, if we are to defend our pacifist ideals, must be willing to scan closely these spiritual credentials of war. For if these higher loyalties, so precious to national life, which are forged by the hardships of war, are fitted permanently to enrich the future, then it may be that lovers of peace are too niggard in counting the cost of ideals. If the nations at war are really 'finding their souls,' this pearl of great price may be worth what it costs. Pacifists, therefore, may well ask whether this sublime mood of those who are giving their all is a true witness of Europe's redemption, or is a kind of hysteria which is so often the illusion of grief.

This blessedness of a world in agony — what does it mean? How shall we estimate its moral worth? Do we want it? Is it worth what it costs? And do we yet know how much it will cost? Will this mood make lasting contributions to character, or is there in store for Europe a disillusion such as the mourner knows when, after the first transport of courage is past, he listlessly faces the void?

How familiar to us is that buoyant courage which meets our proffered consolation almost like a rebuff, in the first hours of bereavement in the house of sorrow. We come to bring support. We find the mourner in exalted mood, supplying from the very depths of grief his own cool wells of comfort. We are not disconcerted by this ecstasy of sorrow. We feel the greater pity; for what others praise for courage or blame for insensibility we know to be more pitiable than sobs. This tearless thing is not yet courage. Fortitude has not begun to exact her heavy toll. It is the illusion of grief that it appears to give us strength which we do not possess.

Our tenser emotions are generally accounted untrustworthy. Accurately to appraise our spiritual values we must fall back upon the sustained levels of experience. None of us is really so bad as his worst self or quite so good as his best. Any clergyman, watching sympathetically the growth of character, learns this. He fosters, but not always hopefully, loyalties evoked under stress. They make us feel better men than we really are.

Now, grief shares with some other tense emotions this illusion. It seems to reveal our purest and most generous selves. From the grave of our hopes and loves spring often that same calm and detachment which we are familiar with in religious conversion. For peace of mind is not so much a question, perhaps, of what men believe, as it is of the things for which they have ceased to care. When one loses all either by chance, as in sorrow, or by choice, as in

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conversion when the penitent 'throws his all at the feet of Christ,' there is a sweet abatement of striving. Thus the avalanche of grief as it breaks over the soul carries with it many a nagging worry. It simplifies life by the elimination of fretful interests. India with her siren call of self-abnegation has taught the world what peace may be found in 'not caring.'

Now this, I suspect, is the mood of Europe at this hour. It is tasting the freedom which the irresponsibility of a great sacrifice always brings to conventional morals. Civilization in days of peace compels us to be calculating and provident. Its margin for lavish enthusiasms is narrow. War, on the other hand, hurls us at once into a land of romance where we cast to the four winds all our worldly caution and timid measurements. The luxury of throwing all away and 'not caring' is rare to mortals accustomed to the plodding steps of peace. It is the long-dreamed-of pilgrimage of the soul. The first days of self-renunciation offer, despite the agony, certain peculiar compensations. They are costly but none the less soothing. So, it may truly be said that Europe is to-day unworldly and simple at heart. War has for the moment restored to unity the nation's divided self. In so far it has seemed to experience redemption.

But when I say that this is the mood of Europe at this hour, I do not, of course, include in my reckoning the men and boys who are now in the trenches, or the million dead. I feel restrained from satisfaction over spiritual blessings earned by the anguish of war, when I read a passage like the following from a recently published letter from Munich: 'A French official told me that the horror on the trains for removing the wounded was so great — the suffering, the screams, the contortions of the mangled and the dying — that they were absolutely compelled to change the train guards every few days, as nerves could not continue to stand the scenes and they went insane if not removed.' And again: 'A German officer home on a week's furlough, telling me something of the trench warfare at Arras (justly called the hell of Arras) said that for a very long time back no wounded could be picked up between the hostile trenches. They had to be left to die, some in hours, some in days. The result is that the wounded writhe and scream until they die, lying on the fields between the trenches amid heaped-up carcasses of whites, negroes, Hindoos, and animals, bloated to many times their normal size and amid a stench which is an indescribable horror.'

If such be the price of a nation's 'finding its soul,' is it not a pitiable confession that our cowardice and shame should require such bitter atonement? In the presence of Europe's agony, the writhing of Armenia, the gathering fury in the Balkans, is it quite the time to talk about our spiritual gains.

And may we not be making too generous concessions to the militarist's cause when we accept as real this quick redemption of Europe? Despite these glowing by-products of war, I see in it all only a tragedy pathetic beyond words or tears. The romance of its lavish sacrifice does not restrain my loathing and my shame. There is for me little consolation in Russia's abstinence from vodka when I see her peaceful peasants drunk with blood. I cannot rejoice over the decrease of crime in her villages when I read of the devastation wrought in Belgium and Poland. I refuse to find one scrap of comfort in Europe's return to God as the nations sob their litanies in the crowded churches. This mighty wave of patriotism has cleansed the fountains of life, it is true. It has purified like fire. Despite the strife of tongues, the house has been cleansed of

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many an unlovely and sordid desire. But does any one suppose that this will last? That Russia is permanently temperate? That Germany and France will be henceforth devout? England unworldly? Have these high moments in the heat of war distilled for us essences so rare and beautiful?

If we turn to the past for our measurement of these emotions evoked by conflict, we shall find scant comfort for the militarist. The Thirty Years' War left Europe spiritually and materially bankrupt. It checked for generations the progress of civilization. It is impossible to say what spiritual riches were sunk in that grave. We should be indulging bold inference were we to affirm that the Seven Years' War and the Napoleonic wars were processes of redemption. Certainly our own Civil War was fought for a lofty principle. Here, if anywhere, war should have been the means through which the soul of a nation might find itself. But were the decades between Appomattox and the beginning of our century years for us of romance, high patriotism, and religious faith? For an evaluation of that lean period of our national life, we have only to recall what men like Godkin, Norton, and Lowell thought about it. Why did not the sober discipline of war beget in America a fine-souled progeny? The afterglow of our war was not a season of disinterested patriotism. Virtues conceived in war have frequently proved sterile. Only fifty years have passed since sacrifice and suffering brought to America a means of national redemption. But were we at the outbreak of the present war less materialistic than Europe? If war discovers to a nation its soul, surely there is much to be said in behalf of such rigorous discipline. But there have been many wars in Europe during the past one hundred years. Must nations find their souls so often? Is it sordid to ask whether a redemption so fleeting is worth what it costs?

We appeared to be upon the verge of a great religious revival when the war broke out. The first decade of the new century was rich in promise of a new idealism. What will become of this hope no one can now say. Already the deep religious sense of humility and awe, which during the first months of the war brought encouragement to the churches, is waning. Church attendance in Germany is again declining, and the high emotional tension in which we live is numbing our sympathies: we are growing less responsive to tales of suffering. How different from our grief over the Titanic was the concern with which America received the news of the Lusitania and the Eastland! This is not the spiritual climate in which to carry forward social reform with its careful husbanding of human life and its sensitiveness to waste.

Some pretty severe things have been said of late regarding the materialism of that business man's Europe, with its snug comforts and lean emotions, from which the war delivered us. But, after all, was it so poor a thing when we compare it with what is going on in Europe to-day?

I dare to think that Germany, France, and even Belgium were more spiritually sane, were more fruitful types of Christianity before the war, when their people were immersed 'in the discordant and piecemeal torrent of daily life,' than they are to-day in their fervid ecstasy of sacrifice. Europe must some day return to the monotonous chores of peace, the tax worries, and the unsung sacrifice. Is there any evidence that we shall do the thing more beautifully for having passed a few years in an orgy of destruction?

There is a vast sustaining fellowship in sorrow now while drums are beating and the armies march by, but we must

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not forget that Europe has thus far only promised the sacrifice. She has not yet completed payment. The reckoning is coming when men and women with their souls bled white must set about the task of rebuilding the waste, while the finest spirits are lying in their graves.

But even were we certain that nations at war discover their souls, we might be permitted to doubt whether the end would justify the means. Surely there is a more decent, humane way for humanity to grow good than by the immolation of five million boys. The leaven of the Gospels was fitted to expand in other soil than blood and tears.

I have seen men grow holy as they stood by the casket of a child. But dare we suggest such sacrifice that parents may save their souls? Beatitudes may be too dearly bought. I have sometimes wondered whether we mortals were not too officiously eager in springing to God's defense whenever an earthquake, the horrors of war, or the premature death of our loved ones makes life a bitter thing. There are some experiences so terrible that even the extenuating fact of spiritual discipline seems to insult our courage, and to rob our grief of its patient dignity. Brave men smitten in their love may grow finer; but one would never be so base as to weigh together in the balance the spiritual gain and the human sacrifice it cost. I must believe that life affords to the soul, as it does to the body, cheerful ways of growing strong. While the modest loyalties of our daily life require such moral vigor, the Iron Cross of courage can be sufficiently earned on the battlefields of peace.

So, one modest service which we can render the cause of peace is the attempt to have a right judgment of some of the spiritual by-products of war. It were best not to appear too grateful for minor blessings gained from accumulations of misery. For, unawares, we may seem to lend approval to Treitschke's teaching that 'the disappearance of war would turn the earth into a great temple of selfishness.' Christianity cannot afford to concede so much. Germany's school of blood and iron has said few finer words about war than some of our preachers and professors have unwittingly done in their quick gratitude for recent signs of 'spiritual unity' in Germany, France, and Russia. An undiscriminating patriotism, feeding upon the emotions, is a big asset to any general staff. It stiffens the moral fibre for the battlefield and it inhibits critical judgment at home. But we who view the matter at a distance are responsible to more permanent interests than the mere equipping of a nation's energies for battle.

I have no theory for the prevention of wars. War is certainly not always a sin. There have been many chivalrous and necessary wars. I have scant sympathy with pacifists who blind their eyes to facts. But we should do well to leave war in the unpretentious category where General Sherman placed it. While we are weaving a halo for the thing we call 'sacrifice,' there is danger of forgetting the bestiality of the actual business of slaughter. Those who have set about the beneficent task of preventing a plague do not sentimentally divert their energies into by-paths of appreciation of the nobler aspects of plagues. They may be mindful of the devotion of physicians and the fortitude of those who suffer, but they continue to call the loathsome thing 'the plague.' We overdo our gracious desire to be hopeful when we place these scourges among the saving forces needful to keep life unselfish and clean. Human nature is not so grossly mean as to require these constant purgings of fire. So it all comes back to the question of the salutariness of tears.

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A SCANDINAVIAN VIEW OF THE WAR

BY GEORGE BRANDES

In this unforeseen world-war the three Scandinavian countries are not in similar positions, but they are alike neutral because they cannot be anything else, since participation in this war would imperil their existence, and nobody has offered them any compensation whatever for the risk they would run.

Norway, where sympathy for England and France has always been strong, feels herself even now, perhaps more than the other two countries, drawn toward these powers. Many of her intellectual people whose books appear in German have, however, expressed most passionately their sympathies for Germany.

Denmark, which I know best, is strictly neutral, for most obvious reasons. The distance between Kiel and Danish territory is only two hours, and thus we Danes would have the German fleet outside Copenhagen two hours after a declaration of war. It goes without saying that, if Denmark with her two and a half millions of inhabitants were to challenge a great power like Germany, it would mean nothing less than suicide. Half a century ago Denmark took up the fight against the two powers which were allied then, as they are now, — Prussia and Austria. She fought for half a year without any assistance from other European powers. It was an astonishing proof of the lack of foresight in the diplomats, that England and France allowed Germany to seize the harbor of Kiel and to tear away from Denmark three duchies which constituted one fifth of the whole country, without lifting a finger to prevent it.

The loss of each duchy affected the Danes differently. Holstein and Lauenburg were German-speaking and German-feeling; but the population of North Schleswig, which was pure Danish, suffered bitterly from being torn away from the mother country. The peace treaty of Prague, ending the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866 (only two years after the cession of North Schleswig), contained, however, a clause to the effect that the inhabitants had the right to return to Denmark, if, when a general vote was taken, they expressed such a wish. North Schleswig, therefore, cherished the hope of a speedy reunion with Denmark. She was bitterly disappointed when the vote was postponed, and still more bitterly disappointed when, in February, 1879, after an agreement between Prussia and Austria, the clause containing the promise to the Danes was obliterated altogether, in accordance with Bismarck's wish.

Since then North Schleswig has been governed as the Prussians govern foreign nationalities: the use of the Danish language by church and school being against the law; the Danish colors, even in women's dresses, being forbidden; the inhabitants being insulted in various ways. Matters went so far that parents were to be deprived of their children, if suspected of bringing them up in a pro-Danish atmosphere.

If the Prussians had had sufficient

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sense to permit the people of North Schleswig to use their own language, and if they had granted those Danes full citizenship, they could, perhaps, in half a century, have brought the population to submission. If they had possessed the pliability they always have lacked, and if they had understood that 150,000 Danes under German rule could not be dangerous to the German Empire; if they had made the Danes their pet children, they might, perhaps, have converted their hearts and made them speak German.

Instead of that the German government granted large sums of money to buy Danish land, just as they did to buy Polish land in Posen; and the inhabitants were embittered and worried by the sending into exile of numerous Danish-born persons and German-born persons whose fathers had, after 1864, spoken for Denmark. The Germans are known to have exiled Danish concert-singers because they wanted to sing some songs by the Norwegian Grieg. They exiled Danish actors who proposed to play some old vaudevilles of 1830. These people were even forbidden to land.

And now the young Schleswigians have to fight and bleed in the Prussian ranks, for a country that treats them like idle weeds!

Very strong reasons these, that keep the feeling of Denmark from becoming pro-German. Nevertheless the admiration for German capability is exceedingly great. And, on the other hand, intellectual Danes cannot be called pro-Allies either, because the Allies must, somehow, be considered a unity, though the inner differences be ever so marked; and it is absolutely impossible for any one who knows more than the newspapers contain, absolutely impossible for any one who has lived, learned, traveled, and who knows European circumstances, to sympathize at the same time with England and France and with Russia. The very reasons that he feels sympathy for England and France make it impossible for him to sympathize with Russia, and *vice versa*. It is quite natural that the many conservative and reactionary elements that hate freedom and dream about autocracy — not enlightened but obscurant autocracy — should hope for Russian victory. It is also just as natural that those who admire constitutional freedom, a humane government, and education should feel sympathy for England and France.

But only a fanatic whose nationalism makes him blind can at the same time sympathize both with the East and with the West, as he will find in the East, to a much higher degree, everything he hates in Germany, whereas in Germany many of the things are to be found which he admires in the western countries.

There exists now certainly a conspiracy between ignorance and untruthfulness, aiming at the whitewashing of the Russian government. For its most horrible acts excuses are invented, and the outrages of the German government are accentuated as something unheard of, something that the so-called civilized nations never committed.

But all this talk deceives no one who is not as ignorant as a new-born baby — whereby I do not mean to deny that such ignorance is in all countries characteristic of the majority. The common sense of the masses and their sharp eye for right and wrong have never been anything but a democratic legend. The masses believe, as a rule, any lie that is given to them in an agreeable form. Thus, for instance, the newspapers, not only in Russia, but in the other Allied countries, dare unblushingly to maintain that the Russian defeats in Galicia, in Hungary, in Poland, are only strategic manœuvres and a retreat of

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the same kind as in 1812–13. The public does not yet understand that between those two phenomena there is not an atom of resemblance.

The European newspapers have one excuse: it is absolutely impossible in Europe now to tell the truth about the political situation, even when it is known, — which is by no means always the case. None of the belligerent countries can allow the truth to be told. A half-awake censor is on the lookout, and every time Truth tries to emerge from the slough, he quickly ducks her down again. She is drowned, as you drown a kitten. It is the censor's business to prevent the publication of everything that could throw a favorable light on the enemy, and of everything that could give the enemy useful information. Besides, the censor has to see that every accusation against the government or against the army, be it ever so true, is suppressed, and their acts presented in a rose-colored light.

Even in the small neutral countries there were recently enacted laws that see to it that nothing may be said publicly that may imperil their neutrality by hurting the feelings of any of the belligerent powers. Only in the United States of America, which stand outside the scuffle and whose position as a great power prevents every danger of attack, — only there is it possible for a writer from a neutral country to voice what he believes to be the truth.

I have lived through the war of 1870–71. I stayed then in France and in Italy, and read the French papers every day. They were, of course, far from truthful, because the truth was too sad to be told. The newspapers considered it their duty to cheer up the people during the adversities, and to inspire them with courage. By and by, however, they had to admit some defeats and fears. A conspicuous feature, any way, in all the articles, was the never-failing refrain: It is a comfort that this war will be the last.

Since then a dozen bloody wars have taken place, and, last of all, the present war, the greatest of all, which has now lasted over a year. And again we hear the same refrain in article after article, in country after country: There is the comfort that this war will be the last! That is to say, counting from the beginning of next year, mankind will altogether change its nature. The immeasurable human stupidity will turn into calm reason. Man's terrible savagery will become a tame, a peaceful mutual goodwill!

The Germans deny that they have committed atrocities in Belgium; the Russians deny having committed atrocities in East Prussia; the Austrians deny having committed atrocities in Serbia.

Even if many of the horrors are pure inventions, or much exaggerated, — and that is proved to be the case, — there remain quite enough for all concerned. As for myself, I believe in the bestial cruelty of each party. I know that the Germans are civilized, the Russians good-natured, the Austrians elegant, — the war brutalizes all. When you once make murder and devastation of the so-called enemy's villages and fields a laudable, nay, even a sacred deed, you have given free course to bestiality. Under the polish of civilization a savage appears who in all main features displays the characteristics of the Stone Age.

The other day a pessimist in my presence called mankind a horrible lot. He was not right. Mankind consists of many different lots, fighting against each other, each man trying to the best of his ability to defend himself. Then the strongest will achieve dominance by force. As this motive never can be admitted, all the countries are fighting for high ideals. Every one of the bel-

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ligerent nations is fighting for justice, for truth, for order and freedom. Even a despotic country like Russia fights for freedom, nay, even for the freedom of Poland, which Russia has tried to uproot during the last half century by the most ingenious torture.

As I said, every country appeals to the highest ideals which they all are serving. And each one, without exception, is fighting for her right. It is not, however, absolutely necessary to vindicate justice. '*Right or wrong, my country!*' Each nation is fighting for the fatherland, and that justifies everything. In this naturalistic age of ours we have succeeded in proclaiming patriotism and nationalism the highest virtues, compared with which the cosmopolitanism of olden times can only be regarded with deepest contempt.

In the intervals between the wars people imagine that the world has gone to rest and that wars from now on are impossible. Because optimism is considered necessary in order to make life endurable, we think it is the chief virtue which gives us courage and strength. People do not like to look truth in the face. If war breaks out in spite of all our earlier denials of its possibility or its probability, optimism comforts the fighting parties by assurances that this war will bring in the rule of righteousness on earth and thus be the last of wars.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON SHOWER-BATHS

THERE is no reason to doubt that the shower-bath in its natural and original condition was the first method of ablution practised by prehistoric man. The first rainstorm that overtook him on the way back from his earliest dinosaur-hunting trip did that. He was favorably clothed, he was assuredly warm, and the shower was undoubtedly pleasant. After that we feel sure he told his wife, and at the next wet spell they had a shower party with the man in the cave above and his family, and the system of fun and sanitation received its impetus toward popularity. There was nothing fearsome about it. Compared with it, the first plunge into a pool was as terrifying as the first broiled lobster or shrimp salad.

There is something rudimentary and fundamental about having the water splashed down upon one, and getting completely and deliciously wet. Not damp, not moist, but wet, wringing wet. You yourself when a child never enjoyed anything so much as your first drenching in an unforeseen and unavoidable rainstorm, — the thrill of being wet, the cool drive of the water on your nose, into your sleeves, and down your neck; and the joyous shush of soaked, waterlogged boots. Even the tedium of being rubbed with alcohol, bundled up, and warned you would catch your death, did not diminish the event. You voted it better than the time you fell off the boat-dock; it lasted longer.

Since then the jolly feeling of wet clothes has been atrophied, owing largely to the clothes themselves. The thought of one's watch, of stamps all sticking together, of shoes stuffed with

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newspapers, of the absence of favorite trousers and coat while undergoing pressing, take away the *insouciance* of it. But on the rare occasions when you have no excuse, and when it is pardonably unavoidable and extenuated, it is fun.

And has mankind taken the hint of nature in splashing water upon itself? Not in the least. In the intended way water was impelled against the body with no effort on the part of the body except its presence. Now we get the water and impel the body into it. It is a lengthy and lazy process that gives one the feeling of having done something worth while, which is quite out of keeping with the purely routine spirit of the thing.

Take the Roman bath, — about as exciting a pastime as playing in a fountain with the spray out of order. Take the English system, now happily on the wane, of striking postures, peculiarly Chabas in character, in an enlarged shirred-egg dish, and praying that there is not a plastered ceiling in the room below. Take that extravagant Americanism, the porcelain tub. In its maximum splendor its architecture resembles most the marble sarcophaguses of the Early Christians, seen strewn about the basilicas of Rome, and greatly admired by archæologists, but purely as tombs.

Here and there a shower-bath has crept wistfully into a private house, but usually as a minor accessory to the sarcophagus. A tall white-clothed thing startles you in the dark from its semblance to a wraith emerging from the porcelain tomb. And a bath in it gives one the cheering and sticky sensation of having taken a shower in a shroud. It presents a possibility, but not a pleasure.

No, the home of the true shower-bath is the country club. Reduced to its lowest terms, a country club is a golf course, a tennis court, a bar, and a shower-bath. And you can omit the tennis court before eliminating the shower-bath. After that deuce set of tennis, those extra three holes of golf to decide the drinks, it is late; dinner is waiting, perhaps the wife, and a long way into town. Cleanliness, coolness, and celerity are needed, and we find them in the tubulous personality of the shower.

We who have made the rounds of country clubs, including those with Indian names, have learned to distinguish the different models, — the kind that droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven, the kind that pelts you at variable angles from the front, and the kind that attacks with vehemence from all sides. But to get the best results one must know the idiosyncrasies of one's particular machine. A transient operator at a dozen clubs during the summer finds that success in showers is not uniform. At a country club it is quite as necessary to be a good mixer in a shower, as it is on the golf course, or in the bar.

To know by instinct the hot-water throttle is the study of a lifetime; we have never been able to sense it ourselves when not marked, and sometimes even if marked. And once in a modern bath in eternal if torrid Rome, we would have given much to know that '*calda*' did not mean cold as we phonetically decided it should. We have often wondered, in this connection, notwithstanding the expense, if a shower-chauffeur would not prove a popular installment at country clubs. For not once in a hundred times can one experience a well-spaced gamut from cleansing hot to invigorating cold that leaves nothing to be desired.

Besides the individual influence there is a broader sociological importance to a shower-bath. It develops many things in the average man. First

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of all, self-confidence. It takes much personal reliance to step nonchalantly into a shower with your roll-top-desk and one-day-a-week-tennis development, just as a last year's football player emerges in muscular radiance from it. And what restraint and verbal repression it fosters as you yourself come out and find that the same young athlete has ensnared the last towel!

But, of all things, voice-culture is what it assuredly stimulates best. He sings in a shower-bath who never sang before. Some are more melodious in warm water than in cold, but all are universally vocal. Mute inglorious Scottis are not mute in shower-baths, and many a noiseless tenor under the persuasive influence of a stream of water out-phonographs a graphophone. And in this way we often arrive at the true inner man. The professor of Greek in the high school ecstatically sings the latest ragtime success; the golf champion of last year warbles, from memory, a *leitmotiv* from *Tristan und Isolde*. Repertoires are endless as the water splashes — and as diverse as the men themselves.

And thus we have the shower-bath. In it sparkles the light of the century, efficiency; the maximum of results, the minimum of effort. It approaches the acme of speed and effect. And the day will come when the porcelain tub will be relegated to companionship with the other archæological curiosities, including its archetype, the Roman sarcophagus. 'A cleanly race,' will comment the historian-to-come in considering this phase of our life, 'but considered in our light of universal showers, we wonder at the unnecessary work they made of it.'

LITTLEKIN AND KEATS

LITTLEKIN, aged two and a half years, was standing by my knee looking at pictures in a little cloth book, and we came to the 'Three Blind Mice.' The scene was a sprightly one, representing the farmer's wife, scared almost out of her wits, running away with such a stride as ought to have taken her quite off the page in a single wink of Littlekin's long dark eyelashes. The three mice pursued, scampering in fearsome proximity to the wife's red-stockinged ankles. Littlekin gazed, rapt, while I repeated the classic lines. She caught the idea: pursuit, nerve-racking pursuit. 'Dey are wunning after dat lady. See dem wun!' She gave a little gasping laugh full of joyous suspense. Then a new idea swept over her face, and, acting upon it, a little forefinger delicately extended itself toward the page — toward the mice. For if they could chase the lady, why not Littlekin's finger? A pause of rapturous and fearful expectancy — 'De mice will wun after baby's finger — dey will bite my finger — Eee! Eee! Dey will bite it! Eee! Dey will! Dey will! Don't let dem bite my finger! Eee!'

The finger was plucked back hastily, a brand snatched from the burning; again it approached — little moth-finger seeking the flame; again it was withdrawn, somewhat less quickly. The hazel-brown eyes, deep-set, intent, observed the mice steadily, as though to draw out the very heart of their secret. Then my hand was seized, and my finger drawn toward the Three: 'Make dem wun, mudda, make dem wun after baby's finger!' I urged them on with finger and voice, but Littlekin, wholly dissatisfied with the results, pushed my hand back and studied the picture afresh.

'Dey won't bite my finger because dey are going after de lady. Dey are going to bite dose' (pointing to the wife's red-stockinged ankles). Another pause, and finally, with a certain soft yet reproachful vehemence, she broke

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out, 'Wun! Mice! Wun! Catch dose! Catch dem, mice! Go on! GO ON!'

Nothing happened, and the book was flung to the far corner of the room.

What did she make me think of — Littlekin, with her vehemence and her intolerance of the poor, mute symbol? Ah yes — by contrast — of Keats, of Keats and his Grecian urn with its 'leaf-fringed legend.'

> What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
> What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
> What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

No pipes and timbrels here, indeed, and the farmer's wife is neither a man, nor a god, nor a maiden loath. Yet there is the mad pursuit, the struggle to escape; and as for the wild ecstasy, it was Littlekin's for a moment, before she fell a prey to her impatience.

Clearly, Littlekin is no Keats. If she could look upon that urn of his, would she discover compensations in its eternal suspense? She would not. I think that, after that long, deep look of hers, she would say to the pipers, 'Pipe louder! Louder!' To the heifer, garlanded for the sacrifice, she would say, 'Go on, cow! Go on!' And to the lover 'winning near the goal,' she would say, 'Wun, boy, wun! Catch de lady!' Yes, I feel sure she would, — untutored, inartistic Littlekin that she is!

Did Keats himself, I wonder, at two and a half, like his mice to keep their 'fair attitude,' or would he have preferred them to run? Is this a matter of age, of training, or of temperament? Or is the Zeitgeist, speaking through Littlekin, hinting of the time, soon to come, when the 'movies' shall be in every household, and even the child's picture-book be no longer tamely static? But no, now that I bethink me, age and the Zeitgeist must be counted out; for Lessing lived more than a century before the 'movies' (more's the pity! fancy what philosophic-æsthetic nuts they would have made for him to crack!), and he was, I feel sure, a good deal older than Littlekin when he decided that, since the Laocoön could not have more action, it should have had less. Like Littlekin, he felt that it was unfortunate to choose a subject in its moment of extreme unrest. Like Littlekin, he was teased by frozen action. It rests Keats. It annoys Lessing and Littlekin.

Here is a puzzle for the student of æsthetics. Littlekin stands with Lessing, and they make, for obvious reasons, a strong team. Will any care to stand with Keats? I confess myself in difficulties.

THE ENCHANTED PENNY

YOUTH is our enchanted penny, that we spend for a cake of long life.

You had n't the courage to trade it for anything you really wanted.

You have been so busy leading a successful life, that you have forgotten to notice that your successful life has been led.

Is n't it true? Your hair is thin, and you move like a forty-two centimetre gun, but you remarked fatuously the other day, 'I'm just as young as I ever was.'

Oh no, you're not! If young people were n't too polite, they'd soon undeceive you. Remember the yawning débutante next you last evening. She said that what ailed her was too many dances. But it was you.

Youth was undoubtedly the nicest thing you ever had, but you have n't it any longer. You are outside.

Poor, middle-aged Shakespeare deluded himself like you.

> My glass cannot persuade me I am old,
> So long as youth and thou are of one date.

He had only genius, while his sweetheart had youth; and having it, justly

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flouted him, as youth is flouting you every day. Youth is through with you. There you are, buried forever under wrinkles and sedateness. Youth does n't know you any more. You appeal to it for recognition, and it laughs at you.

You still young? You? No indeed! Look at real youth pursuing its fantastic preferences; at Reginald Warneford, engaging a Zeppelin single-handed, in regions near the sun; at Otto von Weddigen leaving his bride, to carry on a desperate warfare under seas.

Do you honestly sympathize with them? It is n't enough to say you disapprove of war. War exists.

No, you grant a kind of nobility in the young simpletons. But your real sympathies lie with Luigi Cornaro, and the survivors of the G.A.R.

You even waste some perfunctory enthusiasm on Methusaleh, who never did anything but grow old. You feel the intense respectability of age. You admire its dignity. Only the old ever do that. Patriotism, ambition, and adventure seem to you dubious interests that have a lamentable effect on the actuaries' tables.

It is the annoying penalty of that false gift of the gods, long life. You protest. Must you then, who fancied you held youth in fee simple, take your place with the toothless and the ankylosed? You are convinced that with you age is only a mask. Behind it dwells imperishable adolescence.

That's what your grandmother, aged eighty-seven, thought, too.

You have spent your penny for this rather stale and tasteless cake. Sometimes, when you think of the price, it chokes you.

THE JOYS OF FUTILITY

THE comfort of doing a perfectly unrestrained, even ostentatiously futile thing has not been adequately sung. We live in an efficient age — efficient, all too efficient. Efficiency is our presiding demon, never letting us out of his sight for a moment. We must sleep efficiently, and take tea of an afternoon with due regard to the completest organization of social and intellectual advantage. Against all this we react — some of us — and take a keen pleasure in achieving unqualified inefficiency.

I know of no one who realizes literary futility more nobly in his life than my friend Horace Lovinski, the young free-form poet of Greenwich Village. Horace spends most of his time in writing light, saccharine *vers libres*, entirely unpoetic, and somewhat resembling, in their vague flavor of barley-sugar and their irregular length and thickness, the broken and mixed candies which the confectioners sell at ten cents a pound. Horace cannot sell his poetry at ten cents a pound, but he keeps on producing it joyously and sending it around. It is never printed by the magazines. It does not even stir Greenwich Village. But that matters nothing to Lovinski. He goes on joyously producing it. I believe that the futility of it all is its greatest joy to him.

I have a better instance still. The happiest autograph collector that I have ever known was a woman who scorned the autographs of people already famous, but gathered eagerly those of persons who, in her opinion, were bound to become famous sometime. Recognizing incipient genius in various young writers for the press, she sent to these people for their autographs. You may imagine the promptness and enthusiasm with which they responded. The lady has a large and very fine collection of signatures, letters, autographed verses, and pages of manuscript from people who were going to become famous, but never did. Some of these people had rudimentary

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reputations along about 1897, but are now as completely forgotten as the flat in which you lived in that year. The value of the collection resides wholly in the mind of the lady who owns it; but to her the price of it is above rubies. One would say that it would spoil all her pleasure if any one of her heroes or heroines were really to become famous.

I believe, now, to be frank, that my own collection of presentation copies of first editions is not very far away from this lady's autograph albums. It consists largely of the first literary attempts of poets, essayists, and philosophers all of whom might reasonably have been expected to be famous by this time, but whose distinction has somehow gone astray on the eternal camping-ground. Mindful of the fact that the first editions of *Tamerlane*, *Endymion*, the *Rubaiyat*, and so on, were unprized on their appearance, but bring fabulous prices now, I have carefully treasured, for as much as a quarter of a century, the first attempts in literature that have been sent to me in bound and printed form. My library of these books is quite respectable. And every day I rejoice in its ample, unviolated futility.

I shall not say that the Eagle of Fame has not fastened its talons in the back of any one of these children of the fancy. There are exceptions to the halcyon calm of obscurity in which the great majority of my authors still dwell; but not many. In the old-book market, I suppose that an average of about eleven cents apiece might be realized for the volumes in my collection; being for the most part unread and in some cases uncut, they would be classed in the trade as 'in perfect condition.'

I cannot feel at all sad over the thwarted ambition, the blighted hopes of the producers of this futile but beautiful library. I do not really know that their hopes were blighted, or that their ambitions were not fulfilled. There is much pretty verse, there are many bright essays, in my collection. The expression of all these thoughts brought intellectual and artistic satisfaction to the authors. The sum of all the ideas — naturally including those which were borrowed — contained in these quiet, refined, unruffled rows of little books is very great. Nine out of ten of the books missed their mark, but the bolt was beautifully and joyously fired just the same. Their very futility says to me, 'How much there must be in the world, when all this genius makes no mark on the page of fame!' I am not sure that I would not rather have my first editions than if they had all turned out *Tamerlanes* or *Endymions*. Their immortal futility soberly rejoices me.

UNHAPPY ENDINGS

I HAD not been to the play a dozen times in my life, though I'd acted Mother Goose in our own real nursery theatre, and Molière at school. But the actress was such a darling — after I had watched her a few minutes, I knew I could write a play for her. It bubbled into my mind like a fountain of champagne.

It was to be a historical drama. There were no histories for reference in our London hotel, but that did n't matter. And the scene was to be laid in Scotland. I had never been there, but that did n't matter either. I considered that I knew all about history and Scotland.

So I began to write. In the Kensington Museum, in trains, in Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwick Castle, on the steamer, I secretly scrawled hurried sentences on scraps of paper, and hid them in my blouse. Nobody no-

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ticed my writing, or I'd have been hopelessly embarrassed.

I finished it at home in the country. Locked in my room, I wrote feverishly, day after day, perched on a chair-arm before the high secretary my grandmother left me. It was generally twilight at that desk, for the trees came so near my windows that the shutters always caught in the branches when you tried to open or close them. You had to push very hard. One narrow, tall drawer of the secretary my grandmother used to keep full of gold. I too would fill it with gold, as soon as my play succeeded.

The most recent dramatist of my acquaintance was Shakespeare. So after much thought I used him for stage directions, feeling that Æschylus and Aristophanes did not furnish trustworthy models.

When it was finished, I went down to father's office, and laboriously picked it out on a typewriter.

The famous actress and her more famous husband came to New York. I sent them the play.

In a few days a telegram arrived. They said it was charming, and could I come to see them.

That was a thrilling day's journey to New York, with one's trunk full of Paris gowns and one's heart full of hopes.

In her dressing-room the actress was even lovelier than on the stage. Her beautiful little face was a mere rim around her immense eyes. Those expressive eyes looked rather startled when they passed beyond my Rue de la Paix splendor to my braids tied up with a ribbon.

But she was extraordinarily gracious. They liked the play. The dialogue was delicious. They were considering it quite seriously. They had even chosen a tentative cast. Had I a great deal of experience of the stage?

Well, I had n't any, except the nursery theatre. I told her about Mother Goose and Molière. I had a dim feeling that fluent falsehood might have served me here, but one needs experience in that too.

Enthralled, I sat and watched her meddle with the perfection of her face before a mirror, while her maid changed the slippers on her elastic little feet, and she went on questioning me in a caressing voice.

Born and reared in Scotland, was n't I? she asked.

I said I had never been in Scotland.

She turned at that and declared a doubt.

'My husband is a Scot, and he says you must be one.'

Though elated by this, I could not leave her under a misapprehension. I firmly disclaimed Scotland.

Her engaging countenance was gradually clouding with worry.

Producing plays was a very risky business, she explained. Their last two had been failures. They could n't afford another fiasco. This looked delightful to them, but it did end tragically, and they were distrustful of their own judgment. If only it did n't end so sadly! But it did. I was n't old enough to be interested in cheerful endings.

The iridescent dream was fading.

She asked me to come next day to see her husband. She offered me a box, from which that night I witnessed the latest failure.

I came and met the husband, who, he also, was shocked by the hair-ribbon. Quite obviously, a playwright should be a blasé elderly man with a farce under his arm.

'I don't *want* you to play it if you think it would be a failure,' I assured them haughtily.

It was very discouraging, but since the dramatic world did not seem to

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need me, I could go home and be a womanly woman on a pedestal once more. Never again, I perceived, would my grandmother's drawer be full of gold.

Last winter I went to a huge reception given in their honor. Years had not dimmed the actress's enchantment.

I blocked the steady advance of the hand-shaking line a moment.

'Once I sent you a play. You won't remember,' I said.

She caught my hand tight.

'Indeed I do remember,' she contradicted. 'It was most charming. I wrote you afterwards, but you never answered.' The queue behind me pressed hard. 'It was such a clever, clever play, but so sad! Why would n't you answer my letter?'

A senator's wife gave me a determined shove, and broke our clasp with violence.

'So charming! But so sad!' the actress repeated regretfully to my retreating back.

However, had she known, nothing in the play was half so sad as her rejection of it.

'This sounds too real to be convincing,' objected the First Reader. (The sentiment seems strangely cynical and advanced for a First Reader.) But it *is* real, if not convincing. Lady Forbes-Robertson, beautiful and bewitching, knows that.

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